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THE ROMANCE OF THE RANKS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE

ROMANCE OF THE RANKS:

OR,

Anecdotes, Episodes, and Social Incidents

OF

MILITARY LIFE.

BY

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QUARTERMASTER OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SAPPERS AND MINERS."

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"Well—well; the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die.——
—— So our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name."—BYRON.

"Quidquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."—JUV. I., 87.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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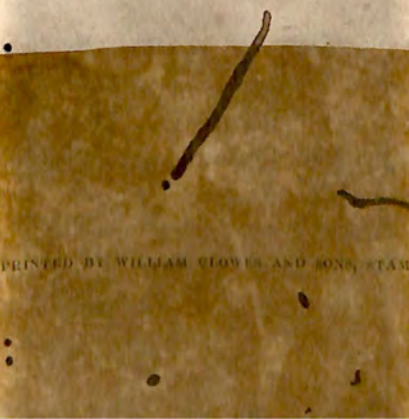

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PREFACE.

WHILE searching for materials to produce a History of the Royal Sappers and Miners, the author acquired a number of anecdotes, chiefly relating to individuals of the corps; and as many of them appeared to possess interest and novelty, he was encouraged, as soon as he was relieved from the labours imposed by the history, to put them in shape for publication.

In several cases there were reasons why the persons referred to should not be identified. Hence many of the anecdotes have been amplified, and even colored; but in no instance, as far as the author is concerned, has there been any perversion of facts beyond what an enlarged and lively treatment may be presumed to occasion; while, in some, no object being served by suppression, the real names are preserved.

At first it was intended to classify the incidents, and so offer the matter in a form to exemplify different features of the corps; but it was ultimately felt that an arrangement of this kind, however suitable in a scientific or philosophic work, was scarcely desirable in one of so light a character. The anecdotes and incidents, therefore, appear without any design, taking the order generally in which they were written.

Anecdotes of valour, or notices of martial occurrences, (with two or three exceptions,) hold no place in these pages, the author having already disposed of such in his History of the corps. These volumes, then, simply embrace the inner phases of military life and association, with some sketches of travel and adventure, which may not inappropriately be called ROMANCE OF THE RANKS.

The author commits the work to the indulgent favor of the public, in the hope that at least it may afford some amusement, and not diminish that interest in the British soldier, and in his own corps, which has been so warmly evinced by all classes of his countrymen.

Brompton Barracks,
April, 1859.

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THE

ROMANCE OF THE RANKS.

PONTOONING.

ONE sunny morning in the summer of 1816, after cramming ourselves at school with a variety of details, called, in scientific phraseology, "the principles of elementary fortification," a number of us were told off for pontoon practice. With the party was a batch of youngsters, who, perhaps, had never seen an oar in their lives, and knew as much of the use of a gunnel as the torsion-balance. The non-commissioned officers, and a sprinkle of the men, were "old hands" (a convenient word, which I shall employ in spite of Father Margotti's abhorrence of it), sturdy fellows on the water, and well up in all the mysteries and intricacies of military boat service.[1]

To say that I was one of the efficients may be considered a piece of egotism. It is nevertheless true; and while I do not pretend to boast of what I had the reputation of being able to perform, in this description of service, it is only fair to assert, that out of that very clever party I was, if not the best pontoneer, decidedly equal to [redacted].

That the non-commissioned officers and "old hands" were first-rate men, may be taken as indisputable from the fact, that they had gained no inconsiderable experience during the Waterloo campaign. Those "old hands," while in France, had been attached to No. 1 bridge. It was a wonder that some nautical or other catching designation had not been given to it instead of an insipid numeral. A captain then commanded us. Never was posted to a company a kinder or

[1] It should be mentioned, that corporal John Williams, now past seventy years of age, who favoured me with the details of this anecdote, is made, as he ought, to relate them, having been the chief actor in the incidents.

better officer. He had a carmine-colored face, over which a pair of black eyes flashed in constant brilliancy and playfulness, giving prominence to a manly lip, ever wearing a smile varying between the gentle indication of pleasing tranquillity and the elongated stretch of robust joyousness. He was just the gentleman for sappers. Nothing was a trouble to him. He was firm, yet condescended to the jocosity of calling his men "boys." With him every one was a boy from the color-sergeant to the drummer—from the grey-headed veteran of fifty to the mischievous urchin of fourteen. Of course, the captain had his antipathies, which his stronger sympathies never could overcome. Boy Moses was one who was not on the friendliest terms with him. A rough, sluggish miner was Moses, addicted to drink and a score of other venial propensities. If the parade went wrong, the captain invariably attributed it to Boy Moses. If a man, no matter who, was out of the line in dressing, Boy Moses was sure to be ordered, in no very gracious mood, to find his place.

"Confound that Boy Moses!" "There's that Boy Moses again!" were the captain's incessant references to the proscribed man; and if the company presumed to indulge in a quiet titter in the ranks, it was simply because their dear captain was mistaken.

"Well," said he one day to his color-sergeant, "the drilling of the company would have been excellent, but for that Boy Moses. He seemingly cannot live without making the stupidest blunders. If I were free of the wretch, mine would, without doubt, be the first company in the corps for discipline and drill."

"It wasn't Mos[redacted] this time, sir."

"Wasn't it, by Jove? Didn't I see the dunderhead, for two mortal hours, blundering in a manner that a recruit would have been ashamed of?"

"No, sir."

"No! How not?"

"He was drunk!"

As far as Moses was concerned, the captain's antipathy was chronic; but it did not affect his well-known magnanimity, which was especially exemplified in his social amenities. To the wants of the married portion of his company he administered with an open hand incapable of

closing. To newly-wedded couples, joined with his leave, he presented cake and wine, to pass away the earliest hours of connubial happiness; and to some two or three of their progeny, he stood godfather, lugging in his lady, to take upon herself the onerous duty of godmother. This sponsorial relationship to the little screamers, was a responsibility not less expensive, for presents, than grateful to the proud parents whom they had thus honored.

But this is a digression.

I was speaking just now of No. 1 bridge. How that number haunts me! Could anything be more unsightly or inappropriate? Why not have called it after some great general, such as Marlborough, Stair or Wolfe? or some great engineer, such as Green, Moncrieff, Fletcher, or Burgoyne? No; it must be No. 1, and No. 1 it continued, till the army of occupation quitted the shores of France. That bridge you must know was thrown over the Seine at Argenteuil on the 2nd July 1815; and, as the river took a sweep like a horse-shoe, it was spanned a day or two after by the same bridge at Asnières, in the presence of the great Duke. At one time, His Grace had an idea that no military organization comprehended in its employments the formation of flying bridges, and so demanded seamen to carry out the boat services of the army. Two companies of man-o'-war's men under captain Napier—now the most celebrated Admiral of the day—were despatched with all haste from England for the duty; but the Duke, meanwhile, had received information of what the sappers could do in this line, and with a ready appreciation of our attainments, at once dispensed with naval co-operation. Those bridges across the Seine, fully justified the course His Grace had taken; for, if I could trust my eyes, which I cannot now do without glasses, I think the Duke was wonderfully astonished at our skill. On our celerity and efficiency depended great events. A day's delay in the march of our army, might not have given us Paris so easily. You see now how important was our service. Ours were golden opportunities,—snatched greedily and used promptly; and if we did not appear on the scene as prominently as we should have done, you now know, and so may others, that we were none the less entitled to a share of the honor, which was rendered by the Regent and the nation to the Iron Duke and his grand army.

The raw material belonging to our practice party were lads picked up in some inland districts, and embodied with the 7th of the 3rd battalion, a few weeks after our return from France. As they were an intelligent set of fellows, we were not displeased to be associated with them. Over us was a tall, smart, young lieutenant of engineers, whose name I forget, the sergeant-major, and color-sergeant Christopher Upton, who, by the way, was dubbed sergeant "Botheration," from a pious habit he had of using that expletive, instead of one more in keeping with the soldierly, but not very elegant language of the times. Upton was a colossal man, with a massive head and no hair on it; globous cheeks without seam or wrinkle; a short, stiff, bull neck; a high stomach, bursting his sash and pushing inconveniently into his breast, and a back broad enough for the merlon of a battery. He had, moreover, a bold saucy nose, which, from its type, must have been bequeathed to him by a vulture, and a pair of small, keen whiskers, which crouched like abattis in front of his jutting ears, to screen them from the impertinent observation of a couple of daring eyes. In many a battle and siege for his country he had taken part. Had he lived to this day, medals being as plentiful as shirt buttons, he would have had one with clasps falling in a perpendicular line of glittering silver from his collar-bone to the short ribs. In commanding men, his bustle and his anger never went beyond what might honestly be implied in the sobriquet by which he was commonly known. It was all bother and bluster with him, and nothing more. Like a snake he rattled, but was as harmless as a dove.

The sergeant-major was a fine soldier, a knight in figure and bearing—in temper amiable—in intercourse familiar. None, perhaps, knew the secret of moral command better than he. Yet, I would not have you infer from this, that he was a moral man. He may have been so, but I don't exactly think it.

Now, this was considered rather a high day with us. It was a brilliant morning to begin with. The sun gilded everything gorgeously. It floated on the Medway in one vast sheet of sparkling amber. It enlivened the old grey turrets of Upnor castle. It flashed on its casements, and played on the thick ivy, mantling its eastern battlements, making the foliage appear like clusters of glittering emeralds. Between

Frindsbury and Luton, we could see the seven windmills, spotting the hills, moving their indolent arms, and throwing from their white sails streams of light like the Aurora Borealis. All along the banks, up the slopes, over the tillage and pasture land, the woods, the fields, the cliffs and fortifications, the same scorching brightness met the eye; and the old brick tower; isolated, disarmed and untenanted, dingy with neglect, and a century or two of exposure to storm and gale, leaning over like another Pisa on its sinking foundations, was wrapt in dazzling sunshine, smiling with halcyon complacency on the Van Tromp battery on the opposite edge of the river, which, venerable and picturesque in age and ruin, came in for a lively share of the pervading gleams.

To see those morose relics of past times, rising, as it were, again into life, with gay and cheerful aspects, had some little influence on our exertions. However this may be, speaking forty years after the event, we had a powerful motive, apart from the natural influence of a fine day, of acquitting ourselves well. Just returned from France, we intended to amaze the youngsters, by a display of skill and precision such as we had acquired in an enemy's country — the best school, in my opinion, for training sappers in their professional duties. They might have formed an idea of what could be done with boats or pontoons, for bridging purposes; but the construction of piers out of beer-barrels or spirit-puncheons, and connecting them into a causeway, by which troops, equipment and ordnance, could be transported across a river in safety was regarded by them as a wonder of wonders! Some of them talked of the wonders of the world, expatiating on the Pyramids of Egypt, and the hanging gardens of Babylon! These and greater wonders were reckoned by them to be within the range of extraordinary accomplishment; but a barrel-pier—the initial portion of a floating bridge—was a marvel that almost stupified their comprehension.

We now set to work to undeceive them, commencing from the end of the lower and smaller jetty which stretched into the river some five or six yards. In my day, we used to cross to Upnor for brushwood from this point. Old Christopher served out the materials with his accustomed bluster, the sergeant-major distributed us, and the smart lieutenant

directed our progress. The barrels having been rolled to the margin of the stream, some of the young fellows, under our guidance, lashed the barrels in their places and braced up the piers; while the rest took out gunnels, anchors, buoys, and sheerlines. A tolerable party also took themselves off in three boats for rowing practice. We formed and dismantled our piers several times, and then re-formed them with two gunnels on each to push into the stream, with the view of taking up our positions in line to form bridge. We had six completed and launched; and the raw material, whom we certainly had astonished all through the operations, wondering far more at the simplicity of the contrivance, than at the wildness of their gaudy anticipations, stepped on the naked piers with a confidence as settled and unhesitating, as if they were embarking on board a seventy-four! This showed courage, for there was a startling motion in the single pier, that made it, if not dangerous, decidedly unpleasant.

I was then a corporal, and had charge of a pier, with two young soldiers under me. When I put foot on the barrels, they followed me. Mine was the first pier. Accordingly, it was the first launched. We pushed it out vigorously, taking up our station the farthest in the stream. Soon all the piers were under weigh; and our drill and evolutions, ordered by the lieutenant, went on in an unchecked round of awkwardness, exertion, and peril. This was to be expected. Barrel-piering was almost a new thing. Our beginnings were crudities, leading, nevertheless, by gradual improvements, to what I suspect is perfection in the present day. Though hard, the work was pleasant enough. The sun danced on the ripples, making us cheerful in spite of ourselves. The young-uns in time, felt at home, although they would have been more satisfied had there been anything like a bulwark or a railing, to save them from plunging into the river, on a sudden rise of a wave jerking them from their steadfastness. Fortunately, the motion of the pier was not excessive. The wind was just astir. A wave now and then rolled onwards, as the breeze gave it elevation, crest and spray, and imparted an oscillation to the pier, that forced the youngsters to drop, for a moment, to the gunnels for safety.

You will scarcely care to know what we did in the stream, and I do not think I could undertake to tell you correctly. A lapse of more than forty years may well excuse the defect.

Suffice it to say, at mid-day, we were in the same position in the river that we had taken up at starting to form bridge. By the broad band of shade on the old castle walls, we could see that dinner-time was approaching. Indeed we could feel it. A sour grape then would have given us comfort, but that was as difficult to obtain, as a plate of boiled beef. We were just beginning to murmur, when sergeant Botheration, looking hot and jolly, planted himself at the end of the stationary bridge, and confining his hands round his mouth, made his voice roar over the stream like thunder—

"Corporal John Williams," (Christopher was a precise man, though a bustler,) "bring in your men for dinner!"

"Ay, ay!" shouted I, in nautical affirmatives; but, on looking round for the boats, to enable me to comply with the order, not one was within sight.

"How am I to do it?" cried I, suddenly struck with its impracticability.

"It's the order of the lieutenant," he replied, "and must be obeyed."

"That's impossible."

"Impossible or not, see that you attend to it, *at once*."

"Where are the boats? Why are they away?"

"What's that to you?"

"Only so far as my duty is concerned. Corporal Oxenbold had instructions to be here at the proper time to take us all on shore, and we cannot stir without his assistance."

This intimation seemed to confuse old Botheration. He thought for a moment or two, searching the skies for an expedient to master the difficulty. No help came to him from that source; so, turning on his heel, and taking a few paces shorewards as though he would consult the lieutenant, suddenly stopped again. Some bright ideas had shot into his brain, and wheeling quickly to the right-about, good humoredly accosted me—

"Don't you know that corporal Oxenbold has taken his men and boats down with the stream?"

"No."

"He has then, intending to meet the tide, and have a glorious pull, in returning with it."

"I hope he'll be sharp about it."

"He has evidently miscalculated the flow of the tide;

and as he cannot row up against the running-out stream, it will be some time before he reappears."

"What then am I to do?"

"Don't you know how to get ashore, without my telling you?"

"No."

"Listen then. You being the furthermost pier, haul on your sheer line to the second. Step on that, leaving your own behind you. With the men belonging to the second pier and your own party, six in all, pull on to the third. Then with the additional men go to the fourth, and so run on by the line and each successive pier to the shore. Do you understand?"

"Clearly."

"Can you do it?"

"I doubt it much."

"It's simple enough in all conscience."

"But what about the weight?"

"Regulate it as you go on."

Now this was an ingenious hit of old Christopher's—complete in its details, but hazardous. I paused and reflected; yet, beginning to feel that my character for daring was at stake, I colored at my seeming hesitation, and made up my mind, come what might, to proceed. I conceived it possible that nine or ten men might venture on a rollicking barrel pier, and pass unscathed to shore, but how eighteen full-bodied fellows—the total of the several piers—were to land without a ducking, puzzled me. Personally, I did not care a dump how the affair would end, for I could swim like a coral-diver. For the youngsters I was in terror. Again I looked down the stream, but the boats were out of sight.

"When are you going to start?" bawled old Botheration.

"This instant.—Loose the fastenings, men," I ordered, "and haul on the sheer line. Quick now, and pull towards shore."

"Ay, ay, corporal!"

"As you get on the different piers," said I, "have a care how you act, or some of us will topple over, and go to Davy's locker."

"Ay, ay," cried my comrades, smiling, as they delivered themselves with nautical gruffness.

By this time, I imagined I had tolerably cleared myself, in the opinion of the men, of complicity in the risk we were running. Loss of life I expected; and this gloomy apprehension was confirmed, when, having boarded the third pier, on which were standing nine men holding by each other, it was communicated to me that not one of them could swim. Well knowing the prudence for which the sergeant-major was characterized, I expressed a wish to sergeant Upton, that he would consult his superior, before he took on himself a responsibility so fearful. I told him that none of the men could swim, and that, as most of them were inexperienced, the consequences, if any accident occurred, would be serious. Deaf alike to appeal and reason, old Botheration declined to seek better advice or countermand his orders, and there was no course left, but to renew the venture.

While we were hauling on the fourth pier, I cautioned the men to step lightly from pier to pier, and from the gunnel of one to the centre or swell of the other; also to take their seats on opposite gunnels, chequerwise, with their legs dangling in the stream. I told them not to mind this inconvenience, for it were better to put up with a little wetting than something worse. The removal was awkwardly managed. We had some heavy men with us who could not sink into their places, like feathers, as I wanted them, but dropped on the gunnels like pigs of ballast. It was a warning to them. With such a lumbering freight the pier were on convulsively, and twice the whole of us were nearly pitched into the Medway.

"What must we do?" cried some in petulant perplexity.

"Your duty and no more."

"That means grin and hold on—if we can," said one of the old hands, smiling, though he could not swim, and was tolerably certain of a catastrophe.

"Do your best to steady the pier both in warping, and in removing to the next, and all will go well."

The mishaps already encountered made the pontooners cautious. Steadily they hauled; the barrels, laboring sullenly through the stream, as if the pressure were too great to admit of their rolling. In this way we reached the fifth pier. The men were now in a fix. They stood and blundered—afraid to act, disinclined to delay. I was therefore obliged to repeat the directions previously given, and to provide also

for the accommodation of the three added men. This I did by telling them to lie down longitudinally between the gunnels. After some trouble, the transfer to the fifth pier was effected bravely. Every one took his place with the gentlest tread; so light, indeed, a film of ice would scarcely have been fractured beneath his foot. There were fifteen of us on the pier, which was almost covered by the stream, and its gravity seemed to have shifted somewhere between the bungs of the barrels and the waistbands of the men's breeches. Yet, we held on, forcing backwards on the pier, till the rows on opposite gunnels touched heads, forming so to speak, a gable roof to shade the three men reclining on the swells of the barrels. This we did in the fruitless hope of preventing what we could not mitigate. Laboring with a cumbrous roll, the pier was almost unmanageable. There was great occasion for fear. Had every head bristled its hair in alarm, it would have been natural; but I must do the little batch the credit to say, that, so far, not a face had changed color. As a pilot, skilled in danger, they depended on me. They fancied that a pontoneer from the Seine could override any hazard. It was not my place, at such a moment, to lessen their confidence or squabble with them about their compliments. I therefore simply assured them, if they would only be steady, and exercise ordinary caution, without aiming at alacrity, or any display of noisy dexterity, or courage, which, under the circumstances, would be rashness, my responsibility would be easy, and their safety certain.

By this time we were opposite where old Botheration stood. I think I see him now. His figure, attitude, and countenance are vividly impressed on my old memory. He was leaning on the rail, disturbed and anxious, and his round, bursting face, was blazing with heat and dread.

"For God's sake, steady, men!" he shouted, as we made the sixth pier. "Be calm and patient: one hurried act will send you all to the bottom."

"Halt!" cried I; and those who were pulling stayed their hands.

We now commenced to take our stations on the last pier. Six men, one by one, seated themselves on the gunnel facing the shore, and five on the opposite one, where a space was left, in the centre, for the man who was to remain on the

fifth pier to the last. Three were lying between the gunnels, and the rest waiting to haul on the sheer line, and so wear on to the communication bridge. When this was all arranged —not, I can assure you, without excessive gentleness—I was about to give orders to the last man to join us; but, to my horror, on turning my head a little—for I was afraid to move—I saw the fellow, not drawing himself onwards by the line, but raising himself in his strength towards the clouds. Before I could warn him of the consequences of his meditated jump, he was high in the air, and the next instant, alighting with a sure and violent foot on the spot assigned him, our fate was sealed. What a commotion there was in a moment! Every mouth was opened, every eye dilated, every face pale. Thrown one against another, the men were displaced. Nothing could counteract the death-leap of that indiscreet man. Too buoyant to founder, the pier rolled heavily; now high on one side, now on the other; and then, reeling over as if it would sink, it whirled the six men, on the shore side, pell-mell into the stream. It was my lot to be toppled over at the same time; and though in imminent danger, my spirit rankled at the man who had been the immediate cause of our troubles.

It would not do to cherish these unchristian feelings when the business of rescue was of vital consequence. I therefore checked the irritation. Knowing there was little hope of life, if drowning men hampered my exertions, I prepared to disentangle myself from their stern grasp. Three or four hands had hold of my legs, dragging me down; when, striking out mightily, I shook off the encumbrances. I now looked over my shoulder, to see what best I could do, to save some of my comrades. Floating round, I gazed again. Horror and sadness almost petrified me! I beheld the pier popping up and down in playful gaiety, without a man on it, and a little forest of fingers, pushed through the troubled flood, dazzling in the sunbeams! This to me was a sure and sorry proof, that none of the pontoneers could swim; and what added to my deep concern was, that the sudden capsize had so impaired my vigour that barely sufficient strength was left me to effect my own rescue.

Meanwhile old Botheration, half dancing, half mad, ran a little distance, calling out, amain, "Boat-hooks, ropes, baulks, grapnels! Help, I say! Help! help!"

In an instant, all eyes turned to the troubled water—to the spot where the unfortunates, in a ruck, were struggling for life, and unconsciously sending each other to the bottom. Every one was driving towards us with apparatus that could assist, and things that could not. Some few fell by the way from very haste. Several were suggesting all sorts of impossible expedients, and others, more cool and collected, lowered the sheer line, floated a number of baulks, and threw out ropes that fell short of the hands rigidly extended to catch at anything from a bubble to an Admiralty buoy. Five or six holding by the standing bridge, stretched out their hands to clutch at victims, perishing thirty or forty yards out of reach. As many more waded up to their waists, and, with buckram faces, there stuck, while old Christopher, bothered out of his wits, still called lustily for boat-hooks, ropes, etc., of which there was abundance on the strand. Amid all this confusion—all this concern for our deliverance, it was a proud sight to see the young lieutenant. He was a smart fellow, decidedly. As soon as he became aware of the catastrophe, he showed himself right valiantly. His determination was taken in an instant. I saw him doff his jacket, throw down his cap, and heard him shout, "Somebody draw off my boots—off with my boots, I say!" They were off in a twinkling. Then pulling out his watch and handing it over to safe custody, dashed with a headlong leap into the radiant stream among the drowning men. One more peep I took at the vaulting pier, and saw a few fellows clinging to the gunnels and rope lashings. It cheered me in my danger to know that they were safe.

I now found it full time to scan more particularly my own probability of rescue. It seemed to me that I was about forty yards from the end of our small bridge. The sergeant-major was there with his right knee on the flooring, and his right arm holding by the cross-rail. The sun played full on his face burning his eyes out. Alternately his gaze was fixed on me, and then on the struggling men lower down. He evinced acute concern for us. I could see that his colour came and went as he found relief from hope, or felt anguish from despair. Turning over on my back I floated towards him. I found this much easier than swimming. As the tide carried me downwards I was obliged to swim obliquely. Arriving at the point I had resolved to reach, I grasped the

outward pontoon, just under the spot where the sergeant-major, statue-like, was kneeling. It was slimy; my grip was feeble and I felt my hand slipping. Away I went, sinking into deep water, but on coming up again, luckily clutched the pontoon with a firmer grasp. Both breath and strength being well-nigh gone, I thought to gain a little of both before making an effort to climb to the flooring of the bridge; but that was denied me, for my good friend the sergeant-major, suddenly relaxing his gaze on my unfortunate companions, found an interval to bestow a glance at me. Eagerly seizing the opportunity to assist, he caught me fast by the slack of my breeches, and began to pull me from the stream, doubled up, like a corn-sack with both ends loaded and nothing in the middle. In this way I lost the ability to balance myself. I was powerless; so down went my head into the water, and up came that part of my person which possessed neither mouth nor nostrils. Thus in excess of misdirected zeal, there was every chance of my meeting a fate, which would have made the sergeant-major unhappy as long as he lived. From what cause I know not, he kept me in that suffocating position for a devil of a time. Auspiciously for me, some one accidentally perceiving my predicament, shouted for help. That shout recalled the sergeant-major's attention to the victim in his grasp. I was no light weight. A dead lump of more than a quarter of a ton was something to try a man's power and the soundness of his lungs. Adding strength to strength, his vigorous arm put forth its might, and hauling me up by the slack, which he still firmly held, placed me at last half drowned on the stationary bridge.

In making a stand of it, I had some difficulty. Exhaustion had nearly done its work. A few moments more would have settled my concerns in this life, and sent me a young man, but an old sinner, into the other world. Thought, recollection, and instinct had left me; and in this state I was conveyed to my room (No. 16), at the casemates. Through kindness, attention, and repose, I found myself, next morning, sufficiently recovered, to hear with delight, that all the men were saved, through the manly and unrelaxed exertions of the smart lieutenant.

All this suffering and misery, occurred through indiscreet haste and the absence of that presence of mind which ought to have prevented the accident. We might have taken

the men to shore in relays, but no one thought of it. Most of the party felt confident that a pier had buoyancy enough to carry eighteen persons. I doubted it, but hoped for the best; and think I should have succeeded, had it not been for that blundering jump. With all our shortcomings, the blame emphatically was Upton's. Had he not had a keen appetite for the mid-day meal, and an uncompromising respect for orders, the chance of drowning eighteen persons would not have occurred, and we should have enjoyed our dinners all the better for the delay.[1]

A GHOSTLY MISTAKE.—S——n, one of the sick orderlies at Woolwich, was directed to remove from a certain ward, a gunner who had just ceased the mortal struggle. Taking the shell, he went, by mistake, to the bedside of a poor sufferer, almost gone, to place him in it.

"What—do you want—with me?" muttered the dying man, every word costing him a pang.

"To put you in this box!" said the orderly, with unfeeling coolness.

"But—I pray you won't—for—I still live!"

"Hold your tongue!" rejoined S——n reproachfully. "Don't you think the doctors know better than you?"

A HINT FOR THE VATICAN.—An inquisitive fellow, anxious to see what was going on in the oratory of the Roman Catholic chapel at Woolwich—as if it were likely for anything mysterious to take place there—hoisted himself up by means of a piece of board to watch the secret performances. Not long had he stared through the barred windows, when the board, being insecurely fixed to the palings, gave way, and the man of curiosity fell with a crash into the road.

"Ah!" cried a sapper's wife who saw the catastrophe, "it's like everything that belongs to the papists—nothing to hold on by!"[2]

[1] Old Williams was discharged upwards of forty years ago; and by the excellency of his life and the solid industry of his habits, now lives in ease at Chester, where he has acquired a reputation, not only for his respectability, but his passable talent as a poet. His pieces, chiefly ballads, are of a military character. His last effort, called "The Fall of Sebastopol," printed at Chester, Sept. 11, 1855, has much vigour and some merit in it.

[2] The husband of our witty wife is now an officer in the Line.

DRAW IT MILD.

OLD HARRY was enthusiastically fond of malt and hops. Too frequently for a thoroughly abstemious man he visited the "Sun in the Wood," and quaffed the foaming amalgamation with a zest quite brewerly.

If he were hot, a pint of mild ale was the specific. If cold, the mild ale worked up his latent heat to the necessary temperament. Mild ale was the tonic (Bass's compound was not in fashion for invalids then) that gave energy to his exhausted powers; and when a superabundance of animal life made him remarkably funny, mild ale was still the thing to keep the pot boiling. Everything that wanted rectifying was adjusted by mild ale. In fact he took so much of the beverage, he might have been turned out of any brewhouse as a cask of mild ale and sold well; but some difficulty would certainly have been encountered, had the cellarman made any attempt to doctor him with the "stuff."

"Palmer," said Harry one bright summer's morning just before going to church to perform his duties as the chaplain's clerk; "a pint of ale, and draw it mild."

With a snowy cauliflower head the required measure was handed to old Harry, who swigged the liquid as rapidly, as if he were performing a trick in magic. Sweetly enough it went down, followed by a toper's smack betokening satisfaction; but when the amber decoction had worked itself fairly into the corners of his system, he felt some unpleasant twinges in his viscera, that did not at all accord with the repose it was essential he should cultivate, before taking his place behind the folio prayer-book; and so, to put an end to his disagreeables, he called for a reduplication of the customary medicinal draught, enjoining the landlord to "draw it mild."

Very mild it was pumped up, and gulped very quickly. It was just what was wanted: the stitches in his stomach disappeared, and—so did old Harry. The next minute he was seated in his place in the military chapel, with his face

drawn out to the proper rubical length, and drooped at a sanctimonious angle.

Admirably he went through the service. It was short, for there was no singing. Then began the sermon; and the clerk, with a quart of mild ale ramifying his organization, commenced to snooze. His pew had a high back, far too easy for his piety, with cushion and hassock—luxuries which an ecclesiologist would have condemned as heartily as an evangelical would have abused a poppy finial or a reredos. He was very comfortable, was Harry, settled in a corner; and the somniferous ale, which had fully taken possession of his senses, had not only closed his eyes but opened his jaws in a beautiful stupor. It was a wonder he did not snore; but nothing was heard in that corner, but the steady breathing of a drowsy man.

Quietly and soundly he dozed, while the chaplain, dissecting an interesting text, declaimed as if speaking from the steps of the Areopagus. With an uplifted hand or a blow on the desk, he emphasized telling passages; and texts of warning, where the language was brilliant, were enunciated with tremendous force.

But the clerk slept on.

To all things there is an end, and so there was to the sermon, closing as it should do with a startling exhortation; but the chaplain's factotum, still dreaming of Palmer and his mild ale, gave audible evidence of his indiscreet predilection, without, fortunately, interrupting the fervour of the preacher's eloquence.

"Awake ye drunkards, and weep!" shouted the chaplain.

"Draw it mild!" muttered the clerk.

"Howl, ye drinkers!"

"Do," whispered old Harry, cocking his eyes in the direction of the rostrum, "draw it mild, if you please!"

It was well that the sermon had ended, for many a side was aching at the effort to suppress the laughter that was burning for a clear vent. The chaplain bent over the pulpit; and the tired congregation, shuffling to their feet, and rattling, as soldiers invariably do, whatever they had about them that could make a noise, old Harry was aroused, and tumbling on his knees, was just in time to say, "Amen," to the chaplain's blessing.

Harry descended from a good family, springing from the same parent stem, which gave to England one of the proudest names in the annals of Philosophy. His brother, Sir ——, and he, were the nearest surviving relatives (bearing the family name) to the great Sir I—— N——. The sergeant who figures in the anecdote, was a very useful non-commissioned officer in the corps, and when discharged in 1833, after a service of twenty-two years in the sappers, returned to the profession in which he had been brought up. Increasing infirmities, at length, obliged his removal from it, when he commendably turned his hand to anything, to eke out an existence for himself and family. Disappointed of help, which he was always expecting, with distress staring him in the face, and palsied age creeping on, his disgust with life ended by his committing suicide early in 1858.

GIVING UP ORDERS.—Long before John Edgeworth was initiated in the mysteries of the guard-room and sentry-box, he was posted as a sentinel at Brompton, armed with a ramrod, to take flying charge of a scattered duty. In the course of the evening he was visited by the corporal of the guard.

"Give up your orders," said he.

Thinking that his cross-belts were meant, Edgeworth, instead of reciting the orders of his post, set to work to give up his accoutrements.

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE."—As Jemmy Rodda was regarded to be weak-witted, his misdemeanours were scarcely ever noticed. Once, on parade, the simpleton being overheard speaking in the ranks, sergeant Baston desired him to hold his tongue.

Rodda did so in reality, thrusting out his articulator, and grasping it with his hand as if it were too unruly to be checked in any other way.

"That is not what I mean," returned the sergeant. "You must not talk in the ranks."

"Then," said Rodda, giving his tongue play again, "what are you talking to me for?"

THE RIVALS.

In the winter after the Corn Laws were repealed, two comrades, stationed at Stranraer, possessed a singular friendship for each other. Opposition in opinion or pursuit did not loosen the tie, nor did rivalship impair it. Both were unmarried, full of humour, fond of pretty girls—courting many, but never permitting an attachment to become sufficiently confirmed, to launch them into a matrimonial settlement. Different in creed, country, and disposition, it was surprising they never came to an open rupture. Often there was occasion for it; but, too much engrossed in the frivolities of life, they seemingly had no time to encourage the fermentation of incipient bitterness, and so their anger was amnestied in their gaieties and irregularities. Their names, assumed for this anecdote, were Avenell and Chanem; but, nevertheless, they bear some relation to the individuals; for, the former was the maternal name of one of the sparks, and the latter is a bad anagram.

At one period, there was a grave probability of Avenell being ensnared by the fascinations of a maiden, just springing, with her beauty and ringlets, into the eighteenth year of her age. Indeed, both the friends, from being frequently together, and often seeing the volatile girl, fell in love with her. Each was ignorant of the other's yearnings, until Avenell, becoming warm in his new passion, and too full of hope to bear the tender burden unassisted, revealed the secret to his friend.

Chanem was amazed! With all his astuteness, he had never seen any indication in Avenell, to warrant a notion, that his truant heart was beating in that direction. Mutual compliments, he knew, had passed between them; but they were simply the civilities of politeness due to acquaintances. Now and then he praised her accomplishments. Sometimes he would look shy and give vent to an unmeaning laugh. She too would smile, and blush; but all this, from a courteous

familiarity carried on in the open air, in the presence of a third party, *was* to be expected.

What made the disclosure more inexplicable, was the fact, that Chanem had been doing a little private business on his own account with the coquette, and was never interrupted in its progress, by the intrusion of his friend. Convenient influences seemed to have swayed the advances of the rivals —convenient, inasmuch, as one was always strangely away, while the other was playing off his affectionate amiabilities with the maiden. True, Chanem had not been very regular in his attentions to her; he had not painted her with flattery, nor worried her with importunities. Handsome, joyous and thoughtless, he regarded himself as just the sort of man to suit her genial tastes. So, fancying her a prize, easy of conquest, he subjected himself to no restraint; but, like another Don Juan, paid her the same delicate homage, he did a score of other damsels—most of whom were trying their best and hardest to bind him by a lover's silken chain to a nuptial compact. It was obvious, however, while the fugitive was at large among the girls, romping with every flirt who appreciated innocent activity, Avenell, less general in his attachments—although he too was generous in that respect —was more ardent in pressing his suit with Elfie; and, as he deserved, received priority in her consideration.

Intrusted with the confidence of both, Elfie did not whisper a hint of the double attention she was receiving; for, in truth, she had no idea that either of them had any resolute intention to win her. She looked at the affair as a pretty little intrigue. Had the plot been deeper she would have liked it better. Perhaps it would evolve in something startling. She trusted so. Love without romance was a tame impulse; with it, everything that a woman could desire to constitute her a heroine. Such were her views. Forearmed and forewarned, by the instinctive intelligence of her sex, she committed herself to the ordeal, not doubting, that, though she might see reason to use an inflexible reserve and a little dissimulation, she would, at the proper moment, disentangle herself from the web—pure and irreproachable. Throughout her maidenly scheme, she was sustained by an innate feeling, that out of two strings, one of them might make a lasting loop in her bow. For Avenell, she entertained a high regard.

He was gentle, coaxing, and even imperative in his pursuit. Yet Chanem was her choice. Towards him her sympathies were strong. He was a finer-made man than Avenell, had a sharper intellect, straighter legs and a better figure. Avenell had light crispy hair; Chanem dark, with Byronic curls. Moreover he had a flashing hazel eye that eclipsed the mild ingratiating one of his less prepossessing rival.

So much had the passion for Elfie ripened in Avenell, that he began to detach himself from his many female associates, and to centre his thoughts wholly on his heart's recent acquisition. Every spare moment found him patrolling the streets, if only to catch a glimpse of his idol, or better, to interchange courtesies with her. In one of these transient meetings he solicited the favor of being allowed to pay her an evening visit. Elfie hesitated. Impatient of denial, he urged again, making eloquent reference to his feelings; and at last, she meekly consented, yielding her hand in testimony of acquiescence. Such a stroke of good fortune was something to boast of; and, of course, Chanem must share his joy; and so he did, as the sequel will show. Punctually, Avenell attended to his appointment—all smiles and happiness. Like a lapidary displaying his gems, Avenell paraded his blandishments. All sorts of loving nonsense he talked, and was prodigal alike of promise and perfumery. In an atmosphere of gentleness and admiration, he fancied the little kitchen in which he was cozily, but clandestinely, closeted, was a perfect elysium, and his lady-love, a perfect angel.

"Ah! what's that?" cried he in the midst of his ecstacy, slackening from a caress into which he had insidiously worked himself.

"Dear me! what a strange noise! A burglar perhaps!" whispered the maiden, gazing tremulously towards the door.

"Footsteps!" exclaimed Avenell, fully aroused. "As I live, some one intends to break into the house from the rear. If he venture in this direction, he must strike you, Elfie, over my body!"

"No, no, Avenell! That's very soldierly no doubt. To strike me from your body, as from a platform, won't do. I will not be touched. You must stand firmly between me and danger, and receive all the blows."

Alarmed as Elfie was, she had sufficient possession of her reason to speak peremptorily, though she was not aware she had delivered her mandate in a vein which ill accorded with the dramatic aspect of the incident. Still it occurred to her, that the situation was romantic, and with such a champion to defend her, it was becoming of her to assume the authority, if not the demeanour, as far as she was able, of an Amazon.

"Be it as you say, Elfie," exclaimed Avenell, looking every inch a protector. "This arm," added he, moving the right one from the elbow downwards, as if it were capable of transacting any amount of business in the combative line, "nerved by the love I bear you, shall ground the first man that offers to enter. If there be a dozen of them," continued he, raising his voice as his determination acquired force, "they shall all meet the same fate, or I'm no soldier!"

"Prove yourself one," returned Elfie, nervously.

"And then—what?" said he, looking as if beautiful visions were floating in his mind.

"We shall talk about it, at leisure."

"With pleasure," rhymed Avenell. "Enough! See!" shouted he, as he pushed the door open. "If any of you," added he, "have courage to oppose a single man, come on!"

Elfie, timid and excited, gazed at the opening, holding by the table; while Avenell, like a stumpy Hercules, the incarnation of fealty, had his fist clenched in the air, and his left foot advanced to support his body against a sudden onslaught. He was sure that Elfie was watching him, and he made the most of the attitude. If not dignified it was bold. Worth a contest, he was anxious to show how much he would sacrifice for her sake.

"The cowards dare not approach," said he with a scowl.

"Then go to them," returned Elfie, "Better do battle with them in the garden, than here."

"First, let me catch sight of them. Hurry would give them an advantage I do not intend them to have."

Repeated were the noises, mixed with a burst of scornful laughter. A few words were heard, which fell on the ear of Avenell like a challenge. Could he decline it? No. He tingled to accept it. Moving cautiously from the door, to prevent the villains lurking in his rear, he glided down the gravel path with a spectre's pace, and listened. Lower down the garden the noises recurred, and further on.

Thither went Avenell. Thinking by his decision and intrepidity to overawe the miscreants, he made a spring he knew not where. Nothing stood before him. Every place he searched—outhouses, arbours and clumps of flower and shrub—loitering and hiding by turns, under an impression, that the strangers would reappear, when, apparently, there was no longer a hindrance to their designs. Amid the stillness, Avenell, crouched as in a lair, staring wildly on all around, heard other noises. There was a faint rush, as if a partridge were stealing to cover; succeeded by a shrill whistle, answered by a hoarse, scraping voice. Then all was still again. Presently, further away, there was scuffling, more whistling and burly laughter. This was a moment of concentrated excitement for Avenell. The garden narrowed to an angle. There he felt sure the burglars must be. Emerging from beneath a shrub, he rushed towards the corner, but miscalculating the distance, dashed furiously against the boarded fence, and rebounding, fell heavily into a nursery for cucumbers, crashing the frame into a thousand pieces.

Chanem, he it was who had invented the noises, seeing he had fairly aroused the curiosity of Avenell, and was the unwitting instrument of breaking, perhaps a leg or half-a-dozen of his comrade's ribs, which would occasion delay in pursuit, decamped, creeping with a soft and noiseless foot to the front door. Intimating his presence by a refined rap at the entrance, Elfie, thinking it was Avenell, gave him instant admittance; but when she saw who had intruded, she mildly protested against his stay; observing, that his friend, who had laid her under deep obligations to him by the daring he had evinced in trying to save her from the violence of base men, was her guest for the evening. Still, Elfie was not displeased at the sudden appearance of Chanem. Her untold esteem for him, rather approved the introduction. It was just what might have been expected from a gay lover, indisposed to trim his procedure by the set rules of a stiff conventialism. It flattered her pride, and was complimentary to her charms. So, appreciating his wild intrusion, she, by degrees, conceded to his wishes, stipulating, that he should share the fireside with his friend. To this act of grace she was additionally moved, believing that, as strangers were about the premises, he and Avenell would frustrate their object, and, in all likelihood,

capture them. But Chanem stoutly opposed this plan; explaining, moreover, that the noises, having been produced by himself, there was no need for alarm, nor any occasion to retain the services of two men, to oppose what could not take place, since the cause of it was present in his own person. Besides, as Avenell was wholly ignorant of his feelings towards her, it would seem, if he were discovered, that he designed, not only to offer him insult, but, by a mean trick, to supplant him; neither of which he intended, his sole wish being to gain or lose her in the true form of strategy. At all events he had no desire to come in contact with Avenell at that moment.

Seeing difficulties in the way of discarding her guest, she pointed them out; but Chanem, an adept in artifice, unfolded his scheme. He would arrange everything himself, and save her from the charge of complicity. All this sounded curious but fresh. It was another link welded to the chain of romance in which she was involved. Buoyant, and wild with life, she lent herself to the pastime, watching with a kindled cheek and a coruscating eye, the several moves that Chanem made to master the game.

"There he is, poor fellow," said Chanem with a grave smile, "at the end of the garden, gathering up his bones from the smashed cucumber-frame. Gallantry is unworthy of consideration, unless ennobled by wounds; and I'll vouch for it, he is suffering pains and aches enough to keep him a good ten minutes trying to get the better of them."

"Oh! how sorry I am. Let us go and help him."

"Not a bit of it. Leave him where he is, and he'll doat on you. Date his firmest love—and mine, from this moment."

"Ah! well; I suppose it must be so. You cruel men seem to understand one another too accurately for an inexperienced woman like me to interfere."

"You're quite right. Now to business, Elfie, for he may recover quicker than I anticipate."

And Chanem gently shut the door, threw the bolts, hooked up a ponderous chain, and shot the lock.

Fast against friend and foe, Avenell soon reappeared and tried to re-enter; but Chanem, who could passably imitate the voice of Elfie, gave him to understand that the old gentleman up stairs, when he heard the noises, had directed the back door to be locked and chained, and was now listening over-

head, armed with a loaded blunderbuss, to shoot the first villain who should attempt to force the house from the garden; but not to annihilate his hopes of renewed bliss, he suggested to Avenell, with winning effeminacy, the propriety of moving off quietly; and, after making his way to the front kitchen, to rap softly at the window-shutter.

Away went Avenell without noise or creak down the gravel path; and, as if he were the weight of a feather, clambered over a low part of the fence. Finding himself in an avenue which led by the side of the house, he traced the passage with as little stir, as if he were a bee moving, and arrived at the front of the house. Pushing by the iron gate, which was ajar, he descended the stone steps and tapped at the window.

Meanwhile, Chanem, making a pretty request for some female apparel, threw Elfie into hysterics of mirth. She was dying to laugh, but Chanem hushed her. Like a breath of air, she tripped about, on tiptoe, with a merry smile on her lip and a sparkle in her eye. Boxes and drawers were opened to furnish suitable apparel for Chanem to personate her should Avenell effect an entrance. Dressed in a fly-away cap with the neatest flowers, a silk peak-bodied gown, a chemisette of marvellous workmanship, and a sweet collar secured by an elegant brooch, Chanem, removing the light behind a screen, threw himself into shadow. The moment that Avenell announced himself, Chanem slowly opened the window, and unbolting the shutters, parted them a few inches, so as not to expose himself to an examination too critical.

"Wait, dear, a few seconds," lisped Chanem with the most maidenly intonation. "Don't hurry for the life of you, and so save a scene, that would neither be pleasant to me, nor painless to yourself."

"Where is your father?"

"Up stairs, almost rabid, with an ear wide open to the smallest sound."

"I'll brave it Elfie. I'm not afraid."

"But I am. For God's sake, keep your mouth shut. I'm waiting to tell you the precise moment you may enter, unchecked by fear."

"There's no time better than the present. On a pinch, I could crush myself into a pepper-castor and be out of sight."

"Yes, a thought has just struck me. It may be long

before I dare admit you, without insisting on securing myself against the chance of sudden noise; and to prevent, as far as possible, exciting my father's suspicions, and cruelly treating you to the contents of his blunderbuss, let me beg you will take off your boots and hand them to me through the window."

Avenell, charmed by an interest which apparently was deeply anxious on his account, implicitly obeyed; and with an emotion of gratitude that made his head swim, consigned his boots, with their odours and accumulations, to the hand that was pushed beyond the window to receive them.

At that instant there was a bustle in the kitchen as of one rushing into it. Two or three articles were upset, and all the characteristics of confusion and alarm were in operation. Avenell heard them. What a thousand pities that there should be an interruption to his felicity! For himself he cared nothing, but for the young lady he was overwhelmed with apprehension. What could he do to shield her against the old man's violence? Absolutely nothing. This distressed him.

While he thus pondered, bootless, on the cold pavement, Chanem whispered to him through the chink of the closed shutters—

"Keep heart,—hush!" There was a pause occasioned by Chanem having glided from the window; and a full masculine voice was heard upbraiding Elfie. Creeping to the window again, Chanem muttered hurriedly, "Run, Avenell; run for your life, if you wish to escape certain death! It would be different, dear, if you had your boxing-gloves!"

"Boxing-gloves!" said Avenell to himself moodily. "How did she know anything about them? I had a pair when I enlisted, but never since. This *is* an enigma."

And while reflecting on the character of the girl, who, in a moment of intense excitement and danger, could afford to mix up with the gravity of her situation, a little of the humour which was a part of her nature, the shutters were bolted, and the window was slammed into its grove and snicked.

"Run!" screamed Chanem, while Elfie was convulsed in the corner with repressed laughter. "Father's gone up stairs to bring the blunderbuss. Move away as if your feet were stuffed into a couple of muffs. Stay but another second, and you are a dead man!"

"Oh! then, to put that event past question, I shall start at once." And away Avenell scampered. Life was of more consequence than to yield it foolishly; and he bore the little inconvenience of pattering through the streets in his stockings, with a cheerfulness that nothing but an escape from a blunderbuss could have induced.

Next morning Avenell called on his friend, to tell him the incidents of the interview; how serious it was likely to have ended; and how that Elfie, full of love and tenderness the overnight, was now, perhaps, in the exuberance of her drollery, measuring the length of his boots and criticising the dimensions of his feet.

"It was quite a scene, I suppose?" said Chanem archly.

"I believe you."

"Especially when you fell into the cucumber-frame?"

"Why, who could tell you that?"

"A parrot, with a tongue as garrulous as a fish-fag's."

"Oh! news travels apace unquestionably. Only think of its reaching you so quickly!"

"The telegraph couldn't have made the communication more rapidly."

"I'm perplex'd to know who could have told you."

"You shall know all; but say, Avenell, when the old man rushed into the kitchen, did you show any courage?"

"I hadn't a chance; but I was just in the humour for anything."

"For the contents of his blunderbuss?"

"Ay, and worse if possible. I would have stood any amount of shooting."

"Incredulous! and all without your boxing-gloves."

"Boxing-gloves! that's what Elfie said. How strange that you should be her echo!"

"Stranger things than that happen. How did you get away?"

"As easily as if I had been walking on a lawn."

"You must then have pushed your feet into a couple of muffs?"

"Muffs! That's another of Elfie's words. I couldn't be otherwise than quiet, for I had no boots on."

"And what do you say if I give them to you?"

"That's very likely. Elfie has them."

"She never touched them. There they are, and be

thankful," cried Chanem, throwing them towards his friend. "Now say that I'm no conjuror."

"Puzzle on puzzle," exclaimed Avenell. "How came you by them?"

"You gave them to me."

"Impossible!"

"Learn it then, as a fact;" and Chanem, knowing the generosity of his friend, detailed the particulars of the diversion, keeping nothing secret from him. Avenell saw through the hoax; and though most men would have gone to any length to resent so cruel a fraud, he took it very kindly, was uproariously amused, and even complimented his friend on the cleverness of his artifice.

The friends were not estranged by the adventure. They were as brotherly as ever; but in time, it became Chanem's turn to be the dupe of his overreaching comrade. Avenell repaid him in similar coin with hospitable interest, and Chanem bent to his fate with a magnanimity and good-will quite virtuous. Elfie, beautiful and lightsome, disengaged herself in time from the erratic rivals, closing with the offer of a deeper and more enduring affection.

At length, Chanem, too high and too proud for the service, purchased his discharge, and, pushing his fortunes in the United States, found avocations suitable to his ambition, and became a gentleman;[1] while Avenell fell into a choice bit of luck, became a corporal, plodded on for a few years, full of obstinacy and law, and then was removed from the survey, to take his turn at less lucrative employments, with more discipline to hold his will in control, and less time to indulge in his passionate eccentricities.[2]

[1] His career in a few years has been a stirring one. From drawing plans of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, he was given, through the intercession of the Aspinwalls, an appointment by the chief of the United States Engineers, on the U. S. Coast Survey. Since then he has been at Texas, Mexico, California, Florida, &c., reaping rewards and wealth; and though "far away, his heart is often at the end of the chain, and around the camp-fires of the ordnance survey." At Cape Sable, in Florida, he had a brush with the natives, who fired on his boat, and would have boarded the schooner but for shoals of sharks in the gulf. Chanem opened with a howitzer on the savages, but not being as good a gunner as surveyor, missed every shot. When last heard of, late in 1856, he was wintering on the North Carolina coast, holding the rank of captain, and his wife and daughter, were the guests of general Tighlman in Maryland.

[2] Since this was written, Avenell has been promoted to the rank of sergeant, and detached on important duty to a new colony, where a British soldier had never before been stationed.

THE APPARITION.

In 1813, private James Fraser carried on a love-tournament with three Graces of Woolwich. According to the notions of his comrades, he was a handsome man, and carried his head well on his shoulders. To all the accessories of an attractive countenance was added a proud figure, which, as he was "a remarkably tight tailor," was improved by a uniform that fitted without wrinkle, displaying a hollow in his back—an arch, in fact, geometrically faultless. His long gaiters were specimens of refined tailoring. Cut, like a ship, on the best lines, they covered as fine a pair of legs as were ever connected to a couple of neat feet; and the swell on the instep was perfect. And then his hair! This was something to look at. In its disposition he was in advance of the age. Short as it was—martinets of the period were almost provoked to run a fellow through, if he dared to appear with his hair longer than the shanks of his gaiter-buttons—it was arranged with so discreet and inviolable a separation at the back of the head, that every hair seemed gummed in an unalterable direction, to show a streak of snow between two patches of black. Inimitably neat was the set of his raven side locks. Without any extravagant allusion to ancient decoration, those bewitching appeals to feminine appreciation were curled up like Corinthian volutes, and embellished a couple of small ears, crouched snugly in their natural localities above his jaws.

Of cleanliness he was a pattern. A speck of dirt or a stain, a stray shred or a thread, was seldom seen on his clothes. His plume, gloves, breeches, and accoutrements were spotless; and the lace on his coatee and the tassels on his cap were of the hymeneal hue of unsullied orange bloom. What with brasses on his bang-up, buckles on his belts, extra buttons on his coatee, and the thick row of burnished ditto on his long gaiters, he was all sparkle and effulgence.

The names of his Amazonian loves have been preserved.

Milk Jenny, Widow Williams—another milkwoman, and Mrs. Isaac, a joiner's wife, were the trio. Jenny was a fair spinster, with cheeks colored as gorgeously as the damask rose. Strong and healthy, she could carry the yoke and the brass-mounted pails, as if nature had expressly given her birth to show the dignity of the occupation. She walked as steady as a rock; like it she disdained to stoop her broad shoulders, and only gave her feet sufficient splay, to intimate that milk carrying and dancing were all the better for a graceful deportment. She had a right to alter her condition if she were so minded; and so had Widow Williams, who was a buxom thirty-year old, with a round arm, a big leg, and a sleeveboard sort of foot, which, had any unpleasantness occurred to render its use desirable, would have inflicted unmitigated disgrace on any fellow subjected to the exercise of such a leverage. She had moreover a short waist, a couple of hills on her breast, and a pair of small eyes flirting with each other over the depressed bridge of a rather large nose, which, nevertheless, was obtuse enough to convey the idea of being unfinished. Mrs. Isaac, a young wife, deserted by her husband, was quietly gay, a little coquettish, and fond of conquests. She had joyous eyes, a face commonly designated "sweet," and a coaxing smile.

With all these it was Fraser's misfortune to have become intimate. This was the penalty for being "a remarkably tight tailor" and "a handsome man." To the joiner's wife he was partial; his regard, however, for the widow was somewhat stronger. She had a comfortable home and a bank-account, which, being cast up and balanced, showed a credit at the widow's command, sufficient to make matters, if they came to the expected end, agreeably endurable. Yet, Milk Jenny was his favourite. She tripped about with her pails in all the decency and simplicity of a thoroughly virtuous girl. Selling a genuine article—not chalk and water—gained for her the prefix by which her name had been known in the town. To a fault, she was generous. This Fraser proved, inasmuch as she never missed an occasion to treat him with the newest milk, in the most unobserved corner, when the thirst of a hot day suggested the use of water or something more palatable. And what was better, she had the honesty to pay her employer for what, in her devotion, had been consumed by her paramour; but which, let it be said, he had

honorably outset in labial acknowledgments—the way most delightful to Jenny's warm heart.

The pretty attentions of the three, all dying for the tailor, were very perplexing. Jenny was his first love. His inclinations led him more towards her than to the other two. Still, the widow carried more ballast; and the check-string pulled by a stouter and subtler hand, drew the happy man oftener into her snug cottage than was consistent with his professions for Milk Jenny. Each, however, was ignorant of the double interest which had divided his affection; and while he was deep in his plans to satisfy the tender claims of the milkwomen, the captivating joiner's wife stepped in with her charms, ensnaring the inconstant tailor into an acquaintance, which, "as charity hopeth all things," it would be prudent to characterize as Platonic. To all, it seemed, the Adonis was a free man; untrammelled by any prior engagements, unfettered by any choice, but one, and each looked forward to the joyous day that should perfect her bliss.

To keep them going with their repeated invitations, endearments, and presents, all so many pledges of attachment to him as the idol of their hearts—was an impossible achievement. Intrigue and excuse did nothing to relieve him. His promises were frequently broken. When most looked for, according to agreement, his presence was never given. He was whispering sweet things to one when he ought to have been performing the same grateful service for another; or escorting one, on a lover's ramble, to the bowers of Shooter's Hill, when his arm should have assisted another to the groves of Plumstead. In this way the damsels were wearing away their lives in sighs and disappointment; but nevertheless, employing the most persevering tactics to bring the admired tailor to a proper sense of his betrothal duty. His purposes were too cross, and their desires too urgent, to offer him the least chance of improving his attentions. In time, his neglect was unwillingly ascribed to another cause. Each conjured up a rival. Inquisitive women—when once fairly aroused—will penetrate a keyhole to find a secret. They have the adroitness of detectives without the reputation. So it was with the Woolwich Graces. One after another, by the slow process of watching and tracking, unravelled the plans of the remarkably tight tailor; and whatever may have been their previous feelings, or what their

ultimate hopes, it seems the Lothario was, with creditable firmness, rejected by the three; who, instead of falling out among themselves as to who should win him, turned on the snip with a hatred as implacable as their affection was previously confiding and forgiving.

An Englishman is equal to three men of an enemy at any time. A Scotchman, when he has his mull and his bonnet, and a piper at hand snoring into his bags, and troubling the air with ear-splitting tones of some national theme, may be a match for seven men. Whether this is a piece of rhodomontade or not, must be left to experience to confirm or demolish. Certain it is, whatever may have been Fraser's prowess among men, and tailors in particular, he was no match for the three injured ladies. Who, indeed, of the robust sex could stand against the clamours and rebukes of three glib-tongued women, two of them venders of milk? To escape from the meshes in which he was entangled, Fraser tried all his arts. Vowing for each an unalterable affection, he endeavoured to set one against the other. He essayed a course of philosophy; tried what gravity and submission would do; spoke about the beauty and amiability of the female character; the refinement of yielding him without vexatious alternatives; and pleaded his irresponsibility, in consequence of being drawn into a net by "three of the prettiest girls in the town," who had pulled the string on him before he had time to jump from its mouth to explain his difficulties. This sop, however, did not make the impression he wished. The more he explained, the more apparent were his subterfuges; the more transparent his professions. True to their unanimity, the Graces spurned all compromise; and casting the charlatan on the wheel of fate, left him to the inexorable vicissitudes of his unhappy lot. Never an opportunity did they lose of insulting him by reproof and threatening. To such an extent did they avenge him with their abuse, that the handsome tailor, drooped in head and heart, fell sick. After lying many days in hospital, brooding over his improprieties, the taunts of the tailors, the disapprobation of his comrades, and the merciless attacks of the inappeasable inamorati—which had made him of all men the most miserable—he lost appetite and intellect—of the latter he never had much—was reduced to a collection of ribs, rafters, and props; and, in a fit of delirium—died.

No sooner was the breath out of his body, than he was removed to the dead-house, and laid in a shell with a sheet spread over his remains, ready to be coffined.

During the following night, it was observed that noises proceeded from the chamber in which all that was mortal of poor Fraser had been deposited. The sentry quitted his beat to ascertain the nature of the disturbance; and applying his ear to the door, could discover nothing to confirm his suspicions. A minute or two after, he heard a moan, then a rumble, and a clattering of all the funereal odds and ends which undertakers find it convenient to retain in the waiting-room to the grave. It struck the sentry that some unhappy fellow had been accidentally shut in the place, and, to pass away the time in such dismal society, was knocking about the trestles and empty shells like pins in a skittle-court. This was a wicked thought, but one succeeded of a very different stamp. "What if the corpse be a ghost?" "No, no;" was the mental rejoinder. "If it were one, stone walls could not confine it. The skylight in the roof would be a ready door through which to vault into the outer air."

This was a very reassuring view; but it did not long impart the satisfaction at first derived from it. In a few moments there was a knocking at the skylight, as if a broad hand were striking against the frame. The blows were repeated, a few panes of glass were shattered, and a wailing voice, as of one in pain, was heard.

The sentry started.

"How is this?" thought he, panting with fear. "Good gracious; it's something supernatural! Nothing but a spirit could have heard me think! How unlucky that the skylight should have rushed into my head!"

Such were the imaginings which flashed into the stupified brain of the sentinel, whose hair bristled on end, while perspiration, gushing hot from his brows, poured down his face like rain-drops. In a minute or two he recovered a little of his reason, and as the dreaded spectre had not yet appeared, he thought it advisable to lessen the chances of an interview. Noiselessly moving from the spot, aided by the wings of alarm, he flew to an unapproachable corner at a distance; and there remained till the four o'clock relief restored his equanimity.

Meanwhile, no help arriving, the noises continued; and

at last the skylight, beaten by blows which desperation made stronger, burst open, and fell back from its hinges with a crash on the slates that startled the passers-by in the road. No assistance, however, could be afforded, as a stable-yard intervened between the thoroughfare and the dead-house. So the hoarse calls for help returned unanswered to the chamber, and rumbled gloomily among the empty shells, blood-stained shrouds, and surgical jars.

From the top of the ladder, which the supernatural had fixed against the frame of the skylight, he stepped on the slates; and then, with a beautiful consideration for the two sets of remains that were stretched in mutilated horror in the chamber, shut the casement, as if he fancied that, by leaving the roof without that precaution, the destinies of the frost-eaten corpses would assuredly be placed beyond the power of resurrection by a "severe cold." Tenderly he sat on the shelving roof, intending to pick his way to the ground by the gentlest means; but before committing himself to the operation, moved by a strange impulse, he looked back into the chamber, as if to bid his inanimate comrades an everlasting "good-bye." There was a little awkwardness in the action, which, as the slates were slippery, and his bones—sharp as skates—showed a *penchant* for sliding, he shot from the roof with the impetus of an avalanche, and reached the pavement like a crate of broken glass.

The poor fellow was stunned. Luckily, the distance of the drop was not great enough to shake him to pieces. After some trouble, he got on his bare feet; and limping on, with singular ideas and sepulchral musings, gained the beat of the terrified sentry. Had the supernatural been a burglar, and of vigorous strength, he might have shouldered the lone sentry-box, and borne it away for fire-wood, for no sentry was there to oppose him. No voice commanded him to stand and give the countersign. For this dereliction he was not sorry, since it relieved him from a difficulty he dreaded to encounter. Unchallenged, he passed on, ploughing through the snow, sheltered only by a winding-sheet. With a heart jogging against his ribs, and a head swimming, from the reaction of the vital current surging over his brain, he reached a court in Waterman's Fields, where the tailors of the corps had their shop.

Very early M'Gurke went thither to prepare it for his

brother-snips. As he was sweeping up the shreds, a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Bad cess to ye," cried Neddy, "why don't ye come in?"

The door was tried by the supernatural; but being locked on the inside, the permission could not be complied with.

"Be quick, Mack," shouted the ghost. "Undo the door, for I'm dying with cold."

"You'd betther go somewhere else," returned the sweeper, "I havn't a scrap o' fire yet."

"Any place is better than the street," rejoined the supernatural, in a voice alternately shrill and hoarse.

"Who in goodness are you?"

"An old friend, whom you'll be delighted to see."

"Egad! I doubt that."

"Come, make haste, or I'll perish on the door-step."

M'Gurke unlocked the door; and the stranger, who had the handle in his skeleton fist, impatiently turned back the catch, and stalked into the shop.

It was the defunct tailor, wrapped in his shroud, staring wildly! Over his face, rendered more ghastly by his shaven crown, the shade of death had really passed; and decomposition, seemingly, had set the seal of decay on his once handsome features.

"Lord save us!" cried Neddy, intensely terrified, springing to the other end of the shop, where he scarcely dared to breathe. "Don't throuble me, Mr. Ghost, i' ye plase, for I'm a wicked sinner, an' I know it."

Fraser approached, and stood in front of the empty fire-grate, preferring to win M'Gurke's confidence more by gradual advances than by sudden contact.

"I'm not dead," said Fraser, in assuring tones. "Look at me, Ned!"

"What have I done to desarve this? Mother o' the blessed Lord, look down on me jist now!"

"Only give me one look, and you'll see—Jimmy Fraser!"

"It's a lie!" roared M'Gurke, unconscious of what he uttered in his fright. "Jimmy Fraser died yisterday!"

"He did not, Ned. He is before you." And Fraser turned round to give M'Gurke a full view of his person—which at best was a melancholy personification of misery and emaciation.

"It's his ghost!" muttered the sweeper, with catched

breath and deeper terror. "Holy Mary, protect me in my utmost battle!"

"There's no occasion for it. Believe me, Mack, you've nothing to fear." And the defunct tailor smiled. "Shall I come and give you proof by feeling, that I'm really Jimmy Fraser?"

"In God's name, no, no!" Here M'Gurke was noticed motioning the cross, as if to shield himself by an invisible ægis. "Why throuble me," he added, with suffocating emotion, "when the Lord knows I never vexed you in all my life?"

Fraser made a step or two in the direction of M'Gurke, but in so considerate a way, he fancied the sweeper might become reconciled to a more tangible acquaintance than had yet been permitted; but Ned had no relish for the interview, and bidding the ghost "depart," alarmed the house.

The resuscitated tailor stood still, looking more than ever like one who had absconded from his coffin. His eyes were glassy, his lips bloodless, his cheeks sunken, pinched, and wan, tinged with lividity; while his chin, cheek-bones, nose, and eye-sockets were pressing through the skin.

"This will not do," said Fraser, sternly. "Be a man, M'Gurke, and stand up! If I wanted to harm you I could not. I am too weak even to bear the fatigue of waiting to convince you that I am Jimmy Fraser."

"Don't come nearer! I charge you in the name of all the saints in heaven, or out of it, not to touch me. You're mistaken in throubling me. I'm not ould Williamson. He may have cheated you as he has me, the ould sinner. Mother o' God shield me at this moment! It's an apparition that disturbs me! I never so much as borrow'd a skein o' thread from you. Holy St. Pether, stand betune us an' the dead!"

"Do not say so, Ned. I tell you I'm not dead! I was only in a trance; but, God be prais'd, I'm all right now."

M'Gurke shook his head, crossed himself again with pious violence, made prayerful mutterings and audible ejaculations, accompanied by the fitful mention of saints, who may have been personal friends of the affrighted sweeper, but were never exalted to a place in the calendar of the church.

Williamson, the master-tailor, having heard the shriek of the sweeper, now entered the room with an uncertain tread. He was a very old man, with silvery hair, a sublime counte-

nance, weak legs, palsied hands, and a semicircle from the pit of the chest downwards, which filled out an extraordinarily capacious waistcoat. A big man he was, in fact, with broad shoulders, but strengthless.

With composure almost unruffled, he surveyed the strange scene. M'Gurke was crouched among some clothing on the shop-board, staring through his uplifted hands at the spectre, and wondering at the calmness of the master. The defunct tailor stood near the fireplace, as erect and motionless as a statue. With a lengthened wick the candle was burning, and the dim shade in the room did not lessen the dismal circumstances of the visitation. The rays from the feeble light played peculiarly on the supernatural, whose wasted features bore all the awful characteristics of a tenant of the tomb. His long feet, and part of his skeleton legs were exposed; for the scanty shroud, crossed on his breast by his lank arms, fell no lower than his knees.

The supernatural nodded to Williamson.

Williamson, solemnly facing the ghost, nodded in return.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Fraser, blandly, conjuring up a smile that did not improve his appearance.

"Good-morning," returned Williamson, taken somewhat aback at such unheard-of condescension in a ghost.

"I hope you're not alarmed at seeing me?"

"I'm alarmed at nothing," returned the old man. "No one has ever suffered on my account; and I have, therefore, no occasion to fear. Let me invite you to make known your wishes, and they shall be attended to."

"I have no wishes such as you expect me to relate."

"Why this appearance then?"

"Is it not natural for the living to appear?"

"Yes; but you do not live. You are disturbed, and have come to be avenged."

"No such thing."

"Who are you then?"

"Jimmy Fraser!"

The reply was given in a hollow tremulous voice; and Williamson fancied he heard the spectre's jaws tumble about, as if, from want of lubrication, they found it an uneasy matter to perform their office.

"Poor man!" said the master-tailor, sympathetically. "Say, in God's name, what troubles you?"

"Nothing, but the difficulty to convince you that I'm alive."

"Alive! that cannot be."

"I was only in a trance—not dead."

"Impossible! Fraser is cold in his coffin."

"And so would you be cold, if your only covering was a shroud. What more can you have than myself, to prove that I live?"

"Strange infatuation, even in death! A vexed spirit trying to impose on the credulity of the living."

"This is all folly. Do, like a good man, be convinced."

But old Williamson could not shake the impression of his senses.

"Dead men," said he, "appear to avenge some dark deed. If such be your purpose, speak!"

"The dead renew their visits in accordance with the last wish that lingers with the spirit as it quits the flesh."

"I believe it."

"Don't take my word for it. I simply presume so. It would require a spirit from the other world to establish it in mortal belief."

"You are not mortal."

"Am I not? 'Tis hard that one giving evidence of his existence should still be regarded as deceased."

"Only yesterday it was, you breathed your last."

"Nonsense. If you will insist on my making a communication, let it be received as a sure sign, that, although officially reported dead, I still exist. Do you agree?"

"It would be difficult to persuade me."

"To be plain then, you owe me three shillings and fivepence for the last suit of clothes I made."

"Three and fivepence!" exclaimed the old man, permitting the point-end of a doubt to enter his mind. "That's a singular communication."

"It doesn't sound like an intimation from the tomb, does it?"

"It does not become its gravity, certainly."

"A ghost must have a sad time of it, to be haunted with a recollection so frivolous."

"It would seem so; but it does not belong to the living to dive into the reasons which disquiet the dead."

"You still think me dead, then? Good heavens! do you want another proof that I live?"

"No," cried Williamson, enlarging his belief in the corporeal presence of the remarkably tight tailor. "Let me test one charge at a time. You say three and fivepence?"

"Yes."

"Very well. We shall see." And the old man thrust his hands to the bottom of his pockets to find his keys. Lugging out a bunch, he was about to consult the shop ledger, locked up in a drawer near the fireplace; when, as if not caring to squabble about a trifling balance, he magnanimously declined the reference.

"I admit it," said the master-tailor, consigning the keys to his pocket, and placing a pair of spectacles across a rather prominent organ. "It's quite correct," continued he, examining the unearthly phenomenon in his front; "and pray, whom do you wish me to pay the small amount to?—your heir-at-law, I suppose?"

"To myself—Jimmy Fraser!"

"And are you really Jimmy Fraser?"

"I am."

"On your honor as a ghost?"

"On my honor as a *man!*"

"If then you be not dead," said the old man, removing his specs, "take your seat again on the board."

"So I will," responded the resuscitated tailor, "but let it be *after* the shop is swept up and the fire lighted."

This was more than enough; and old Williamson, gradually drawn into the conviction that bonâ fide ghosts never concern themselves about such matters as a trifling debt or two, and never indulge in sallies of quiet humour, consented to receive the apparition as a veritable embodiment.

Gliding up to the figure and receiving his bony fingers with the grasp of a friend, the old man shook them with decided heartiness, and thus acknowledged Fraser's human identity. Looking round to see what had become of M'Gurke, he observed him coiled up in a corner, just presenting an eye through an embrasure he had formed among a pile of old breeches and gaiters.

"Did you never see a ghost before?" asked Williamson, with an old man's laugh.

"No," replied that organization of shivering timidity; "but," added he, acquiring confidence from the familiar

coolness of his master, and emerging from the heap of old clothes, "I've seen p'raps what you niver did?"

"What's that?"

"The divil among the tailors! This, however, is a farce I niver wish to see repated."

Convinced, without doubt, that poor Fraser was still a knight of the thimble and shears, M'Gurke mustered up courage to accept his hand, as he thrust it from among the folds of his winding-sheet. Cordially he shook it, then dexterously applied the broom, put a clean face on the shop, and made a roaring fire for the spectre to warm his ice-bitten bones.

Fraser felt all the better for the glow. Renewed in life, he thrust aside the ghostly shroud, and slipping into a suit of old garments, took a hearty breakfast of muffins, bacon, and hot coffee, and walked leisurely into Brook-hill road to sniff the morning air.

The entranced tailor wholly recovered. In time he was married to Milk Jenny, and some years after was discharged from the corps on a pension.

A QUEER ABODE FOR ANGELS.—In the summer of 1833, private Cambray Green was sent to take some angles in a small swampy island, of about three acres, called Purgatry, situated in Lough Erne, County Fermanagh. After a hard day's work, up to his hips in bog and water, Green returned home, and entered in his journal the startling intelligence that he had been *taking Angels in Purgatory!*"

Strangely enough, it was said that this was the nature of his recreation for a fortnight; but how the angels, whom he pertinaciously recorded to have taken, got into that questionable region, he never thought it worth his while to inquire.

The sapient Cambray, poor fellow, perished with his wife and family in the wreck of the 'Richard Dart,' on passage to New Zealand, in 1849.

WHAT ONE DOG EJECTS ANOTHER DOG SNAPS AT.

SPIRL had taken a vast deal more the overnight than he was well able to bear the next morning. From giddiness and confusion, he scarcely had command of himself. He had what is called a splitting headache. It seemed as if his skull were breaking up, like an old urn struck by a navvy's pick-axe; or worse, as if sky-rockets were exploding in it, and blowing off its roof. To remedy this frightful feeling, a strong remedy was necessary, and that immediately.

A queer fish was Spirl—an audacious freethinker. He had groped his way through all kinds of eccentric books, from the "Age of Reason" to the "Homeopathic Pharmacopeia." From one he had learned there was no Providence to overrule his destiny; so that the ruin of himself, if such were to be the result of his folly, like the ruins of empires, would be traceable to natural agencies, irrespective of divine permission: he must therefore take care of himself. From the other, he elicited the postulate (an axiom with him), that "like cures like." Just now, the latter was a very convenient doctrine. Hankering, as he did, "for a hair of the dog that bit him," he knew no way in which that questionable luxury could be enjoyed, but by swigging from the same delcterious cask, which had poisoned his little apportionment of brain the previous night.

"Oh! for a draught of ginger-beer, lemonade, or what you like of the acid and cooling kind! Oh! for a drink of filtered water, with a dash of weak sherry in it (to kill the animalculæ), and a lump of ice!"

Such would have been the longings of one, intent to repair the wrongs of excess. Spirl's yearnings were not of that milk-and-water stamp. Of aërated slops and other civilized dilutions, he had the keenest horror, and called madly for rum.

"Rum, I say, rum; rum; and be quick."

It was brought. A stiff tumbler was the measure of his want, and he drank it off without wincing.

Such an ardent feat was not likely to gain the approbation of the little army of martyrs within. Instantly the stomach, duodenum, intestines, and all the functions that shared in this cruel outrage on their quiet, were in arms, rebelling so speedily, that Spirl had no time to rush to a corner to play the fountain, or energy even to lift the spittoon to receive the liquid triumphantly ejected. Once more, then, it floated, hot and reeking, in the tumbler, from which a few moments before he had transferred it to his throat, to quench the spark that was burning a hole in its coat.

On the table the vessel remained, waiting an opportunity to allow the sick man to dispose of its contents in secrecy. His poor bursting head was resting on his feverish hand, his eyes were closed, and his jaw hanging. While in this deadly state, a seedy-looking toper stole into the room. He was pale, staring, and anxious, shivering like a leaf when rain threatens. Indulgence the overnight had reduced him to a plight altogether as miserable as that in which Spirl found himself. Neutralization was his object also. Here was a rare chance to effect it. To get a dose without payment was a stroke of extraordinary fortune. He concluded that the soldier was drunk and asleep. A few moments' observation convinced him that this supposition was (mistakingly) correct; so, stretching forth his feeble hand, held by the other to sustain it, he grasped the tumbler, and gulped the double distilled, with a smack of serene satisfaction.

"Hollo!" cried Spirl, suddenly arousing, "where's my rum?"

"Was it yours?" rejoined the sot, affecting surprise.

"To the best of my recollection it was," said Spirl, feeling a tingle of irritability, which he was compelled to suppress in pity for his brain.

"I could not help it," returned the sot, in a cringing, supplicatory tone. "It looked so tempting, I really had not the courage to resist its appeal to me. If you'll forgive it, I shall be happy at another time to give you your morning."

"Well, never mind," muttered Spirl, languidly, unequal to the effort of contending with the toper. "A fellow-feeling makes us overlook many things, not exactly compatible with our ideas; the more so, when we know that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." Though I bought

the rum, my heart heaved at it. It would have killed me, but it seems to have saved you."

"I could not have lived the day without it."

"But," said Spirl, sneeringly inquisitive; "is there no unpleasantness within—no revolution? Does it, in fact, stay down?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Then, *that's more than it did with me!*"

And Spirl quitted the room, leaving the sot to reconcile his taste with his reflections.

NOVEL RECOGNITION.—A woman was observed at the early parade of a December morning in 1848, looking anxiously along a line of recruits, then drilling in the front square of the barracks at Woolwich, who, upon being asked her business, declined to enlighten the inquirer.

She had evidently travelled some distance, for she was stained with the dirt of the road; and there was enough in the sternness of her aspect, to show that wrath rankled in her heart.

After a few minutes she rushed past the sentinel, ran up to the line, and *pulling* a man from the ranks by *the nose*, exclaimed, "That's my husband! Is he not a pretty fellow?"

No, he was not. He had a face as broad as a Chinese gong, and as rough as a bit of teak punctured by the Teredo; while his nose, which appeared to have been applied hot, had spread, in the settlement, as far as his cheeks, leaving the member without any positive distinctness. It was a wonder, indeed, that the offended wife contrived to collect the scattered feature between her finger and thumb.

Private Grindrod was the man. He yielded to the exposé without resentment; but, not many weeks after, deserted his corps and his gladiatorial Desdemona.

ACCEPTABLE REVELATIONS.

A SHOEMAKER with a half-moon back, rough face and a pair of short whiskers, squared and sized to a line, called on me in 1849 to make, as he expressed it, some "acceptable revelations." He was a precise sort of man, measured in speech, formal in movement, and shabby genteel. The coat which covered his rather spare proportions was once black. It was now the colour of burnt toast, bare at the elbows, fretted at the cuffs, and smooth and shiny in the lappels and fronts, as if vulcanised and oiled. His hat was napless and scorched: a wide, dingy crape-band concealed some of its defects; but all the shoemaker's arts, by the ingenious use of glue and wax ends, failing to impart the proper fashion and rigidity to the limp brim, it fell downwards like a parachute, and shaded a couple of small eyes, canopied by a pair of grisly brows, which projected like clumps of scrub from his broad, heavy forehead. On his feet he wore soleless kid boots, slit at the sides, and convoluted at the points like corkscrews. He also sported a pair of "kicking-straps," for the double purpose of preventing his trousers running a race up his legs, and his broken boots from heartlessly deserting him in the public streets. Notwithstanding his poverty-stricken appearance, he took snuff, regardless of economy or cleanliness, and furbished up a nipped-in nose with an old rolled-up belcher, which he applied like a rasp, to remove the blemishes his nasal extravagances had created.

The stranger followed me into a back room, and I gave him a seat.

"My name is Robert Thompson," said he, tenderly arranging his hat on the floor.

"Have you been in the sappers?" I asked.

He did not seem to hear the question, or, at least, to heed it.

"I've walked all the way from London," he continued, pulling off a pair of soiled Berlin gloves, and laying them

side by side on the table in front of him; "yes, all the way from Gray's Inn Lane to have this interview with you."

This seemed to be a discreet way of soliciting assistance. I wondered why he did not ride or steam the journey, since he came on his own errand.

"Very different is my state now to what it has been, I assure you, sir," and he drew a long breath as if there were "an aching void" in his stomach; to relieve which he vigorously tortured his nose with doses of Aberdeen, which brought tears into a pair of eyes that seemed to fill up the background of a couple of vaults.

"You have improved, I hope."

He shook his head and plucked his little whisker violently.

"Misfortune and roguery have reduced me so low that I haven't a friend on earth or a penny in my pocket."

This was a broad hint, and I bore it with becoming fortitude, if not abnegation.

"Have you a wife?"

"No."

"Any family?"

"No, sir; all dead."

He was moved; and there were indications about his fustic countenance which threatened to end in paroxysms of grief. A little moisture spread over his eyes; he sniffled; his lips twittered; but in a minute or two, fortunately, he suppressed his feelings.

"Have you a pension?"

"No."

"Nor means of subsistence?"

This question escaped me involuntary. He was too quick in the ear to permit me to recall it.

"None settled: everything goes with me by chance; and yet I would not stoop to beg for the world."

This was said in so proud a tone, I was disposed to think, after all, that the old man would give up his "acceptable revelations" without besieging my generosity, which, though the mind was willing, the pocket was too shallow to gratify.

"Of *that* I am *quite* satisfied," said I, purposely emphasising the sentence, to enforce his observance of the habit, till there was no danger of his troubling me.

"To get an honest crust I do anything; and water, you

know, bad as it is in London, is plentiful. Beyond that I have no wants."

And no expenses, thought I.

As this was a sufficient introduction, I pressed to learn the "revelations." At the threshold of the interview I should have declined to enter into it, only he commenced with so mysterious an air, I felt a morbid curiosity to know what he purposed to communicate.

"To what circumstance," said I, "am I indebted for this interview?"

"To see if I can enlighten you on any points connected with our history."

"Have you been in the sappers?"

"Yes; and I wish I had remained with them. It was a sorry day for me when I left."

"In what company did you serve?"

"Second of the second."

"Then you were in the Peninsula?"

"Oh, yes!" said the old Snob, warming at the question, and treating himself to another gorge of snuff: "I was first at St. Sebastian, where captain Pitts introduced me to general Cole. 'There,' said he, 'is as gallant a sapper as ever fixed a gabion at the head of a sap, or sprang a mine;' and the general, in a glow of approbation, extended his hand to me. I was too much overcome to receive, in this way, the honor intended for me; and so simply acknowledged the compliment by touching my cap. One night, when all was quiet, I laid about fifty gabions with my own hand in a very exposed sap, and by my personal exertions encouraged the line to venture forward and fill them. Lieutenant Kern (I'm not sure of the name), an assistant-engineer, was on duty that night. Colonel Burgoyne, after praising me for my conduct, said he would do something for me; and so he would, too, had he known how I had been robbed of my inventions. Once I accompanied captain Rhodes, and measured, during the night, from the crest of the glacis to the head of the sap. This was a daring act. On the day of the storm, I helped captain Thompson, another assistant engineer, to make a mine in the scarp of the hornwork, which, had the troops been repulsed in the town and driven back, was to have been blown into a breach for the column to re-enter the place. But I will tell you more of this when

I speak of the storming. My rank at the time was that of a private; but my deserts—you will pardon me, I am sure, for my vanity—entitled me to a commission! After leaving the corps I went into business. My profession is that of a ladies' boot and shoemaker. I had no occasion to take in repairs and do jobs: my shop, sir, was first-rate—well stocked at all times from the floor to the ceiling. Everything I had, was the most fashionable in form and material. There was reason for having my goods select and unexceptionable; for I had, sir, a name that stood almost as a proverb, and I prospered. Fortune, in truth, was within my grasp, but—"

"Pray don't allude to your misfortunes," said I, impatient to interrupt; "they only harrow feelings which can ill afford to contemplate, much less bear, them."

"But," proceeded he, unmindful of my interposition, "just as I was within a handful of minutes of having enough to retire from active life, a series of speculations and reverses, frauds and unsuccessful inventions, completely ruined me."

"You must have had a strong set of nerves to survive them. Let us, however, waive these gloomy matters, and attend to the business which prompted your journey from town."

"Ah! I forgot that my troubles were likely to be uninteresting to you; but one who has borne adversity as I have, can scarcely think of his miseries without speaking of them."

"For your sake I should have been glad had you no occasion to refer to them; but remember, we cannot all command success."

"We cannot. Wretchedness and want, if they had fallen naturally to my lot, I could have endured without complaint. Mine, however, was not a natural breakdown, and I suffer with an ill grace, I assure you. Everywhere my inventions are used, and have given fortunes to patentees, who, pretending to be my friends, copied my plans and stole my schemes as I modelled them."

He had got full into the swing of his misfortunes, and I saw that the only way to terminate this part of his story, was to set myself as a flint against it. I therefore told him, as my time was short, I could only spare a very few minutes to listen to his revelations.

"Well," said he, looking strangely at me—for his eyes

had all the appearance of Chinese marbles ornamented with gray concentric rings, stuffed into a pair of pill-boxes—"captain Collyer was my captain: he was killed before St. Sebastian at the storming on the 31st August."

"That's quite true."

"I'll tell you nothing but truth, sir. The captain was a very strange officer. He used to make his men drink salt and water."

"Brandy and salt, you mean."

"That remedy was not in vogue then. No; as I live, it was salt and water."

"A novel kind of physic, certainly. Were his men ill, that he prescribed so remarkable a mixture?"

"Strong and hearty, sir! This was his enlightened mode of punishing them!"

"It wasn't a severe expedient, after all."

"Wasn't it, by gad! You try one quart of salt to three of water, and drink a quart of it right off the reel, and see how you'll like it."

"Not very agreeable, perhaps. However, I scarcely care to hear of incidents of this kind; but will listen with pleasure to any details of individual services it may be in your power to narrate. Do you know anything of our people at the siege?"

"I ought, for I was in charge of the fourth brigade of sappers at the assault."

"Tell me all you know about them. This is what I want to learn."

Adjusting his flimsy shirt-collar, which was of a hue like singed rag, and easing a mile of bandage that was rolled round his neck to preserve his throat from cold, he started to his feet, and motioning his right hand with a theatrical air, prepared to deliver himself of his revelations.

His attitude and gesture surprised me, and I began to think, that my visitor was weaker in his intellects than I cared to mention to him. His eyes shone strangely. Coiled up in shaded hollows like two gray-laced snakes, they seemed to be portents of something dark and dreadful. They were restless; so were his lips and fingers; and as he was evidently excited, I begged him to sit down. He declined, observing, that so great a subject ought not to be treated with disrespect.

"Pray sir," he said, with recovered calmness, "write down as I tell you;" and he plugged up his nose with another load of snuff.

He was certainly a character. So far he was a mystery. Of seeing the end of his eccentricity, I almost despaired. Still I was powerfully inquisitive. Although it was now plain that I was not likely to be treated to anything dark or dreadful, I felt every disposition to hear anything he might wish to communicate; for a sneaking conviction came over me, increased by the provoking way he had beaten about the bush, that he could acquaint me with the details of historic incidents worth hearing, if not recording. In an instant I had a supply of pens, ink, and paper, and seating myself at the table, begged him to proceed.

"*It was near eleven o'clock*"—a pause.

"Go on," said I; "I've got that down."

"*It was near eleven o'clock, when the troops were assembled in the trenches—*"

Here Thompson, by an awkward movement of his foot, crushed his gossamer. Of course, so indispensable an article needed immediate rectification. After pushing it out with his fist, he placed it on the table; but it required much more tact than he could command, to make it stand in all the fulness of its original elevation. The instant the pressure was withdrawn, the hat collapsed like an accordion.

"It's but a trifle," said he, calmly; "I'm used to accidents of this kind."

Clearing his throat, for he was asthmatical, he breathed again with a freedom almost unrestricted.

"Well, as I was saying,—*it was near eleven o'clock, when the troops were assembled in the trenches, in patient waiting for the word—*"

For a few seconds the narrator was silent, turning his eyes upwards, to improve his beclouded recollection. Pettishly he thrust his hand into the left pocket of his waistcoat, as if to pull his ideas from its corners; but misfortunes came thick and fast on the poor man. As he was rummaging in the recesses of that empty receptacle, the pressure of his hand made a rent in the garment from the button-edge to the side-seam. With the same contented resignation as before, he observed—"Don't mind it, sir; it's but a trifle."

I did mind it secretly, as it was not improbable that the

whole suit would tumble from his shoulders, and leave me responsible for his re-equipment.

He commenced again.

"*It was near eleven o'clock, when the troops were assembled in the trenches, in patient waiting for the word—*"

Another stop. This was the old halting-ground. Although he had doubtlessly taken weeks to learn his lesson, his memory was wofully at fault, and I thought it well to chime in parenthetically to brush up his treacherous wits.

"What word?" said I, waiting to pen his reply.

"You'll see. *At last our bugle blew—*"

Another pause.

"Who was the bugler?"

"I don't know."

"Was it Bob Spalding?"

"No. *And forward was the word—*"

"Who commanded?"

"Don't remember. *The troops rushed with fury from the trenches towards the breach—*"

"What breach?"

"Both. *The French fired their mine—*"

A long pause, as if he were waiting to hear the report and survey the desolation.

"What mine? Where was it?"

"*At the angle of the covert-way; and the old sea-beaten wall that was battered by our cannon, started from its base, and flung its scattered fragments at the troops.*"

Another hiatus.

"This was throwing stones, with a vengeance," I observed, to encourage him.

"*A hole was made—a grave, indeed—that swallowed up about three hundred men, guns, bayonets, and all!*"

"And canteens, too, I suppose?"

"Ay, and havresacks; but don't interrupt, sir, if you please."

"I only wish to be particular," remarked I, "and help your recollection as you proceed."

"*Then down came a shower of hot sand—*"

"How did it become hot?"

"By the burning mine—*that covered up the living and the dead!*"

"Poor fellows! that saved the working-parties a good deal of unpleasant trouble."

"And a great deal of horror, too. *Still, unappalled, we marched to fill up the vacancy, through shot and shells, canister and grape—*"

"Were they in piles, as you see them in the arsenal?"

"Oh, no, sir! you mistake me: they were fired on us in volleys:—*and yet we marched on. Terrible was the conflict—*"

"I believe it. Go on."

Thompson now looked important. A spot of dingy red was struggling through the sallowness of his cheek, and his eyes rolled about in their chambers like balls of phosphorus. It was plain he intended to astonish me, and I prepared to meet the shock as best I could.

"*The gods looked on,*" he exclaimed.

"What gods?" said I, as he paused again.

"Homer's gods—*and sent the messengers of fate through the ranks of beleaguers and beleaguered; while the waves of the sea—stood still—as the angels—carried away the spirits of the dead!*"

With this burst of imagination, Thompson stopped again. He had forgotten his lesson in the excitement of its partial recital. I tried to spur him on by references to individual acts; begged him to be more specific; less general, and to speak only of the corps; but he was bewildered. Two or three times he endeavoured to pick up the thread of his narrative by repeating the last line of his picture. "*As the angels carried away the spirits of the dead!*" he exclaimed; "*the spirits of the dead—the dead—as the angels carried away the spirits of the dead!*" But no cue was of any service to him. His forgetfulness was complete; and, ashamed of the figure he cut in imparting his "acceptable revelations," picked up his hat, crushed it despairingly on his head, and thrusting his hands nervously into the Berlin gloves, slunk away.

Scarcely, however, had he reached the gate, when, turning back, the scarecrow, who scorned to beg, impudently forgetful of his failure, asked me, with the volubility of an outfitter, for a pair of boots, a passable hat, a waistcoat—a rig-out, in fact; the means of getting some "grub," and money enough to steam his way to London!

What I did shall be a secret; but if I had kicked him out of the Square he would have richly deserved it.

Three years after, he was the subject of a paragraph in the "Illustrated London News." By that it appeared, that Robert Thompson was a native of Ayrshire, aged 72; and on one occasion "was a whole day engaged at a bastion under the personal inspection of the Duke!" It moreover stated, that he claimed the honour of inventing the Archimedean screw, and other ingenious mechanical contrivances; and that latterly his only support was derived from the Scotch hospital and chance charity.

Not having been seen for several days, Thompson's landlord became alarmed, and forced open the door of his garret. The window was darkened with cobwebs, and broken panes of glass patched with paper and plotches of putty and wax. The place, clouded with dust, was close with sickening odours.—There was the friendless and wretched man lying dead, and partly decomposed, on a mass of fœtid rags. Near him was a phial containing laudanum. The fortune in specie found on his person amounted to two shillings and sevenpence. In his room were about two hundred pairs of old boots and shoes, the eternal snuff-box, heaps of bones, hoop iron, old brass, medicine and wine-bottles, and a singular catalogue of discarded et cetera—the property of an eccentric bagman, who, in the days of his soldierly valour, was called "the bloody engineer."

SANS EVERYTHING.

INFORMED of the existence of an Octogenarian, who had served at the siege of Gibraltar, and was mentioned with honor for his gallantry in Heriot's history,[1] I went one evening to discover his residence. I found him in a small room in "The Gardens" at Woolwich, the door of which was opened by a middle-aged woman, who seemed to be well acquainted with the business of life, and her own interests.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Campbell," said I.

"Certainly, sir. There he is snoring as usual," said she, pointing to the corner. "Be-seated, if you please, sir," and she brought me a chair from the other end of the room.

I bowed to the venerable man, but he did not notice my salutation.

"Are you his wife?" I asked, addressing the middle-aged woman.

"Why, yes," she answered, with an air of impudent bashfulness. "I've bin with him about two years now and a little better. I took the old frump for his bits o' goods. He can't last long, and then all will be mine, for he hasn't a friend in the world that cares tuppence for him. To be sure," she added, throwing her eyes round the room with contemptuous dissatisfaction, "the things are not worth much; but they'll do for me to cart away."

Over the place I cast a hurried glance. The walls were covered with gorgeous colored pictures, in frames of deal, painted in imitation of oak, bird's-eye maple, and rosewood. On the mantel-shelf was crowded a number of delf figures and birds, patched with white lead and blackened by age and smoke. Among them was arranged, with every attention to order, a few pieces of polished rock, a dried monkey's head, and two or three fragments of bone found in St. Michael's cave at Gibraltar. A small dresser groaned with crockery of all patterns and colors, from a bread-pan to an

[1] 'Historical Sketch of Gibraltar,' 1792, pp. 83–86.

egg-cup, and of all ages, from the plate of yesterday to the cracked saucer used when old Campbell's grandmother was in long clothes. In a word, the accumulated rubbish of a half-century and more was crushed into the domicile—a space little more than twelve feet square.

"Why do you talk so strangely in the presence of your husband?" inquired I.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, smiling, accidentally showing how poorly provided she was with masticators; "it's o' no consequence. He's as deaf as a gravestone, sir, and dumb as a rock. He only speaks when he wants his pipe, or summat to eat."

So I was inclined to believe, for the aged man looked vacantly in one direction, and snored spasmodically, as if his nostrils were stuffed with muzzle stoppers.

"Is he asleep?"

"As much awake as you are. For all that, he can't tell the blaze of a torch from the flame of a rushlight. So you see, sir, I have it all my own way. It's no joke, however, to wait on an old blind fool like that. It was throwing myself away to take him," added the harpy, "but it gave me a home, bad as it is."

"To say the best, your connection with Mr. Campbell is anything but creditable."

"Lor', sir, it was simple enough, if not pious. I was a widder and wanted a home: the old goose there was feeble and wanted a nuss. He was better then than he is now—more of a man, sir. We both attained our aims without the clergy. What use would the parson ha' bin in such a case? And I'm sure I attend him better than most people would."

"You are not married, then?"

"Married!" shouted the middle-aged woman, utterly surprised at my asking so insane a question. "Do you think I would do such a thing?" and she uttered the interrogatory as if she regarded herself a decided catch for any widower about her own age. "Get tied up to an old feller like that, who can't hear the proof-guns fire in the Arsenal, or smell a slow-match if you was to burn it under his nose! Why, sir, do you know he's between eighty and ninety? Married to him! I'd sooner tie myself to the bed-post with my own garters, saving your presence, and take my chance of the result. It's not his fault that he's infirm and stupid; but it

would have bin mine had I taken such a lot o' goods for better or wuss."

Here the middle-aged woman, at the bare thought of my fancying she was virtuous enough to be the wife of the invalid, laughed immoderately; and she shook so violently with the fit, that the rumpled borders of her begrimed cap flew about her high-colored face, like the canvas of a sloop-of-war tacking in a gale.

"When he dies, will you bury him?" I wanted to see what would be the probable finish of this unnatural connexion.

"Bury him? O dear no! That *would* be too much of a good thing. It would be a fine joke that, sir."

"Why?"

And the middle-aged woman laughed again. The question had excessively amused her. When she recovered somewhat, she replied, "The parish must put him under the turf. It has more money and less sense than I have. It'll be quite enough for me, I assure you, to take the few old things he's got for my trouble in waiting on him. My best attention shall be given to his body as long as it holds an inch of breath, but others must look afther his bones. Isn't that fair, sir?"

She was a hardened wretch; and thinking it full time to drop the conversation, I turned to the Gibraltarian.

He was bolstered up in a wooden high-backed elbow-chair, polished by wear. To ease his seat it had a chintz-covered pad. More than six feet was his height, and his long gaunt face, made up of bags, seams, and long straggling grizzly whiskers, bespoke the gravity of his years. His mouth was drawn aside by some paralytic affection, and his lower jaw fell on his breast, exhibiting a chasm, looking, for all the world, like the grim model of a breached stockade. His gray hair, hanging in hanks from his head, served as cushions to prevent his shoulder-blades being rubbed; while the crown of his old cranium was warmed with a crust which it would have taken no end of soap and scrubbing to remove. His dim pea-green eyes, driven back into their deep sockets, were partially shrouded by a pair of shaggy brows, jutting out like chevaux-de-frise; and the under lids, which at some remote period assisted to protect his worn-out orbs, dropped into the cavities formed above his pointed cheek-bones. A

strange feature was his nose. Thin, crooked in and out by accident or wounds, and expanded at the end like a trumpet, it seemed as if it had supplanted an incompetent mouth in the office of speaking. His legs were cased in thick-ribbed Scotch stockings, reaching above his knees; his feet, pushed into a pair of old boots with the backs cut away, rested on a fragment of quilted blanket; and his poor wasted frame was only covered by a striped buttonless shirt, as if the pressure of anything heavier was likely to crush in his ribs. By his side, on a small deal table, was a basin of hot gruel with an iron spoon in it, and a couple of pinches of salt on a bit of paper were near it, waiting the pleasure of that bag o' bones to devour the humble repast. The middle-aged woman could have supplied a salt-cellar and a better spoon; but there was the chance of the one being broken and the other spoiled, which, no doubt, were all-sufficient reasons for withholding them.

All this time Campbell was ignorant of my presence; and when I approached him, he had his eyes fixed in the same direction, staring with unaltered vacancy.

"How d'ye do?" said I.

No answer.

"You must speak much louder," suggested the old nurse; "bawl, sir, if you please. When I first took him in hand, I was hoarse for a month roarin' at him. Speak *much* louder, sir."

After clearing my throat, I repeated the friendly interrogatory in as loud a voice as I could command.

No reply.

"Let *me* speak to the *object*," interposed the middle-aged woman. "He can hear me when he can't a pistol-shot. What d'ye wish me to say to the old buffer?"

I told the coarse creature my purpose, and she shouted into the ear of the statue the several questions I proposed. Her voice was so shrill it might have been heard across a common.

"Did you serve at Gibraltar?" asked she, with her mouth close to the ear of the invalid, first applying a mild slap of her open hand to his shoulder, to restore him to consciousness.

"Aye!" ejaculated the Gibraltarian, gently inclining his ear to listen, and dropping his jaw as if it was no more use to him than a plumb-bob.

"Did you serve at Gibraltar?"

"No."

"Yes, you did," said she, chidingly, patting his parchment cheek with hypocritical endearment.

"O yes, so I did," he rejoined, evidently aroused by the coaxing touch of the nurse.

"Were you ever in the Artillery?"

"In what?"

"The Artillery."

"Tillery?" He apparently struggled to catch even these few syllables of the brief question.

"No, I wasn't; was I?"

"Yes, you stupid." Of course, the latter part of the reply was delivered in a subdued tone, and then she added, addressing me, "You see, sir, I'm obliged to humour the dear old man."

The patriarch tried to recollect.

"O yes," he drawled out, "I was in the 'Tillery."

"Were you at the siege of Gibraltar?"

"At the siege?" Up went the ear again, and from the length of it, it was a wonder he did not hear every sound like thunder.

"Yes, at the siege."

"Was I?" he asked.

"Certainly you were," shouted the middle-aged woman.

"Of course I was," bawled the invalid.

"What about the Spanish Baron?"

"What Baron?"

"He whom you saved at the sortie?"[1]

[1] This was Baron Helmstadt, who belonged to the family of the Palatinate of the Rhine, and was serving in the Spanish army as a captain in the Walloon Guards. Severely wounded in the knee by a musket-shot on the 27th November, 1781, he was lying on the platform of the St. Carlos battery, when the troops engaged in the sortie were retiring to the garrison. Campbell and Paton, both of the second battalion, royal artillery, seeing him thus helpless, and unwilling to leave him on the sands, carried him to the barriers, (all the time under fire of the enemy) where they did not arrive till two hours after the troops had regained the fortress.

The wound being past the reach of human skill, the young nobleman preferred to risk death rather than submit to an operation. His reason was remarkable. Being betrothed in marriage to a lady, he could barely endure the idea of presenting himself to her with only one leg. No doubt he considered, in such a mutilated state, he would be a proper object for rejection. Lord Heathfield learning his reason for declining the aid of surgery in his extremity, paid the Baron a visit, and urged that "his mistress

"At what?" mumbled the veteran.

"The sortie! you old dunce."

"When?"

"In 1781."

"Seventeen—eighty—one!" and the lower jaw, after the effort necessary to utter the words, wagged for a few seconds involuntarily; while the breath from his nostrils, between the snorts which exhaustion had produced, rolled out in clouds like steam from a glass of hot grog.

"Don't you understand me?"

He did not understand; but, hearing a noise in his ear, muttered something that could not be interpreted.

The middle-aged woman repeated the question.

"O yes—yes—yes," returned the veteran, and then was silent.

Two or three other attempts were made to elicit information from him, but his indistinct replies were simply echoes to the questions put to him. Seeing that the task of gleaning any particulars in this quarter was impossible, I rose from my seat, took the old man's hand, and bade him "good-bye!"

"Aye?" ejaculated he, reviving with the touch; and regaining in a measure his speech, added, "God bless you, sir! Will you give me a bit o' backer?"

"I never smoke," said I, smiling. The middle-aged woman was bursting with laughter.

"Then give me a penny to buy some!"

No sooner the word than the blow. Not prepared to find the patriarch so alive to his wants, I was a little surprised, modest as was his request, to hear him ask for the luxury in an unhesitating and peremptory tone. Too glad, in this way, to assist his necessities, I gave him a trifle; and with a disapproving look at the harridan, who returned it with a

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would undoubtedly esteem him more for the honourable wound he had received in the service of his sovereign." This was a new and consoling light to the brave and loving nobleman, and he at length yielded the limb for amputation. It was done quickly and cleverly, but about a month after, he died.

Heriot's work was written to accompany a print published by Mr. Poggi, descriptive of the sortie made by the garrison on the date above given. In that print Campbell and Paton hold a conspicuous place in the foreground, bearing away the wounded Baron.

coquettish leer, I passed from the chamber of the octagenarian.

A fortnight later, calling to inquire whether the aged invalid was short of tobacco, I learned he was in his grave,[1] and that the middle-aged nurse had decamped with his "bits o' things."

A DASH FOR A WAR-MEDAL.—A strange instance occurred of a man who sought to reap honors for which he had not the shadow of a claim. He must have thought that all the records of the corps, deposited at head-quarters, had been burnt in the Tower, and that no clue existed to disprove his statement.

In May 1848, his request was received for a medal and four clasps, to represent his service at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, and Vittoria. It cost some trouble to discover his whereabouts during these struggles; but when he turned up to a persevering search, he was found, while three of the actions were fighting, cozily stationed at Woolwich—no doubt smoking his pipe, and doing homage to the tankard;—and when the battle of Vittoria was being enrolled among our victories, he was no longer a soldier—having been discharged from the corps on the 31st May 1813.

Long before the events named had become matters of history, Lawford served at Gibraltar. In the great year of 1804, his remarkable exertions and intrepidity were the talk of his comrades for many years;[2] and when the war of 1808 commenced, he was one of the first soldiers detached to Spain. Recollecting his usefulness and coolness, captain Landmann of the engineers, who was sent on a special service into that country, selected Lawford to accompany him. Wherever the captain led, or wherever he wandered on his difficult mission, Lawford followed; but by no sort of reasoning could those services give him a right to claim distinctions for battles and sieges, in which he never had shared.

The best men at times pale their virtues by indiscretions; and Lawford thus took the polish off his old breastplate by a mean attempt at fraud.

[1] He died about 1842. His age must have been more than 86, perhaps nearer 90.

[2] See 'History of the Royal Sappers and Miners.' 2nd edit., vol. I., p. 148.

THE LAWYER.

MACPHERSON was a Banffshire man, well educated, but slovenly and drunken. A lawyer by profession, he might have done well; but intemperance and negligence lost him a fair share of legal practice. To better his fortune—which was fast approaching his last shilling—he enlisted at Carnfield in 1839, and was soon sent to Woolwich. His attainments being of a superior order, he was allotted for the duty of the National survey.

After his removal to that service, a few months had passed, when, suspected of holding correspondence with a deserter, the letters received for him were opened, to detect his complicity with the absent one. Fired by this treatment, Macpherson engaged a brother-solicitor to seek redress for a proceeding so apparently unwarrantable; but, as it seemed, his immediate commanding officer had performed this secret service under authority, and Macpherson had taken an unsoldierlike step in submitting the case to the legal interference of a civilian, he was tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and imprisoned.

It was thought there would have been at the trial, an exhibition of forensic cleverness on the part of the prisoner, and a successful overreaching of his military judges; but, singular to say, he did not utter a word in defence, and bore the penalty to which he was sentenced with unmurmuring resignation.

Removed, at the close of his incarceration, to Woolwich, he brooded in disgust over his destiny, and in April, 1843, deserted. Back again he went to the theatre of his former avocations, set up as a lawyer, was a fair pleader, and increasing in practice; but some three months later, ferreted out by an informer who conned the "Hue and Cry" with as much relish as "The Times," he was rudely touched on the shoulder while arguing the cause of a client in one of the courts of ——, and apprehended as a deserter!

What became of his wondering client no one inquired.

Macpherson, on the other hand, cared for by the Mutiny Act, and looked after by civic functionaries and gaolers, was pushed on from one tolbooth to another, till he marched handcuffed into the guard-room at Woolwich. His trial followed, then his sentence, and lastly his imprisonment, without a day's mitigation.

Subsequently he spent four months in Canada with his company, and eighteen months later was sent to Bermuda. Everything that could be done to reclaim him was attempted, but he was incorrigible. Seven times was he tried by courts-martial; and after a service of seven years in the island—scarcely a day free from drink—he died, as was expected, in a fit of intemperance.

SENTRY, GO!—Walter Sharp, a heavy, long-faced, red-headed Scotchman, mounted sentry for the first time in 1833. After a tramp of two hours on his post, the clock struck, intimating the hour for changing sentries. As the relief did not present itself, Watty, considering it proper to remind the corporal of his duty, bawled out, "Garde turn oot!" He should have said, "Sentry go!"

Watty had a large mouth—as long, perhaps, as the handle of a clasp-knife—which gave an unmolested passage to his stentorian voice; and under its authoritative command, the guard in a trice paraded, and presented arms in compliment to some magnate supposed to be passing.

Watty saw his mistake, and trying, with fruitless invention, to rectify it, cried, in tones of exasperated impatience, "Not the big garde, but the leetle garde!"

FOUND OUT.

In the winter of 1855, a decrepit man, verging on the patriarchal tenure of threescore and ten, wearing a dirty face, a small head covered with thin matted hair, a prop clutched in the middle, and a long shabby overcoat—which at one time belonged to a much larger man—walked with a tottering step into the office to beg. He was of low stature, lean, withered, and bent, with a crystal bubble at the termination of his long narrow nose, and a shake in his wrinkled hands which betokened a recent escape from the palsy. Without a shirt, there could be seen above a world-wide collar a patch of seared flesh between his throat and chest, and his poor old bitten toes peeped between the uppers and soles of a pair of antiquated boots, which, tied with pieces of rope-yarn, kept the fragments to his feet. In his mouth was a well-stewed quid, and on his breast dangled a medal and six clasps, in testimony of the engagements he had served in during the Peninsular war.

Colonel S—— received the mendicant kindly, and with true commiseration for his distress, was disposed to hear his history and relieve him. But before doing so he sent for me, in order that I might have the benefit of conversing with one who had seen so much active service, and, from his testimonials, was apparently worthy of credit.

"Here's an old sapper," said the colonel, as I entered, speaking as though he were glad to introduce me to a friend. "Do you know him?"

I looked at the man and the medal. The clasps on the ribbon were for Vittoria, San Sebastian, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse. Round the rim of the decoration was the name of William Cronin.

"O yes, sir; I know him."

"You have heard his history, then?"

"Long ago. He is a deserter!"

Though surprised, the colonel smiled at the idea that an

old man should, under the circumstances, have offered himself as an object deserving charity.

Throwing off the feebleness of voice with which he introduced himself, Cronin declared, in a volume of powerful and indignant sound, "I'm no desarter!" and in proof of his assertion, produced his pension instructions.

Taken somewhat aback at credentials which were indisputable, bearing as they did his name with proper signatures, I scarcely knew how to unriddle the intricacy; but satisfied, from recollection, that he *was* a deserter, I requested the colonel's permission to sift the matter.

It was granted.

"Did you not absent yourself in France?" asked I, turning to the impostor, who reciprocated my gaze with all the steadiness of wounded innocence.

"In God's truth, no," replied he, piggishly.

"Were you ever in France?"

"Indeed I was, and at Waterloo forbye."

"In the eighth company, second battalion?"

"Yes."

"Who commanded it?"

"Faix I can't tell jist now. If you was to give me goold I couldn't call him to mind."

"Did you go on to Paris?"

"Yes."

"And there desert?"

"No; as God's my judge!"

"Do you mean to repeat you did not absent yourself in July 1815?"

Cronin hesitated, moving his feet uneasily, and nervously clutching the prop as if he would strike me.

"Come, answer," I shouted, "you know you are a deserter!"

"Well," said he complacently, driven to an acknowledgment it was impossible to escape, "it's no use danyin' it, for shure you know all about me. I did desart; but for all that I'm no desarter, an' what I've got I airned."

"How do you make that out?"

"Whin I was taken up, as ov coorse I was, it was to the Isle o' Wight I was sint, and made to sarve in the thirty-fifth ridgement. Many years afther, I was discharged, an' got a pinsion for my sarvices."

This was correct. Such was the system with deserters in bygone days.

All sympathy was now lost for Cronin's distress, and the adjutant, who was present, and had befriended the impostor with a donation and a bellyful of kitchen scraps, walked up to him as if to make a confidential communication.

"Make yourself scarce, old man," said he with quiet humour, adding a ludicrous threat which made the "found out" tremble for the consequences. "If you don't move off very quickly, I'll send for the provost and have your hair cut and your body washed!"

Putting on his greasy hat, and tucking up the tails of his overlong coat, the old man sped from the barracks with the energy of a boy, to prevent that, which apparently he dreaded, the perpetration of a shave and an ablution, which would have added wonderfully to his comfort and personal appearance.

Looking over my papers, after the interview, to see if I could find anything about the old pantaloon, I stumbled on the copy of his letter applying for the war-medal. No doubt the fellow was up to the trick of making ends meet by writing begging letters. His request for the decoration was addressed to Major Warbrook (Walpole). Here is an extract from it:—

"GALLANT SIR,—I am a very old man, and before I descend into the tomb, it would be a great satisfaction to me to bear upon my aged breast, for the few years I have to live, a mark showing that I had served my country not ingloriously!"

Such eloquence met with ready attention. At the time, it was not discovered that the applicant had deserted from the corps. After a little unavoidable delay, the medal with its clasps was sent to the veteran. It was the best thing that could have been done for him. By its exhibition he lived day by day; for the sight of so honourable a badge, on the breast of a broken-down and distressed warrior, which connected him with the stern struggles of a past age, stirred into activity the most comatose sympathy.

FLOWER-POT LOVE.

It must not be supposed, because the wonders of the world were taken to London in the Great Exhibition year, that all thought was centred there, and that incident everywhere else, for the time, was in complete repose. In York, at least, such was not the case, for at Horber-Morden, an amour was in progress which, from the singularity of its details, presents itself as something unique in the annals of petty romance.

Elmond with two or three companions lived in a respectable house in that town, the rear windows of which, opening on a neat flower-garden, were near those of a doctor, in whose service lived a beautiful maiden.

Marion had a sweet face with a rose-blush on the cheek, still more softened by a refined black eye which, sparkling with vivacity, threw an air of amiable gaiety over a suite of features of the finest contour. A sedate forehead, white and transparent, was shadowed by a profusion of black glossy hair, which fell in easy curls over her ears, sweeping, as she turned her head, a neck that Venus would have envied. In figure she was tall; and though favored with sufficient fullness, to be beyond the category of a myth, was nevertheless delicate. It did not require the aid of millinery to give comeliness to her figure, or cosmetics to heighten the brilliancy of her complexion. She was perfect without such aids. Had clothes been pitched on her they would have suited to admiration. The coarsest fabrics would have looked better on her than the costliest silks on others of her sex. Her dress was plain and pure, and the flowers with which she trimmed her hair, and the gems which threw a lustre over the prettiest of necks, were used merely to show—while they were absolutely unneeded as adornments—that she did not condemn the fashion, which sanctioned the employment of these meretricious assistances.

To cast an eye on such a one, it required some ground for hoping the reward of reciprocation. Elmond was a handsome man with a healthy complexion, a deep hazel speaking eye, a coaxing lip, and a fine head of curling hair, which, added

attractions to a calm manly countenance, with a square lofty forehead, that indicated the possession of information and ability. Above the middle height, he stood, straight as a flagstaff, exact in proportion, with broad shoulders and a slender waist; and his bearing and mien, though easy and polite, told, notwithstanding, of the presence of a little vanity. With his bright scarlet jacket, chevrons of the deepest orange, boots polished like a mirror, straps that set the trousers without wrinkle, a jaunty cap with a gayish inclination to the right, and a neat silver-tipped malacca under his arm, scarcely a finer man gave character to the streets and suburbs of Horber-Morden.

The room of the companions was decked on the window-sill with flowers. Tiers of balsams, camelias, geraniums, heartsease, and lovely roses were reared by them with all the tenderness of nurserymen. Elmond had least disposition to look after them; but suddenly, he took a turn that way, which altogether outmatched the floricultural anxieties of his friends. It was so striking a conversion from listlessness to attention, that the comrades, desirous of discovering the cause of this new habit, swore themselves in, as detectives, to unfathom the secret.

With watering-pot in hand, Elmond visited the flowers; but it was observed, in the intervals of sprinkling them and picking from the mould anything which interfered with its uniformity of colour, he looked furtively towards the doctor's windows, to make overtures to the young domestic.

"I see it," said Lilwood, rubbing his hands. "Under pretence of attending the plants, he is in reality admiring Miss Marion, and trying his arts to effect a matrimonial negociation."

"Well, we'll trick him," rejoined Mercer. "Let's see what plan can be devised to help his intentions as far as appearances can do it, without giving him the benefit of the reality."

Soon the scheme was concocted, for the comrades were geniuses in mischief; and a nice little note, purporting to be from Marion, sealed with scented wax, impressed with two hearts linked together by a chain, was placed under one of the flower-pots. It was addressed cunningly enough—

"To the Corporal
Who looks after the Flowers,"

and the corner was slightly exposed.

Elmond made his accustomed visit to the sill, to ascertain the state of the flowers, to trace the new markings on the petals, and to train the blossoms, by means of cards, to spread themselves in the most accomplished forms of symmetry and grace.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, nearing the pot next the doctor's house. "An embossed envelope!" (He drew it from the sill.) "Addressed 'To the Corporal who looks after the Flowers!' By Jove, this is curious! A lady's hand, too! What if it be from the divine Marion!" And looking again, with fatal anxiety, towards the window of the charmer, he retired from the sill to read its contents.

"No one attends the flowers but myself," he observed. "It must be for me;" and he broke the seal.

The note ran thus:—

"SIR,—With sincere pleasure, I have noticed your constancy to the plants which ornament your chamber window. It shows the purity of your avocations and feelings; but, in tendering with so much care those pretty emblems of virtue and innocence, I have observed the frequency with which you have gazed in another direction. Pardon me, if I solicit an explanation of the motives, which influence you, to couple with your taste for flowers, so extraneous an interest as this window seems to afford. If you think it well to favour me with a reply, I beg your communication may be placed where you will find this, and which will assuredly reach me.

"MARION."

Elmond was gratified. "She must have seen my earnestness," said he. "Extraneous interest! Not at all. But for *that* interest, the flowers would have received but little of my regard."

Though he could not commend the note for its modesty, he was of opinion, that every allowance should be made for the emotions and feelings he had awakened. It was quite natural, he thought, for this diplomatic caution on her part; and he considered that the mode she had adopted to find out, amid the doubts that possessed her mind, the actual state of her relations with himself, to be prudent and justifiable.

Such were his views and reflections, as on retiring to his room, and opening his desk, he withdrew the means of purchasing some cream-laid paper with tinted edges, to bear the expression of his sentiments to the pretty inquirer, who, without knowing it, had enmeshed him by an irresistible enchantment. Elmond had fallen into the trap unsuspectingly.

Not wishing to lose time in a business of such exquisite

importance, Elmond indited a reply to Miss Marion; and, as the dear creature had desired, committed it to the custody of the flower-pot. This done, he took a walk in the fields beyond Horber-Morden, ruminating on the rare good fortune which had happily brought him into communication with such an angel.

Availing themselves of Elmond's absence, the companions took possession of the reply.

"What a pretty envelope! and pink-edged paper, as I live!" observed Lilwood. "He seems to be quite up to the proprieties of the delicate matter."

"How grateful the smell!" ejaculated Mercer; "Rondeletia, I do believe. What is it sealed with; did you notice?"

"Flake white speckled with gold," rejoined Lilwood.

"And the motto?"

"'Till death!' with a heart transfixed by an arrow. This is as it should be."

"Come, read," suggested Mercer. "Let's see what the fellow has to say for himself."

Lilwood read aloud:—

"My dearest Marion,—As you have my heart, you have a right to command my pen. To offer the explanation you so kindly ask will be a grateful service. Of the flowers I will speak but little. My devotion to them is subservient to the purpose which your penetration has so adroitly discovered. Their simple beauties remind me of the loveliness which altogether eclipses them. If, in the ecstasy of my emotions, I am led to look with affectionate earnestness towards that face, which I never see without finding fresh occasion for admiration, I trust, although it has not yet been my good fortune to receive the favour of your smile, I shall in your next be made happy by an acknowledgment, that will encourage the continuance of our correspondence. On my part, it shall be attended to with unmitigated delight.

"With an abiding reliance on the courtesy which you have too much grace to withhold, I shall feel intense pleasure while waiting an early answer to this note.

"Yours, with ardent affection,

"Elmond."

"No doubt," said Mercer; "it shall be our study to make you as happy as a sublunary mortal can be. You shall be oppressed with it."

It was obvious that the corporal was moving in another sphere; for, instead of enjoying the merry society of his companions, he was deep in sentimental books, perfumes, white silk handkerchiefs, and the multifarious little arrangements which attach themselves to men who, having gained a prize,

desire, by a reduplication of arts, to keep it. When away from the drawing-table, Elmond spent uncounted hours in placing his curls in the most bewitching disposition, and fashioning his lips to yield the most captivating smiles. He read Chesterfield's letters till he found they were too didactic for love purposes, and was obliged, at length, to trust to the spontaneity of his own inspiration, and the choicest lines he could cull from the tender advertisements in the second column of "The Times." To improve his style of correspondence, he devoured the best romances, preferring those written by ladies. His boots had a brighter polish, for an expensive composition called "Marder's jet" was employed to varnish them. A white handkerchief was uniformly displayed at his breast; and the buttons of his jacket, catching the rays of the sun, shone like a stream of gas from the neck to the waist, as if he were illuminated to commemorate the anniversary of a glorious day in history. Let it be added, also, that below his cuffs appeared an edge of the purest cambric, washed, starched, and ironed by a laundress, who had an unimpeachable reputation for doing up particular and fancy linen, to square with the most fastidious taste.

Three or four days after, an answer was deposited by the companions under the flower-pot, in one of those long, narrow envelopes, which seemed to be characteristic of the most endearing sentiments. It was sealed with violet, and imprinted with a "forget-me-not."

Elmond, appearing in all the details of a superlative man, went, of course, to see how the flowers were progressing; and shifting the corner pot a little from its position, was overjoyed to find a letter addressed, not in a doubtful superscription, but to himself. With an engaging look he turned his sprightly eyes on the window of the domestic, to thank her for her attention; but she was not there to acknowledge it. He thought it singular that he could not meet her gaze. Nevertheless he smiled, as if she were present to return the compliment, not doubting, she was in a distant part of the room, watching whether he had sufficient manners to show an intensity of interest in his new functions as a lover.

"This is from *my* Ophelia," said he, as he walked from the window. "What a sweet hand she writes, and I'll be bound she has something very pretty to say."

As Elmond spread his back before the fire, blazing and

cracking with wintry cheerfulness, he opened the note. The writing commenced about halfway down the page, leaving a generous margin at the bottom. He read as follows:—

"My true Elmond,—What a pretty name yours is! It's just what I expected would belong to one with feelings and sentiments such as yours. If I were to say I did not esteem a confession which has afforded me unbounded gratification, I should speak very untruly. You will not require me, I am sure, to break the reserve which, I am persuaded, you know too well how to appreciate. Let this suffice for the present. To receive your letters I am more than satisfied, and shall, indeed, regard it as a blank day, if I do not hear from you. Though in the service of a good master, I must tell you, I am all but a prisoner. I cannot move out without safeguards. You must, therefore, be content, at least for some time, to hear from me in the way you have already done; and if you do not see me, to offer personally that recognition to your attentions which I make no doubt you wish, bear in mind, dearest Elmond, that I am not my own mistress.

"Yours, with unalterable affection,

"Marion."

"Certainly a very pretty letter," mentally exclaimed Elmond; "even my name pleases her. To make so lovely a conquest, and so easily, too, would, if it were known, be regarded as incredible. There cannot, I should think," he added, after re-perusing the epistle, "be the shadow of a question of my acceptance;" and under this impression the correspondence continued, in terms more delectable and loving than ever.

Scarcely a day passed without the deposition of a billet under the favourite flower-pot; but it struck Elmond as very remarkable, that all this time no opportunity had been afforded him, for catching even a stray glimpse of Marion. A growing want to speak to her; to feel the gentle pressure of her hand; to prompt the coy embrace, and to steal the bliss which a kiss imparts, made poor Elmond as uneasy and restless as a lover could be. Dying for a personal interview, if only for a few moments, he sought it earnestly; but the fair one, a slave to duty, of course, urged a multiplicity of excuses, that vexingly stood in the way of an event ardently longed for.

At last the rogues had learned that Elmond was to be removed to another station. It was still a secret; and the companions, in answer to a very chaste letter of complaint for not arranging a meeting, sent him the sort of reply he had so long and pertinaciously solicited.

Elmond duly received the note. A fresh set of sensations

always occurred to him when he bore away the tender missives; but among them, scrupulously reappeared the hope, so often baffled, of the meeting with Marion. Soon he was absorbed in its contents; and it could be seen by his dazzling eye and thankful countenance, that that indulgence was, at last, in store for him. Here is a copy of the note:—

"My own Elmond,—Joy, joy, joy! I wish I were with you this moment to share it. Let me send you one little word in fearful haste. For a long time I have been trying to arrange a plan for our meeting. I can see none but through overwhelming dangers. Nevertheless, I will meet you at the end of the garden, at nine o'clock to-morrow night. Dress warm so that you may not catch cold. Never mind the palings that will separate us. If need be, you can vault over them. We can, at worst, converse together, and that will be a blessing you cannot desire more to enjoy than your loving

"Marion."

Such a consolatory communication needed an instant reply; and in the ecstasy of his feelings, which were too disturbed by fresh delights to be equal to any great effort, he penned the following effusion:—

"My only Love,—Till then I shall count the minutes, and set my watch to a second so that I may not lose a moment of the interview so long deferred—now happily to be consummated. Punctual at nine you shall see me; although I may assure you, I shall be there full two hours before the time. Do not delay a moment, dearest; and you will give additional reason for the adoration with which I contemplate your charms and attachment.

"Yours, with augmented affection,

"Elmond."

Not a wink did Elmond sleep that night. In dreamy felicity the hours went round, never for an instant losing sight, in his imagination, of the lovely girl with whom he was to hold his first appointment on the approaching evening. The time she had named he thought most opportune, for no eye could overlook them—no ear receive the vows he hoped would be interchanged. To make any vow he was ready; any sacrifice to suffer; any difficulty to contend with; any danger to surmount for her! What was the world to him without his Marion?—chaos and melancholy! With her—sunshine, friendship, bliss.

In the morning he left his bed with a bounding heart, and attended, with gay fastidiousness, to the regulation of those frivolities about his person, which men, who mix with their

ambition a little self-conceit, are so prone to enforce. This done, he went below, to show those civilities to the flowers which had become one of the chief items of his pride. Looking up to the charmed window, to catch, perchance, a ray of his Ophelia, he was doomed to gaze on vacancy—a blank not less abhorrent to him than a vacuum to nature. Averting his head, his eye caught sight of another heart-leaping billet under the corner flower-pot, which had been placed there by the mischievous comrades.

"Strange I did not observe it before," said he. "How kind Marion is to favor me with her sweet communications! Where love springs from unsullied virtue and a pure inspiration, this is the return. Thanks, dearest! Only think of her being immured in that horrid place waiting on a horrid doctor. If her service be precious to him, how much more will her society be to me! What a good and amiable creature she must be, to perform her engagement to her master with such honorable exactness! This is one proof, that when the time comes to permit me to call her mine, her fidelity will be as inviolable as her beauty's incomparable. The meeting of to-night—how the hours seem to lag!—will counterbalance all my anxieties on her account; and to receive from her own lips the expression of her love; and to be the object of her endearment, will be something above earthly enjoyment. And then what will be her feelings? I will not anticipate them, but, judging from her previous letters, there will be no bounds to her happiness. What's this?" he exclaimed audibly, as he read the first startling sentences:—

"If I have deep occasion to regret anything in this life, my own loved Elmond, it is, that we cannot meet this evening; and such is my position, I cannot venture to name a time when I may be able to gratify myself with the interview so long desired, now so cruelly snatched from us. This is a stroke of misfortune too severe to be overcome with a struggle; and if my heart is in tears for an inconsolable deprivation, ascribe it, dearest, not so much to a woman's weakness, as her love.

"Yours, in fervent affection,

"MARION."

For such an announcement he was utterly unprepared. It was a bitter disappointment, for his expectations had risen to the highest point of hope. A triumph was within his grasp, and an accident intercepted its achievement. "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," he thought; but

he never fancied it could occur in this way. Almost choked with despair, he wiped the steam from his brow; and had it not been for the intrusion of his jovial comrades, he would have lost his equipoise.

"Have you heard the news, Elmond?" asked Lilwood.

"No," replied he, gravely. "What's the matter?"

"You're a lucky dog; if anything good is to be given away, you're sure to be selected as the recipient," said Mercer.

"What are you driving at?" inquired Elmond, pettishly.

"That's rich: why, we bear you good news! I should like to have your pay for the next fortnight, that's all. You should see if I'd be snappish," observed Lilwood, chidingly.

"What's up? tell me, there's a good fellow."

"Now you're civil I will," replied Mercer. "You're to go to Grantley immediately."

"The devil! Who says so?" Elmond opened his eyes in amazement.

"Here's the order," said Mercer, unfolding it for the astonished perusal of Elmond.

He read it, and recovering his calmness, thanked the companions, and crushed the document in his pocket.

"This is a wild start," said he. "I wish a little time had been given me, as I could have made many little arrangements which must now go unsettled. At all events," he proceeded, wishing to provide against the contingency of being supplanted in Marion's affections, "you need not look to the flowers; for with all my care, I could not save them from decay."

"That's a piece of kind advice we shall gladly adhere to," replied Lilwood.

In nature there is nothing so peremptory as a military mandate. It admits of no arrangement, argument, or disobedience. Everything, however urgent, must stop for its fulfilment, and Elmond at once prepared for his departure. With a heavy heart he crammed all sorts of things into his travelling-bag; and after paying his rent and his shop-bills, and vainly seeking an opportunity to take farewell of that dear creature who was the sole mistress of his thoughts, and the only being on earth who possessed the power of making him happy, he quitted Horber-Morden for Grantley.

On arriving at his destination, he took the first moment at his disposal to despatch a very loving epistle to Miss Marion.

In a new place he procured new paper, of a peach-bloom tint, on which to repeat, for the fiftieth time, the undiminished fervour of his affection. His motto was—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," impressed on wax of the most exquisite azure blue. As the flower-pot, in this instance, had nothing to do with the delivery of the billet, it of course reached the veritable hands of the maiden. This was the first letter she had received from Elmond; and it may well be surmised, that the damsel, who was not in the heart of the flower-pot, and knew nothing of the tender professions and yearnings the writer had thought fit to trouble her with, was absolutely bewildered. With but remote chances of unriddling the enigma, she reflected on his statements; and considering in the end, as the most reasonable solution of the affair, that poor Elmond's intellects were in a very hopeless condition, she concluded it wise on her part to take no notice of his letter.

Surprised at getting no reply to this or to several subsequent effusions, all worked up with an intensity of feeling —and poetry, that would have moved Stonehenge itself, Elmond was only a few degrees removed from delirium. But he soon regained his calmness, and upbraided Marion for her silence. He charged her with inconstancy, tampering with his affections, wounding his sensibilities, and disturbing his peace. "The case," he wrote, "is beyond explanation in a letter;" and he apprised the persecuted girl, "that in a day or two, he should adopt a course that would adjust an affair too full of mystery to be abandoned without the strictest inquiry."

"Extravagant delusions! I don't even know the impudent fellow!" she said, and very properly threw the rhapsodies, with their odours, into the fire.

Accordingly, obtaining leave, Elmond reappeared at Horber-Morden, and went boldly to the house of his "lady-love."

A few taps admitted him.

"Miss Marion, I presume," said Elmond, gravely.

"Yes, sir," simpered she. "What is your business?"

"May I speak privately to you?"

"Certainly; walk this way." And Marion led him into the back parlour.

"My name is Elmond," said he, doffing his cap, and

forcing his hand through a wicked head of hair, that stood out, after the operation, as if it had been bandoed.

"Indeed!" said Marion, with some astonishment, startled moreover at his attractive person and manners. "Am I right in asking, if you are the gentleman from whom I have received so many letters lately?"

"This is really a very strange question, after the strong encouragement you have given me for more than three months."

"You surprise me, sir. I am ignorant of having offered you the slightest reason for supposing, it would be worth your while to correspond with me!"

"Recollect yourself, Marion. You cannot surely have forgotten the many letters you placed under the flower-pot for my acceptance."

"I hope there is no occasion for me to repeat my denial. To what flower-pot do you allude?"

"The corner one, at my window."

"Never, sir, I assure you. I would not dare take such a liberty. You must have a very poor opinion of me to think so: besides," added Marion, as if a new light had darted into her mind, "how could I get to your window?"

This never struck Elmond before. Of course she could not, without employing all the masculine machinery of ladders, steps, and ropes, to enable her to effect the escalade.

Mutual explanations followed. Marion, in her pure anxiety to be clear with Elmond on the point, declared, again and again, she was innocent of having used the intervention of a flower-pot to convey billet-doux to him, or of having ever written him a letter of any kind. It was too plain he had been hoaxed. He saw through it all, and was vexed. Marion, good soul, tried to appease his anger. Secretly, she was not displeased with the occasion of the interview. A chord had now been struck which she could not repress; and the Fates, having decreed, although the companions did not, that what had begun in jest should terminate in earnest, the beautiful Marion and the handsome Elmond, were, after a few months, indissolubly one.

THE ORPHAN.

AMIE was an orphan. Her parents died in a distant colony, leaving her, little more than an infant, to the care of a sister, who was young in years and inexperienced. She grew up obedient and timid, modest and well-behaved; but a small, concave nose, large gray eyes, a low forehead, and a solemn-looking face, rendered her less an object of interest than most girls of her age.

As far as features were concerned, the sister was just such another person as Amie. She had the same unattractive characteristics, only more developed; but she made up for those facial defects by a quiet and easy manner, refined by intelligence, that won on the affections of a war-trained soldier, who married her, and took under his charge the tender orphan, somewhat improved with her added years.

The soldier was well informed, and stood up with importance. His notions were exclusive and hard, and his system of domestic discipline, cruel and unbending. In time, his wife acquired the ability to exercise equal severity, and poor Amie, the chief sufferer by the change, evidenced her distress by pale cheeks and pity-seeking eyes.

Years wore on. Removing to England, Amie grew up less uncomely than her infant days had given reason to expect. Nevertheless, she was far from pretty. Her low, square forehead, left but a narrow, pale band between her broad, black eyebrows and the hair of her head. Her cheeks were thin, hollow, and sallow, her nose pinched in, and a sunken eye, with a dark circle beneath, gave a gloomy force to the unhappiness which, felt in her heart, strongly marked her countenance.

For such an orphan, clothes were out of the question. To change in dress she was a stranger. The few articles she possessed were old and worn. Winter and summer saw the same apparel on that attenuated frame; against heat and frost it was her only protection. That she was frequently cold, is not surprising; that she did not perish from exposure

was a marvel. Often was she ill; and often compelled to work beyond her strength, rising in the darkness of the early morning, before she had passed the twelfth winter of her life.

Equally inhuman was the treatment she experienced at table. Her portion was the refuse—the bits and bones of finished meals, such as a cur would have sniffed at and rejected. Nutritious fare she needed, if not to appease the requirements of a delicate appetite, to sustain her for the womanly task daily assigned her. There were children in the family—the offspring of this flinty-minded man and the heartless sister-mother. With these, Amie was not permitted to be on terms of intimacy. Could she have caressed and played with them as brothers and sisters, what would she not have felt! In the character of a servant only could she approach them. Away from the commiserating voice of any human creature, the gentle Amie slept at night in a long, cold cellar, with windows opening to a vaulted roof and startling buttresses, enough to frighten the firmness of one far more strong and mature. But Amie was simple and pure; she had no fears such as terrify weak imaginations; and, though pining and drooping, she reposed in that long, spare room, after saying her little prayers, as soundly as in a carpeted room, curtained and cared for.

One bitter day, Amie had worked all the hours through, and did harder work at night. Far away from her guardians, she carried on her labours in a damp, stone kitchen. The family had retired within a snug, double-doored room, where not a breath of cold air could enter. The fire was in a glow, the room glared with warmth, and even the distant corner by the door, where Amie would gladly have crouched, if her guardians could have found sufficient mercy to permit the favour, looked cheerful and comforting; but the orphan was in an icehouse, slaving, without fire, sympathy, or relief—her wretchedness still more embittered by eddying blasts, which, whining and moaning around her, as she glided into the vaulted passages and moved among the buttresses, almost tore the rags from her back. Already weak and ailing, she was ripe for affliction. The first stroke of fever, indeed, had laid hold of her. There was a gnawing at her heart, a beating in her brow, and a fullness in her hot eye, that told of its presence. Yet she toiled on, nipped, shivering, and

sick, till failing strength compelled her to steal an interval of rest—sitting on a broken elm chair.

"At work yet, Amie?" said a fair-faced, feeling woman, who, seeing the kitchen-door open, and knowing that the family were in the parlour, thought it no liberty to enter. "When will you be done, girl?"

"Very soon, now. I've done the scrubbin', an' clean'd the sink an' grate, and have on'y to lay the fire for the mornin'."

"Let me lay it for you. Go at once, child, to your sister, and get a warm, for you want it."

Amie, meekly returning thanks, begged Mrs. Clare not to blacken her hands with the coals. "I'll do it, if you please," continued she, "for my sister would be very cross if she knew you had helpt me."

"But how can she know?"

"She might come in while you're busy."

"That's not likely."

"I fear to chance it. I'll do it, thank you."

"Your sister is very cruel to force you out this freezing night. Let me take you in, Amie, and offer an excuse for intruding. You make me shiver to look at you. Those red eyes of yours, and that burning spot on your cheek, tell me that you are ill. Are you poorly?"

"I don't feel well," lisped Amie, melting into tears. "I have a pain here," pointing to her exposed chest. "My throat is sore. There's such a dreffal ringin' in my ears, an' me head aches. I feel all of a shake, an' burnin'."

"My dear girl," returned Mrs. Clare, "something will happen if you continue longer in the cold. I insist upon your going to the parlour."

"I'll soon be done, and then I'll make haste to bed."

So saying, Amie resumed her work. Mrs. Clare would gladly have done it for her, but she did not like to force her service, feeling assured that Amie had good reason for declining the kindness. She, however, cheered the orphan in her unseemly task, by a few words of motherly encouragement; and, promising to go to her sister, to see what could be arranged to lessen, in future, her overwork and exposure, bade her "good-night."

Amie felt, for once, the happiness of a tender recognition; and, despite her aches, her pains, and her tears, chopped up the sticks, interlaced them in the grate, turned over the

cinders and coals, and placed them between bar and bar with trembling alacrity.

Completing her work, she locked up the stone kitchen, tapped softly at the double door, and entered. On cushioned chairs her guardians sat at ease, without a thought to harrow their peace—he smoking, she reading; and, as if to render the intrusion of discomfort impossible, smoking tumblers were at their elbows, partly filled with an agreeable spirit, mixed with an inadequate quantity of warm water, which were elevated with fitful frequency by the heartless couple, and sipped with monotonous satisfaction.

Shrunk up with cold, Amie had her arms folded across her breast, to save her, in some respect, from the night chills. Her miserable appearance offered an extreme to the geniality of the callous pair, who had a blazing fire to warm them without, and hot spirit to perform the same service within. Untouched by a spark of sympathy, they did not deign to notice the shivering girl, but kept her in the distance, although her chattering teeth forcibly proclaimed her wretchedness and need.

With all the kindness of her nature, Mrs. Clare had been telling the sister-mother of young Amie's illness and hardships; and had advised that she should be employed in domestic offices more suited to her years and strength. Dreamily indifferent to Mrs. Clare's recommendations, the sister coolly consulted the steaming tumbler, as if the mention of suffering were an infection that required the application of a strong antidote to neutralise its effects. Mrs. Clare could not restrain her indignation. Unable to arouse the sister's pity by an appeal to her reason, she endeavoured to provoke it by reproach. Equally fruitless in rebukes, she left the granitic couple, almost disbelieving it possible that humanity could be so insensible to suffering, and that suffering borne by one of its kin.

"That's well thought of," said the sister-mother, appearing to recover from a state of dense forgetfulness, as Amie, at last, took courage to seat herself in a recess by the door. "How is it you have been so long cleaning the kitchen? I was coming to see what was the cause of your idling; but Mrs. Clare—the bold hussy that she is—came in without waiting till I bade her, and told me a very unlikely story about your being ill."

"I'm not well, sister."

"I hope you've not been dirtying the kitchen with your nasty sickness?"

"No, sister; but I'm very ill."

"Fiddlestick! You're better than I am, and so, Miss, you shall go to bed instantly."

It was a crime in the opinion of the sister-mother, for the neglected child to be unwell; and she was therefore sentenced to bed, so that her supper—poor as was her usual meal—might be saved. Amie, submitting without a word of excuse, moved noiselessly through the doors, meekly sought the long, cold room; and, slipping off her thin petticoats, covered herself in the blankets. She had no time to brood over her wretchedness, or think of the heartlessness of her guardians, for the fever was increasing, and her head swimming. Bewildered as she was, she muttered, in incoherent sentences, those sweet, simple prayers she had never ceased to repeat before closing her eyes, from the day it was her consolation to have committed them to memory.

Some warm gruel might have done her good; a cup of barley-water appeased her thirst; a wet cloth allayed the pain and throbbing of her head; but none of these attentions were exercised to assuage her suffering. Meanwhile the guardians, with feet on the fender, sat sipping the spirituous decoction, till certain sensations, too vague, perhaps, to be classified with those which spring from excess, warned the couple to put the stopper in the decanter. This done, they went to bed, without deigning an inquiry of the overworked and sick child in the long spare room.

A restless night had Amie. She tossed about in pain; but in the early morning, she instinctively arose; and, after whispering her prayers, kneeling devoutly by the side of her bed, returned to her accustomed duty, as though it were unnatural for an orphan girl to keep her room. As she moved about with pails of freezing water, heavy kettles, boots that she had polished, accoutrements she had cleaned, and the tea-things, the raw, bleak air driving round the buttresses, penetrated to her bones. In due time the morning's repast being prepared, she carried it to the double-doored room, where the flinty-hearted husband and his unfeeling wife were ready to receive it. The tray, with its service, was a load for a butler. It was enough to break the heart-strings of a child; but Amie, mustering all her

strength, placed it with a struggle on the table, and fell exhausted.

The sister scarcely noticed the accident. She had a leaden look and a leaden action, that too plainly showed how unmoved was that function of her being, which, in hearts that commiserate, swell with emotion at the sight of infantine distress. The brother-in-law complained of her awkwardness; and seeing that she was longer on the floor than was convenient for his accommodation, called to the "lazy girl" to get up instantly, and wait at table. But Amie could not stir.

At this moment, Mrs. Clare, disregarding the cruel incidents of the late interview, made a call to inquire after the health of the invalid; and seeing her prostrate and unattended, rushed to afford the help that seemed to be denied her.

It was now that the unfeeling sister did the only kind act in her life for the orphan—she did not strike her! She even did more. She, herself, condescended to raise and support her to a chair. Somewhat revived by this unexpected kindness, Amie knew not how to be sufficiently thankful. Her sallow face was flushed; her temples were bursting; her heart quivered and leaped; and her eyes, like balls of fire, moved restlessly. The sister-mother, so far influenced by compassion, at last drawled out the bare admission, that she thought Amie was "a *little* out of sorts."

"A little!" exclaimed Mrs. Clare; "where are your eyes and your feelings, Mrs. Layton?"

"Where they ought to be, Mrs. Clare. As to feelings, you can have but little yourself, if you cannot discern them. Come," added she, addressing Amie in tones as soothing as she could elaborate them, "try and be better; and go to the doctor's for some physic."

"Let me go," suggested Mrs. Clare.

"So that you may tell the world how kind you have been."

"'Tis cruel to speak so. I simply offered, because Amie is too ill to move. If in her present weak and fevered state, she go on such [illegible]"

"Kill her! [illegible] She is not so bad as you fancy. [illegible] walk will do her infinite good. [illegible]"

This question was put with singular softness—too shallow, however, to be misinterpreted.

The fact was, the sister wanted to physic the girl with a penny drug, which might have answered in constipation, but not in fever; and she was anxious to conceal from Mrs. Clare the knowledge of her economical intention.

"Do not send me out, sister," implored Amie, with a resigned hope to be saved the trouble.

"Nonsense," replied the sister, in a sterner voice. "Bestir yourself, girl, and go to the druggist's."

"Rather call in a doctor," interposed Mrs. Clare, warmly. "If you wish that she should live, this is her only chance."

"It's quite unnecessary. Get a doctor once in, you can never say when he'll find it proper to leave; and there would be no end to his heavy bills. You've never had children, Mrs. Clare, or you would not be so alarmed. She is only feverish from a slight cold. A cup of hot tea and a dose of physic will put her all right again. Here, Amie, drink this."

Amie took the beverage (some warm tea), and expressing her thanks, drank it greedily, for she was parched.

Mrs. Clare thought it possible she had erred. She trusted so; and in a matter over which she had no control, and in which she really had no experience, she could only persist in fearing, that the conduct of the sister-mother was likely to terminate to the permanent injury of the child.

Unable to walk, yet did Amie do her sister's bidding. Her lips were colored as if washed with pale ink, and her cheeks were as red as beet-root. To force out a shattered girl, burning with fever, was a bitter exemplification of the cruelty of a heart that would have disgraced a savage. Then how beautiful, by contrast, was the unrepining submission of the fragile dependent! If ever angels should have been near to guide the steps of the weakest of this world's children, it was then. At every pace her legs tottered, her brain went round, and it was a wonder she bore on with any success. Mrs. Clare had stolen out unperceived to watch her movements, and just overtook her in time, to prevent her reeling to the pavement. Bearing the unhappy girl back to the double-doored room, the brutal sister asked the childless woman, with maudlin unconcern, "what had occasioned Miss Amie's return?"

"Why ask," replied Mrs. Clare, "when you see that the poor girl is in as high a fever as she can be to be alive? How can you, Mrs. Layton, shut your eyes to the misery of that dear unoffending orphan? If her dead father and mother were again in being, to witness this inhuman scene, they would either go mad; or, in their frenzy, deprive you of the life you so much disgrace!"

The sister heard without emotion.

"So insane an attack," returned she, with a contemptuous smile, "is not worth a reply;" and the husband, who had just filled his pipe, was lost in its enjoyment, without even looking in the direction of the sufferer, or noticing the rebuke of Mrs. Clare.

"Have you brought the physic?" asked Mrs. Layton, addressing Amie, as though nothing had been said calculated to convince her of the impossibility.

"No," replied Mrs. Clare; "she fainted, poor dear girl."

"I did not speak to you, Mrs. Clare."

"She cannot answer you. She's speechless! Had I not been near, she would, in all probability, have died on the pavement."

"Tripped herself up, the giddy girl; but what can I do without physic?"

"Send for help and save her. She wants a doctor. If *you* do not send for one, I will, and take the responsibility."

"Of course you will. It could not be expected that I should make myself liable for your affected whims. When, Mrs. Clare, *I* think it necessary to obtain the assistance her case requires, I shall not be slow in my duty. To fancy that she cannot go for physic for *herself*, is rather too much to believe; but, as *you* say she is poorly, she shall go to bed."

"The best thing, with compassion and attention, that can be done for her."

"Hold up, Miss," said the sister-mother, sternly, "and go to your room instantly."

And Amie was taken by Mrs. Clare, after some touching remonstrances, to the long room, and there put to bed; when the good woman administered to the orphan the first attentions which, since the death of her mother, she had received from any of her [illegible]

Unbidden, Mrs. Clare brought the doctor. A few moments were more than enough to communicate his professional misgivings to the obdurate couple; and having supplied the usual immediate remedies to mitigate the fierceness of the attack, the doctor left the patient to mercies which, though promised, were never tendered.

Malignant typhus was burning her up to a cinder; her delicate frame was wasted nearly to its elements; her mind had gone—she was delirious! Calls were made by the callous couple, at intervals, to see how she progressed; and Mrs. Clare, constant in her attentions during the day, proffered to continue them for the night; but her kindness was declined. The sister-mother informed Mrs. Clare, she would herself nurse Amie, far more tenderly than a stranger, and produce her in improved health the next morning.

As Amie did not ask for anything, nothing was offered. Not an effort was made to reduce by one sting the pangs which tortured her. The hot black lip, the fuming head, the dry tongue, were never moistened, and she rolled on in her agonies. One other formal look was accorded to the raving child; and the unmoved sister and her husband, shutting the double-door, dosed themselves to sleep. Poor Amie, alone, and in darkness, raved on. What she suffered that terrible night is surely registered on high!

Next morning, the inhuman protectors, finding that the orphan was not astir, went to rouse her.

"Amie!" cried the husband, impatiently. "Amie! For shame to be asleep at this hour!"

"Get up," exclaimed the wife, petulantly. "Get up, girl. Be quick now, and dress."

There was no answer. The hard breathing of the previous night was hushed: there was no delirium—no tossing from side to side. Nothing broke the silence, but the wind murmuring under the door, and a colony of mice vigorously scraping for an entrance, to retreat again in hunger, unless they could refresh themselves on the saw-dust their own industry was creating.

"Bring a light!" shouted the sister, as if conscience-stricken. "Bring a light, Layton!"

One was brought.

With mysterious disbelief, it was passed over the marble face of the orphan. Placid, cold, and bloodless laid the

neglected Amie, with one hand across her breast—the other stretched up to her head. Not a soul had witnessed her last agonies—none knew when the struggle had ceased.

She had been dead some hours—and gone to heaven!

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.—In the autumn of 1855, a wretched doubled-up creature took his stand in tatters and dirt by the road-side at Gravesend, begging alms. His cap in hand—which it would have taken no end of coppers to fill—exposed an uncombed head, with long untrained hair, flying about his face like so many ends of ravelled rope. Blotches disfigured his begrimed countenance, and his beard grew wild. Though his lips were pale and shrivelled, as if alum had been rubbed over them, there was life in his eyes, which the partial closing of the lids could not conceal. He stated he had been in the Crimea, and lost his health in the "dismal trenches." Something also was the matter with his legs, at least, so it appeared; and on reading the modest pasteboard inscription, which, like a cuirass, protected his breast from the wind and rain, the cause of his misfortune and misery, described in all the brevity and simplicity of real suffering, excited feelings of unmixed sympathy and generosity.

The placard ran thus—

Kind friends
pity a poor sapper and
miner that lost his speech
and hearing through
fever.
private Henery ivey.

Who would not feel sorrow for so harrowing a case?

Let your yearning cease, for it was a sham. The man had not been in the Crimea; he had not been injured; he had not lost his speech or his hearing, nor had he suffered from fever. A young hearty fellow was he; an imposter and a deserter!

Detected by one who once called him "comrade," he was apprehended and tried; and after undergoing the usual penalty for his offence was sent to the East. The war over, it was his lot to be despatched to a foreign station, from whence, should he return, he might, with one item of truth at least for his plea, carry on the [redacted] lodge of the "poor Crimean soldier."

DOUBLE ENTRY.

M'AUCHIN entered the sappers young. As far as attractiveness was concerned, his figure and face were anything but impressive. He was awkward and uncouth, and spoke broad Scotch—so broad, indeed, it was a toss-up which was the more difficult to comprehend, the vernacular of the Canongate or the gibberish of Timbuctoo. This simple man had a rather low forehead, retreating to a ridge of hair, which spread thickly and without bend, over a curiously-formed head. His face was prominent, his nose long and damp, with a stalactite or two at the end; and his mouth protruded so much one could easily fancy that his gums, with their big uneven grinders, had been levered into his jaws, after the *embouchure*, which was nevertheless of moderate capacity, had been shaped. Though quiet, harmless, and unassuming, he possessed a restless disposition, which evinced itself in an eccentric propensity for travelling.

In time he went to Bermuda. About six months after landing, a Scotch brig arrived in the harbour and anchored for some weeks. The hands that manned her were from Arbroath, and being, as was natural, in love with his countrymen, he pushed on board one night as she was about to sail, in a suit of white and a straw hat, and soon was out to sea.

The brig was the "Cecilia." Many months he served in her, and, though among his countrymen, was treated with harshness and degradation. All the hardships of the ship were entailed on him. Everything that was inconvenient, difficult, or perilous, was allotted to him. He assisted the carpenter at the bench, twice painted the ship, and emblazoned the stern with her vesper name in virgin white. Aloft he went in his turn, laboured at the wheel, and stood the watch by night and day more frequently than his fellows. For difficult boat-services, for duties in stormy weather, for toils in water and mud-boots, he was

invariably selected. In sickness he was a sister of mercy, administering physic, feeding and washing the ailing, and softening their hammocks and pillows. While at Laguna, he received the last words and felt the last struggles of two poor men who succumbed, in all the horrors of violent dissolution, to yellow fever. In death he was the undertaker. He it was who made the coffins; and, lastly, added to his mournful occupations that of gravedigger, covering up the remains of his dead messmates in their shallow resting-places. All this and more he did, like a white slave, without protest or murmur, for his bare rations—wages forming no item of his advantages.

In time, a fair wind took the "Cecilia" to Cork, where the captain intimated to M'Auchin his intention to deliver him into custody; but when wanted to accompany the skipper to the shore to fulfil the imperative duty of restoring him to his corps, the deserter had flown to Glasgow.

Tired of home and unable to get employment, M'Auchin, with almost fabulous audacity, re-enlisted into the sappers! His *nom de guerre* was John M'Farquhar. What made the incident more remarkable was the fact, that he was received by the same sergeant who originally enlisted him. Old Gillies was a shrewd man at his business, had a vivid recollection of names and faces, and bore the reputation of knowing every likely mechanic in and around Glasgow. M'Auchin's boldness in offering himself quite threw the sergeant off his guard; and although he declared he knew a Neil M'Auchin, who was the very image of the recruit, yet never for a moment did it occur to him, that the veritable Neil himself, was there and then going through the ordeal of a second engagement.

When removed to head-quarters, three or four non-commissioned officers thought they recognized in M'Farquhar an old acquaintance. There was no mistaking the face and figure; but, like old Gillies, they could only express their surprise at the remarkable similarity between him and some one else, whose name they could not, for the life of them, recollect. The same drill-master who had put him through his facings, and taught him the discipline of a soldier, drilled him again; the same tailor fitted him with his uniform; and the same pay-sergeant doled out to him his daily sixpences. Driven by the [illegible] who inquired of M'Farquhar whether he

had a twin-brother in the corps, Neil, not having any relation in its ranks, was relieved of the temptation of manufacturing an untruth, and answered with a candour conspicuously emphatic, he had not.

Months passed on in this way till he went to Chatham, where, getting into a scrape—and somewhat reckless of consequences—he complicated his case by heedlessly confessing his antecedents. He was tried of course, branded in blue with the deserters' escutcheon under the left arm, and imprisoned.

In a few months after his release, he was sent to Malta. Experience had not yet settled his roving disposition. Fond of romantic escapes—the better for being in foreign lands—he again deserted! Secreting himself on board a merchant's craft trading with the Russian ports in the Black Sea, he emerged from his lurking-place—to the astonishment of the sailors and skipper—when the brig was well out at sea. Useful as a carpenter, useful in everything, his presence was regarded as an event in the ship; and when war was declared with the northern autocrat, M'Farquhar was in the waters before Odessa.

English trade, of course, was stopped with the Russian ports, and the brig, having returned to England, back went M'Farquhar to Glasgow. This time he succeeded in procuring excellent employment, under the very vision of the scrutinizing old Gillies, and was going on very well. He even meditated marriage, having made successful overtures to an engaging young creature, who was sufficiently comely to intoxicate another young man with lavish notions of her beauty. It happened that the second string to the lady's bow was a cousin of the eccentric traveller, of whose intimacy with the damsel M'Farquhar was unaware till the obtrusion of the cousin at a most inconsiderate moment. Both fancied that the poor jilted man would scarcely muster fortitude enough to survive the unpleasant discovery. That was a mistake, for the cousin had been in the Highlanders; and the instant he saw a rival in his way, his plans to remove the hindrance to his bliss were matured.

M'Farquhar's star was an unlucky one. Traitors were in his camp; and in another hour, at the instigation of the indignant cousin, he was in custody. Once more he saw the inside of a gaol, felt the hardships of short commons and

imprisonment, and with a shaven head, an attenuated frame, and a brace of stalactites, as usual, at the tip of his nose, rejoined the corps from which he had twice absconded. Meanwhile, the Highlander married the beauty.

For ten years M'Farquhar had carried on his eccentric habits, dividing his patriotism between sea and land; and probably, had not an agreeable order at length taken him to the seat of war, he would have augmented his notoriety by a third desertion.

HERE GOES.—Sir Jeffrie entered the square at Woolwich one raw morning, wrapped in a toga, like a Roman, but goloshed in india-rubbers like a Tyburnian. His tall figure cleft the air for some inches above two yards, and he moved on with a dignified mien. None apparently knew him, and he strode into the barracks.

A sergeant, struck with the stranger's height and bearing, followed him into one of the rooms; and recognizing the sharp countenance and flashing eye of his old commanding-officer, gave notice to the corporal of the guard to pay the customary compliments, when Sir Jeffrie should return.

The sentry was on the alert; and directly the general showed himself at the porch, the guard turned out.

Sir Jeffrie looked at the manœuvre like a military connoisseur, and moved on. Presently the sentry presented arms; and the guard, clattering in the distance, made it evident that the compliments had been paid to rank.

"Hollo!" exclaimed the general, glancing around; and seeing no officer present to acknowledge the attention; "How is this? Is all that honour intended for me?"

"Yes, Sir Jeffrie," replied the sergeant who had warned the guard, touching his cap.

"Why," exclaimed the knight, "I've been on the shelf for years! I had no idea that a soul knew me in the garrison. Well, then; here goes." And Sir Jeffrie with the precision of the most scrupulous soldier, passed his hand with a graceful sweep from under his toga to his towering hat, and there retained it, looking calmly at the proud sentry, till he had gone beyond the gateway.

NOT THE MAN.

An old artificer, about seventy-three years of age, who had deserted from the corps in 1797, surrendered himself at Woolwich, after he had been absent some forty years. He was tall, but bowed in the back, and above his broad bent shoulders was a well-shapen healthy face, intersected with florid veins, and a round silvered head, that gave the septagenarian a venerable appearance. His dress bespoke a tradesman of comfort and respectability, and in his deep pocket, which extended half-way down the leg of his trousers, he carried the price of his release—some eighty pounds or more—which he hoped would be received as a compromise for his offence.

A second wife was the blessed portion of this old man; a young termagant, to whom, in the boundlessness of his affection, he confided the secret of his forty years' desertion. Vain and extravagant, she used the crime of the doting husband to extort money in rather large amounts from his purse. Several times he had the courage to resist her demands; but his valour relaxed as her fulminations increased; and so to free himself from the horrors of threats he feared to see enforced, the patriarch invariably succumbed to her unappeasable wishes. It would, however, have required the income of a prince to meet her many wants, and the old man determined at last "to walk the plank," as he expressed it, sooner than again submit to the continuance of her terrorisms. This was the occasion of his return to Woolwich.

Of course, the aged deserter was a prisoner at large in the barrack-square, and at night he took up his quarters in the guard-room. Sleep was out of the question, and sitting at the fire with the guard—for it was a cold night—he listened with grave interest to their simple stories. At length he broke in upon their conversation, and asked the men to give him some insight into the manner in which he was likely to be served for leaving the corps.

Young were the guard, full of fun, and indisposed to show the sympathy which would have lightened the old man's mental affliction. One and all declared he would receive an incredible number of lashes, because his crime was made deeper by protracted absence. They also conjured up a catalogue of offences involved in his desertion, such as selling his necessaries, making away with his regimental clothing and accoutrements, disobedience of orders, &c.; for which, as it appeared he was not prepared to offer any palliation, all agreed that justice was too exacting to allow any mitigation of penalties, which, in their infliction, would be severer than death.

The corporal of the guard coincided, and the old man heard his doom with trembling. Hours he spent in muttering the ominous sentences of "A thousand lashes! transportation! death!" while his venerable head and broad frame shook, as if streams of electricity were playing in every limb.

Morning came, breakfast passed, and the brigade-major entered the office. The old artificer paced the guard-room nervously, with his eyes fixed on the floor, repeating the dreadful words which had been on his tongue for ten hours, and made his poor brain reel.

"A thousand lashes! transportation! death!" exclaimed the old man in despair; "which will it be, think you?"

And before the young guard had time to assure him of his fate, he was marched into the presence of the major between two sappers with drawn bayonets, pressed in rear by the corporal of the guard.

"So, my man," said the major blandly, which gave some encouragement to the old artificer, "you have surrendered yourself as a deserter from the corps?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, much agitated, plunging his hands into his big pockets; "but I have brought with me the price of my dismissal, if, sir, you will accept it."

"How came you to take this step?"

The story of his absence, his miseries and his fears, and the cause of his surrender, were soon told. It was not without difficulty he did so, for his emotions were strong, and his breath, caught at times by an obstructing palpitation, gave a fitful and distressing hesitation to his utterance.

"You persist," returned the major, "in confessing your-

self a deserter from the corps?" It was hoped that the old man was laboring under a delusion, and that the ordeal would bring him to his senses.

"I repeat, it's too true," rejoined the artificer, more composedly.

"I must now ascertain whether you are the person you represent yourself to be. Bring me the description book."

It was brought by the clerk. The volume was a ponderous one, and when opened, it covered the desk. The finger of the scribe pointed to the deserter's name.

Carefully the record was examined by the major. He was evidently trying to discover a loop-hole to relieve the delinquent from the consequences of his transgression.

"Yes," said he, thinking aloud, "the dates of enlistment and desertion agree with his statement; so also does the place of his attestation, company, and trade."

"Hair brown," he continued, reading from the book; then raising his eyes, added, after scrutinizing the prisoner, "*now white!*"

"Eyes blue—*now gray.*"

"Complexion pale—*now florid.*"

"Marks none—*now cicatrix on cheek.*"

"Height six feet—*now five feet eleven.*"

Then shutting up the musty volume, which, closing with a bang, disgorged clouds of dust from among the leaves that obscured the vision of the humane major, he said, after a pause, "There is no resemblance—none whatever, between you and the artificer whom you represent yourself to be. I cannot trace you to be a deserter from the royal sappers and miners. You may therefore go home again, for you are not the man!"

And the shivering culprit strode from the presence of the major with a pace so rapid, that when two or three inquisitive fellows stole out of the square to observe the effect of his release, he was nowhere to be seen. He had vanished in the direction of home; and as he declared, in a significant way, on leaving the office, he would show himself a man on his return to Portsmouth, there may be but little doubt, that he inaugurated his arrival, either by thrashing his pretty wife, or pouring into her lap, the unaccepted price of his unsanctioned discharge.

A CANINE CELEBRITY.

SANDY, certainly, was not a handsome dog. His coat was shaggy and gravel colored. In size he was between a Newfoundland and a King Charles. Few dogs had a stronger jaw than he; and if he could not exactly break the thigh-bone of an ox, he could gnaw off the flesh as clean as if it had been French polished. Having a loop in his lip, which displayed the white of a rather large tooth, his aspect was rather severe; but though a bull-terrier, he was as mild and meek as a primrose, unless insulted by the petulance of some insulting cur, or the obtrusion into barracks of parties, whose unmilitary costume proclaimed them strangers.

For music, Sandy had a sensitive ear. The compass of his voice was not confined by the restrictions of the musical stave. If every note had borne a distinct designation, his vocal powers, perhaps, would have registered as high as Z. Not even the ophicleide, with its drowning sounds, could deaden the shrillness of Sandy's screaming canzonet. When a polka or waltz was being performed, he chimed in with an impromptu obligato of the buffo kind, less beautiful by far than striking. On such occasions, his notes, delivered as if a sudden huskiness had stepped in between a sore throat and a whine, were chopped and epileptical.

"Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells" was sure to throw him on his haunches; and in this pious attitude, with his cold nose in the air, and the exposed tooth shining like the shank of a short pipe, he proclaimed his accompaniment in sustained tones at a high pitch, which necessarily threw the band into discord. He thus appeared as the soloist, and whether or no he was satisfied with his style, certain it is, that in concluding his concerto, he opened wide his mouth, licked his jaws, and frisking an excitable tail, bolted off, as if he spurned the praise his ardent admirers, in their weakness, were about to lavish on him.

Caressed by his master, Sandy followed his fortunes, travelling with him in Turkey, Bulgaria, and the Crimea.

He took a stray turn or two in the trenches; loved camp-life; was present at the battle of Inkermann, where he was wounded; and, outvying the pearl-divers, performed deeds in the sea which are now almost matters of history. His reputation, bruited far and near, promoted him to a page in the "Illustrated London News;" and his portrait, very correctly given in the posture he naturally assumed to accommodate his wound, was accompanied by a biographical sketch of his military career, which may yet grace the pages of some future Goldsmith.

Even in the palace his fair fame was talked of; and Her Majesty, who had often shown sympathy to her Crimean soldiers, included in her royal interest the canine invalid. Washed as clean as soap, water, and brushes could do the job, Sandy had an audience of the Queen and the Royal Family. He never was gayer or more proud. Instinctively he seemed to know where he was, and deported himself like a courtier. In addition to the honor of bearing a wound, he was suffering at the time with a bad sore eye; and looking, therefore, the worse for the war and the weather, was regarded with all sorts of commiseration and attention.

Of course the levee, to which Sandy had been graciously admitted by royal mandate, was duly chronicled, if not in the Court journals, at least in the metropolitan press, from which the news spread to the provinces, and where else it is idle to trace.

Though Sandy had forgotten his deeds in the Crimea, he was, nevertheless, made to fight his battles over again. It was his misfortune not to be able to pay a quiet visit to the Queen, to be patted by noblemen, to be sketched at full-length like a prizefighter in the "Illustrated London News," and to be sued by the best artists to sit for his portrait—to hang in the National Gallery or some baronial hall—without exciting the ingenious attention of an itinerant showman, who, to make a speedy fortune, like another Barnum, used the magic of Sandy's distinguished name, and even promised his "real presence" to the too confiding people of the little town of Hitchin.

On April 2, 1856, the citizens of that now famous place, flocked to the circus, drawn within its periphery by a startling bill of fare, full of sumptuous expletives. The "Mammoth Cirque," as the writer of the bill designated the

theatre, belonged to one Mons. Ginnett—a most unfrenchified name—"from the Imperial Cirque Napoleon, Paris;" who, at one time, had the honour of appearing before their Imperial Highnesses the Emperor and Empress. His stud consisted of sixty horses, hacks included; and his performers, such as they were, reached a hundred! The officers among them were "a sole proprietor and director;" an "agent in advance of the establishment;" a "leader of the band;" an "equestrian manager;" a "master of the horse," by jingo; an "architect" of his own fortune, no doubt; and the "five great clowns"—evidently a misprint for fools—"of the day." It was, runs the advertisement, "universally known as the most talented company in England;" and lethargic Hitchin was electrified into life by a couple of glowing lines, which "respectfully" announced "the approach of this stupendous establishment, with the most magnificent procession and splendid performances ever seen in Great Britain."

Without stopping to criticise this pompous advertisement, which must have invested the civic functionaries, the ladies, and the lordly population of that little speck in our isle, with a desire to attend the "Cirque" in municipal costume or court togs, and the ladies in opera array, with fans, kid gauntlets, and glasses—allusion may simply be permitted, to the cream of the evening's entertainment. It was

"A splendid piece taken from real life, called the
DOG OF THE REGIMENT OR THE CAPTURE OF THE MALAKLOFF,
INTRODUCING THE WONDERFUL DOG SANDY!"

To see the gallant dog, whose achievements had become events in the popular mind, was enough to cause granite itself to break up into blocks and appear in the "Cirque;" but it needed, nevertheless, that the good people of Hitchin—possibly conceived to be in a state of darkness on the point—should be enlightened with respect to the manner in which Sandy's exploits had ennobled him into a celebrity of the day.

"'Twas night," says the bill, "and pitch dark" (quotations from some romance or another), "when a body of Russians surprised our trenches. Conspicuous in the deadly fray was a large Newfoundland dog" (Sandy was a bull-terrier), "who, after disabling two Russians, seized one tall fellow by the throat and dragged him to the earth, saving his master's life in a moment of fearful peril."—*Vide* '*Times*.'

To remove the doubts which might steal across incredulous minds, it was essential that the accuracy of the heroic incidents stated in that gorgeous paragraph, should be attested by an irrefragable authority, and so "The Times" is made do the hard duty, of fathering a fragment of canine biography, which from end to end is a series of the grossest untruths.

"English, French, and Russians" were, on the occasion of the entertainment, personated "by the company." The part of lieutenant Lempriere was taken by that inimitable horseman and "equestrian manager," Mr. J. Samwells; and the renowned Sandy, the dog of the regiment, was said to be represented by his veritable self. Whether lent for the evening's treat for an enormous consideration, or purchased by the Mons. for an exhaustless price, is not told in the bills.

Though a remarkably intelligent dog in all matters concerning his master, the sappers, the parades, and his grub, he was never known to aspire to the "sock and buskin," to show the sagacity of an acrobat, or even to possess sufficient agility to stand on his hind-legs, or jump a walking-stick. From the tenour of the brilliant puff, one might have supposed he was as extraordinary as the famed "Blutherups" in gymnastics, and as artful as "Toby" in tricks of legerdemain. Be this as it may, there is scarcely a question, but that the ardent citizens of Hitchin went to the "Mammoth Cirque" to see an absent dog, and were not only duped, but extravagantly pleased at the "wonderful" performances of a sham. Sandy never travelled as far as Hitchin, although he had travelled much farther. On the day named in the "bill o' the play," he was in London, paying a visit to a nobleman; and next morning was switching his tail, in a frenzy of delight, at the happy marriage of his kind master.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE.

A SINGULAR instance of desertion occurred at Chatham in 1855. Robert Gagon was the offender. Young, intelligent, and expert, he was, while yet a recruit, appointed drill-master, and in the course of a year or so promoted to be second-corporal: he was looked upon as one of the safest of men. As an orderly, on great occasions, none could excel him. If anything required to be done with soldierlike smartness, Gagon was the man chosen to carry it out.

And he was no less a favorite with the ladies. Genteel, straight as if shot from a crossbow, easy in carriage and bland in address, with sloe-black eyes, black curling hair, moss-rose complexion, and a thin nose, inclined to the aquiline, there need be no wonder that a few hearts felt peculiar emotions on his account. But fond of company, profuse in his expenditure, and unable, at last, to ring the change of a fourpenny-piece, he lost his honest principles, and, taking with him some five or six sovereigns belonging to the public—deserted.

Every one was amazed: he was the last man likely to be suspected of the will to perpetrate such an offence. Scouts were sent out in every direction to search for him, and his usual haunts were scoured; but he had left no clue by which to trace his whereabouts: he had bolted beyond the reach of immediate discovery, and a host of pretty girls, weeping "vitriol tears," were thrown into hysterical grief by his cruel and unexplained absence.

Joy, however, was in store for them. Not many days elapsed before he turned up to justice, and was escorted for its fulfilment to Brompton barracks. In a dashing suit of plain attire of the first fabric and the latest fashion, with an all-rounder, or something like it, and a low-crowned, glazed hat, the tiptop of kiddyism, second-corporal Gagon reappeared. Was it likely, in such a suit, the authorities would treat him as a common criminal?

Why not? He had committed heinous crimes, and was

deservedly crammed, in his superfines and all-rounder, into one of the cells of the barrack to await his trial. There, where never a ray from the sun entered, or a daybeam was seen, and into which fresh air was admitted through a wooden tube with a sliding trap, he learned to assume an air of sorrow, which passed for sterling humility and contrition. All deeply regretted his indiscretion, and hoped that a merciful view of his delinquency might restore him, unpunished, to the ranks.

The cells were in the crypt of the old chapel. They were small, square receptacles of whitewashed brick, each furnished with a narrow wooden bed and pillow. They might have been intended as vaults for the dead. Whatever may have been their original design, recently they were converted into chambers for military transgressors. Three cells formed a suite, each closed by a heavy door, with colossal locks and bolts. These opened into a vaulted hall, dark as Erebus itself, which was entered through another heavy door, with strong fastenings, from a groined passage leading to a street in the rear. In this passage it was usual, in the early morning, to parade the prisoners, and march them to an ablution-room to go through the ceremony of a meagre toilet.

While the lamp was still burning in the passage—for the morning was dull with fog—the sergeant of the guard made his accustomed visit to the cells, attended by a couple of sentries, with gleaming swords and a tin lantern, of primitive pattern, lit up with the smoking flame of a guttering candle, which dispensed its slender rays through perforations partly clogged with dust and tallow. After unlocking Gagon's little apartment, and undrawing the bolt, which ran along the door with a noise something like a baggage-van on a tramway, the sergeant called the contrite occupant to the hall. Issuing from the darkness, Gagon walked with submissive mien into the groined passage, and there, standing erect as if on parade, waited for the other prisoners to join him.

Attended by his myrmidons, the sergeant set to work to open the other cells, while the sentries crowded round, the one to look on out of sheer curiosity, and the other to play the lantern so as to throw a glare on the ponderous locks. This was Gagon's opportunity. Coolly approaching the hall

entrance, and softly closing the door, he turned the key in a jiffy on the sergeant and the guard; and, with an open way before him, clear avenues, no sentries to pass, and a twilight-looking morning to favor his escape, he ran like a courier, and was clean gone before the hobble of the sergeant and his brace of sentinels was discovered.

Good beginnings often make unfortunate endings, and so it was with Gagon. Detectives were on his trail, whose persevering industry traced his *locale*. Again captured, he once more became an inmate of the "lock-up." This time he was an altered man. He looked like a *roué*, and the arch leer of his cunning eye proclaimed him to be a blackguard. His thin nose approached the dimensions of a piece of whip-cord, and the slight arch which promoted that prominent feature of his countenance to an aquiline distinction, was driven, as if by a blow, into a knot at the swell, which seemed to be a bone of contention to a pair of quarrelsome eyes. By neglect, his hair had grown to a great length, and covered the collar of his coat with untidy curls. His clothes were decidedly the worse for wear; his dress prolongations were exchanged for a pair of ostler's tight corduroys, which, crumpled up over the instep of a pair of seedy bluchers, gave him the finished caste of a flash cabman out of employment. The glazed hat still covered his head; but the little moustache, with its Eugenican terminations, which at one time laid saucily on his upper lip, was gone—with his honesty and his character.

Once bitten, twice shy, was the spirit of the orders given with respect to his custody. The guard was this time commanded by a strict corporal, and all visits to the "lock-up" engaged the watchful services of at least four sentinels armed with swords. There was now apparently no chance of the prisoner breaking his arrest; and though so taciturn and moody as scarcely to speak even to his comrades who slept by his side on the prison-boards, he nevertheless smiled, and even seemed cheered at the marked attentions enforced for his safe incarceration.

These precautions were the more necessary, as in the interval between his desertion and apprehension, a few points in his history had been collected. At Guernsey he was born, and had been bred to the trade of a shoemaker. He did not look one, for there was nothing snobbish about him. Idle,

vagabondish, and a robber, he was repeatedly taken before the magistrates, and many times subjected to summary punishments. At last the young rogue, sliding from one iniquity to another, each more flagrant than its predecessor, committed himself so deeply, that ten years' transportation was the result. A convict for some time, he contrived, by his becoming conduct and seeming penitence, not only to win the pity of his gaolers and governors, but to obtain the reward of a "ticket-of-leave." A few months after, he enlisted into the corps at Southampton; and the recruiting-party which accepted him, was not a little proud of a candidate who, in appearance, possessed all the attributes of a model soldier. How he got on in the sappers, the reader is already aware.

The "lock-up" was a large room underground, entered by a double door, and lighted by two windows, one from the area, the other from above, through an iron grating, which was level with the pavement. The window looking into the area was protected by a strong cancellated guard thickly meshed, and upright iron bars, fastened above and below to the arch and sill. Beyond, was a boarded partition, stoutly framed, which reached to the railings to prevent the prisoners holding intercourse with their comrades outside. At this window Gagon spent much of his time wrapt up in sullen cogitations, without the will or the wish to hold any communication with his fellows.

Another night he retired to rest gloomy and silent. Stories and songs kept the prisoners awake till past midnight, when, one by one, at last dropped into a sleep so sound, that nothing could be heard but the panting breath, the startled exclamations of a dreamer, an occasional snort, or the nasal discords of gross men, some drunk, choked alike in throat and nostril.

In the early morning, Gagon moved noiselessly to the area window. If any of the prisoners had been awake, they might have thought he had taken his station there to hear the chiming of the barrack clock—which, by the way, was always out of order and perfidious in time—or to witness, with the moral reflection of a Young, the receding stars and the coming day. Two or three hours had passed, when the corporal of the guard began to shake his keys, and to rattle the bolts of the "lock-up" doors. In another instant he was

peering over the apartment with his dull lantern, counting the heads of his charge.

There was one short! He had evidently made a mistake; but, repeating the calculation, he was still that number less! "How stupid," thought he, "that I should again miscount!" To assist him, the door of the lantern was opened, and the full gleam of the candle passed over the faces of the sleepers. A third time the heads were counted; but, coax his figures as he would, he could not realize his number. Looking everywhere, and in every corner, under every board and basin, and turning over every spoon or pipe that came in his way, to find the missing man, the mystery was complete—"Gagon had gone!"

Whatever may have been the feelings of the corporal at this unexpected departure, he possessed sufficient calmness to ascertain, at the instant, the means by which the housebreaker had effected his escape. The doors had not been tampered with, the chimney was untouched, and the window under the pavement-grating remained intact; but, on reaching the one in the corner, he saw, too plainly, the process by which the prisoner had decamped. The lower sash was drawn up, the wire guard cut with a file or pair of pincers, and one of the bars, fixed into the sill, was driven aside. Through the space thus formed the ticket-of-leave pushed his spare body, and, unseen by comrade or sentinel, clambered over the hoarding; and, so stealing away, mixed with the crowd of this busy island.

Detectives have the reputation of possessing wonderful sagacity and scent; but these have, to this day, been effectually overreached by the handsome "Ticket-of-leave."

GO TO CHURCH.—Major ——, when adjutant at Chatham, did much good to the cause of religion by insisting on the women of the corps attending divine service. One woman, however—a Mrs. Collins—uniformly absented herself; and, on a certain Sunday, she was specially sent for, and desired to go to church.

"Yes," observed the mother, "I'm bless'd if I don't go, if the major will come and mind my Bill."

THE RISING AT PRESTON.

In the year of our Lord, 1842, there arose among the Chartists of the north a "much ado about nothing," as our rulers said. All the men of war were in their stirrups, hoping to hear the shout of battle, the rattling of deadly musketry, and the booming of devastating cannon; whilst the impotent and lame, and men of low estate, and others of no courage, quaked for fear, and hid themselves in garrets and cellars, to escape the coming conflict.

A revolution, by Jove! and in Preston, too! For a century and nearly a half, the town had gone on in uninterrupted repose—calm as a gentle summer's breeze—from the memorable day when General Wills licked the Scottish insurgents under Kenmure and Forster. Spurs were won then; and, judging from the disaffected aspect of the rabble, spurs were to be won again. Probably a few chivalric men—heroes in hope—had prepared their boots with blocks to receive the distinction.

This was something like the condition of Preston, and something like the expectation of the chieftains, when, one fine morning, about nine o'clock, as the sun came gleaming over the hills and lit up the valleys, a concourse of dirty boys and slatternly girls, and a few idle women, but many more ruffianly-looking men, came up the street in wild groups, bawling at the top of their voices and clattering their clogs, to demonstrate the majesty of the popular will against, what was termed by the mob, an "iniquitous law." Of the ragged rascals, there might have been a dozen or two less than 400 of all sorts, sizes, and ages; and in their midst marched about twenty of a Scotch regiment to awe them into quietness, or, at least to prevent an open rupture. Heated and anxious, the Scotch detachment seemed to bear on their front the impress of former achievements, and to be ready, according to their motto, for any enterprise, however difficult and hazardous, touching the Queen and Constitution. The magistrates of the town were present to sanction, by their

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awful countenance, any needful military service or extremity.

Just as the miserable mob—the representatives of universal suffrage—came before our office window, one of the magistrates, moved partly by fear and partly by glory, and, perhaps, royal mention and knighthood besides, read aloud the "Riot Act." This was to induce the crowd to move in peace to their respective homes. As he did so, the magisterial hand trembled, and the legal enactment crackled like parchment. His agitation might have arisen from terror! No, no; this must be recalled, for, considering the dignity of the individual, it would be more charitable to ascribe it to burning interest in his country's cause.

In illuminating the benighted minds of his wretched auditory, the magistrate had not proceeded far, when the impudent girls—who joined the mob to see the highlanders' legs, but which, unfortunately for their curiosity, were cased in trews from the waist to the instep—threw a few stones, not at the civic individual, but in the air, for a lark doubtless. To his worship's nerves the ebullition was not by any means agreeable; and, if he felt timorous, and ducked his head to avoid a blow, it was due as much to his prudence as to his peaceful mercantile pursuits, which unfitted him to bear, with becoming military firmness and abnegation, the stern incidents of an ill-judged insurrection.

Of course the tremor in the magisterial hand recurred, and the "Riot Act" fell to the ground; not, however, as a dead letter, for while, amid an uproarious cheer, the civic functionary stooped to receive the document from another civic hand, he gave orders to the Scotch detachment to fire! A motion or two had to be gone through before the order could be enforced; during which, vacillating between duty and the dreadful consequences likely to follow the execution of his commands, he revoked the mandate, and, assuming a valiant mien, stood erect, and spoke blandly to the thickening crowd.

But the girls, bent on fun, as they always are, did not care a rush to understand anything of the "Riot Act" or its consequences; and so, with reckless jollity, they turned on the civic functionary a few more stones. The rascally boys wickedly cheered their mirthful sisters; and the game was augmenting most hilariously, when, unfortunately, a boulder,

thrown by a strong arm, whirling past the ear of his worship, gave ample occasion, if the danger to Her Majesty's dominions did not, for the immediate use of military force; and that stout-hearted representative of order, renewed, with an utterance that blended sadness with necessity, the command to fire.

It was obeyed.

"Make ready; present;" and bang went the muskets one after another among the reeling mob! The women yelled; the children screamed; and the crowd, rushing every way to escape the threatened slaughter, left the doughty magistrate, with his civic suite and the soldiery, in quiet possession of a little standing-room, for which the dingy rabble did not contend.

Thus did the Scotch repair in 1842, the honor they had lost in 1715!

Not called on to take part in these sanguinary proceedings, we sappers simply remained in the office, wondering spectators of all that had transpired. When the Scotch detachment had fired, we started from our stools and stared to see the result.

"God, Charlie," exclaimed sergeant Murehead, "have they fired on the poor critters?"

"They have," replied Charlie Hollis; "and with ball too! Shure ye know that blank carthridge is not allowed since the days o' the Brishtol riots."

"It can't be possible," returned Murehead, feelingly, "that they've fired ball into that parcel of women and children! Was ever anything so cruel?"

Hollis was silent, but his face expressed the deepest commiseration for the rabble—not that he favoured their mode of seeking an adjustment of supposed grievances, but he thought that the civic individual, carried away by apprehension and an excess of zeal, was far too precipitate.

"Let us go home to breakfast," suggested Murehead, after a pause; "an' if anybody has been killed in this unfortunate transaction we shall hear of it. But," he added, in an under tone near the ear of Charlie, "half a dozen of the Irish police, shaking their truncheons only, would have made 50,000 of such critters melt into nothing in less than ten minutes."

Hollis motioned his head in doubt.

We went to breakfast.

Little relish had we for it. The scene we had just witnessed, and the reflections it induced, robbed us of the appetite which, until that morning, was invariably sharp-set and startling. We were, therefore, coaxed to do justice to the meal by our indulgent spouses. The screaming of frying-pans, and the uncovering of pots of marmalade, preserved meats, and jams, at last gave keenness to our stomachs and an edge to our gastronomic desires.

Hardly had we begun to fondle with the extras—some, indeed, had not tasted anything, whilst others had only taken half a breakfast—before sudden orders came for us to arm and prepare for the battle-field. In a twinkling this was done. From alleys, lanes, and corners we emerged, some munching bread-and butter, a few rubbing eggs and bacon-grease from their mouths, others puffing clouds from their pipes, and the rest, with the sleeves of their coats, wiping the dust from the locks and barrels of their muskets. Our hurry was great. It portended something dreadful; and the shopkeepers, taking alarm at our warlike movements, clapped on their shutters, bolted and barred their doors, and locked themselves in.

In less than ten minutes—so rapid were our movements—we were under arms, and in line. For action we were in good condition, as far as spirit was concerned; but we had no ammunition. This was a trifle; we could fight without it if need be. To the "Bull Inn" yard we marched, and thence to the jail, where we each got the necessary battle-provision, in the shape of twenty rounds of ball-cartridge. We hoped to be saved the trouble of its use, but the occasion was such, it was hardly safe for any one to be without his little magazine.

"Twenty rounds!" said one: "if the mob only knew what *we* have in store for them, they wouldn't continue to disturb the public tranquillity."

"The foolish people follow a figment," cried another. "Hounded on by demagogues, they can only see right in wrong. It must be our business to convince them of their error; and if each of us kill his twenty men, that must show that the law is stronger than faction."

"Ah!" observed a third, "I'm afraid that 'll not be all."

"What do you mean?" asked the first.

"Why, I calculate that my twenty rounds 'll do for twenty men, and as many boys and girls. I'm a dead shot!

We shall be close enough to send every bullet home, and strike those down who may be in rear of the foremost men."

"At this rate," said the second, "there will be at least a thousand slain by twenty-five men!"

"And let us feel happy," rejoined the first, "that the number isn't greater!"

Every moment we expected to be in the heart of a *mêlée*, gaining glory for ourselves by being killed, or reaping laurels for our corps by good manœuvring or individual heroism. Sergeant Pennison burned for honor and newspaper fame. He, nevertheless, looked pale; and some were unkind enough to say, it was fear that whitened his usually very red face. Whatever may have been the cause of the mischievous remark, it was discreditable to build conjectures upon mere facial appearances. Sergeant Murchead, however, who loved official palavering as well as anybody, did not burn, like Pennison, for a leaf of laurel for such an affair as that in which he expected to be engaged; "but," said he, "I should be proud to earn distinction in a breach like that at Badajos, or in a battle like Vittoria." He was one of those old Peninsula men who could never see a "scrimmage," without showing, by a ludicrous contrast, that it was nothing to Salamanca, Badajos, or Vittoria. To be called away from his eggs and bacon, to hunt a mob of "ragged, empty-gutted critters," as he designated the suffrage-men, made him grumble as roundly as a malingerer setoned and blistered.

Our noble commander, captain Kruter—one of the right sort of fellows, who cared as much for the flashing of swords and the whizzing of shot as for hips and haws—now appeared in our midst. He paced down our ranks, and, moving with a satisfied air to the front, made a martial speech, which, with great ill manners, we omitted to cheer. Casting his hawk-eye about the site on which we paraded, and, indeed, some distance beyond, he observed a mound of large stones in the street, lodged for the purpose of making a new pavement. He knit his brows; he reflected; and his penetrating mind, conceiving, with arch acuteness, that the heap might be resorted to by the dirty-faced insurgents, to our disadvantage, carts were immediately ordered to the spot to remove the paving-stones to a place of security. We saw the propriety of the measure, and silently praised our commander for his precaution and sagacity.

After packing our twenty rounds carefully in our pouches, we were marched back to the "Bull-Inn" yard, where we found a number of civic authorities, a few special constables, a number of police, and the Scotch detachment who had commenced the action in the morning; and who, by the certainty of their fire, had, we were informed, killed three persons, and wounded a great many more.

The "Bull Inn" was the head-quarters, the bell of arms, the rallying point for the royalist chieftains, the municipal dignities, the special constabulary, and the troops. Among pits, heaps of litter, idle vehicles, and old wooden sheds, the constitutional force cantoned. Hollis and Boylen, accoutred to the teeth, took possession of the body of a railway van for their bivouac, retaining it the whole of the day, smoking, cogitating, and sleeping by turns. Hollis, when a younger man, had performed faithful service on the Waterford and Wexford mountains. With many a huge plan spread over a huge desk, he had done successful battle, but never joined issue with a rebel; and though unaccustomed to the trammels of warlike equipment, was ready to show how he could adapt himself to the necessities of a crisis. So far, he was the only man who had had the temerity to mistake his orders—and fire! Well was it he had not been born a rifleman; for, luckily, the brave fellow missed the crowd; and the fatal shot, instead of killing half a dozen mobsmen, simply kicked up a devil of a dust in a crumbling embankment! Pennison had a snug billet, for, in the absence of our commander, he was the generalissimo of the party. Strutting about in his gay sash, and his sword rattling against his boots, he attracted some attention and more civility; and a spy in the party, who watched Pennison's jovial ability, got wearied in counting the number of glasses of brandy and water he drank at other people's expence. Murehead, the next in command, took matters very quietly, and bivouacked with his comrades. He was as bold as a Macedonian, and cool as an iceberg. Much he talked of Spain and Portugal; of the breaches he had stormed, and the battles in which he had fought. "Salamanca, Badajos, and Vittoria! Those were places where we did soldier; but this," added he, shaking his head with contempt, "is playing the soldier. Six or seven men," he continued, thumping the side of a coach with a wheel off, "tumbling down the

street, are quite enough to disperse any lawless gatherings, by pricking such as won't run in the buttocks with the bayonet. To shoot the critters is of no use. All they want is some meat to eat."

"Be the same token," remarked Arthy, "I feel a little peckish. What d'ye say to a snack, sergeant?"

"With all my heart."

"Landlord!" shouted Arthy, "Bread and cheese for eight, and a gallon o' beer."

It was brought in due time; and if ever a sight was pleasing, that was one *par excellence*, in which the party, strong, hungry, and social, demolished with a celerity almost incredible, the bread and cheese for eight, and the gallon of beer.

Nothing further occurred during the day. The rabble did not attempt to show themselves; and at ten in the evening, tired with boosing and suspense, we were ordered home, leaving our arms and ammunition in charge of the parties at the "Bull Inn."

Next day was Sunday, and the mob of Saturday, reverencing the Sabbath, did not mar its sacredness.—We, however, were all under cover in ambush, receiving from our noble commander special instructions in the art of evolution, target-practice, and tactics; elementary fortification and bridgemaking; the most effectual means of turning beer barrels, rum puncheons, old coaches, and paving-stones into barricades; and the best methods of attacking and defending public inns, and all sorts of factories and gasworks.

Even this was not enough for Boylen. Though dove-like in disposition, still, he was not without soldierly pride and emotion. Intent on proving himself a Vauban, he bore about with him a copy of Jones's sieges, tied like a wooden canteen to his pouch-belt; and whenever his mind wavered for an approved plan of proceeding, he refreshed his memory with details of the engineering struggles against Burgos and Ciudad Rodrigo.

On Monday morning, we marched early to head-quarters; and buckling on our arms and accoutrements, were soon *en route* for the gasworks. There we expected to contend with insurgents who talked of the ballot—it makes one shudder to think of the demoniacal idea—as one of the principles of their base political creed. Our martial bearing, bold looks,

cold steel, and apparent resolution, no doubt, had the effect of curbing the spirit of the rebels, and restraining their excesses. None did violence to the protection with which we were intrusted; and after showing them a cool and defiant front for two hours, we quitted the gas establishment and repaired to the office; where, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt our industry, we worked for the remainder of the day, with our knapsacks under the tables, and our muskets lying beside them, ready at a moment's warning to turn out in all the pomp and circumstances of glorious war.

Tuesday came. That was the awful day! Our rendezvous was the office, where we mustered in full force, muskets in hand, bayonets fixed, and pouches well stocked and secured. Rumours of wars and the rising of rebellious subjects reached us every minute. News thickened upon us as the moments flew; and next we heard that an insurgent force of about 5,000 men, armed in the primitive wildness of savages, from the coal-districts of Wigan, was expected to attack the city of Preston. To be correct in our information, scouts were sent from the office along the principal roads to bring intelligence of current events. Now we heard of meetings and musterings at the "Bull Inn," the danger of the gasworks, marchings and counter-marchings of the troops and the mobs, the gallant mien of the highlanders, the advance of the royalists and insurgents, the formidable curveting and cantering of the mighty men of Preston, and the foaming zeal of the magistrates. With such an accumulation of intelligence, our commander ordered us to parade, and proceed in haste to the bridge which we were to capture, if already in possession of the rebels.

Soon we were on the march, imitating the forced step of general Crawford's division. We were all excited; our hearts beat high, with regret on the one hand, for the deluded beings, who had dared interrupt the peace of the ancient city of Preston; and desire, on the other, to discharge our duty faithfully; and for which we doubted not we should be rewarded with the insignia due to steadiness and bravery. Pennison turned all colors of the rainbow, not from fear, but anxiety. Murehead looked as though he had tasted blood for breakfast instead of eggs. Hollis sighed for a laurel; he would have preferred a sprig of shamrock if such a substitution were possible. Boylen

was moody and prayerful, while poor Neal Arthy staggered along with his mouth unusually protruding, keeping his eyes sulkily on the ground, and losing the step every five or six paces.

Regardless of our several temperaments, or our feelings, or peculiarities, we marched on in close order, almost at the run, with our arms at the slope. Our locks were bright, our flints new, fixed in the cock with pieces of scarlet cloth, and our pouches, twisted round on our hips, handy for removing the cartridges. Our bayonets shone like burnished rapiers, and taking the rays of the playful sun, jets of light streamed from them, which more than astonished the peaceably-disposed people, who, for safety, followed in our wake.

On we pushed up hills, over level grounds, and down streets with a headlong pace; but in descending an inclined plane, one of the little party fell to the earth prostrate! Whether from dread or accident, a fit, a shot, or a thunderbolt, none could say. He fell heavily, like a bag of meal from the upper story of a warehouse, and with a noise quite as dull. There he lay, stretched as on a bier, with his eyes exploring, what poets in their eloquence term, "the azure heavens," and no kind hand was offered to help him. Sergeant Murehead, however, very quietly lifted up the musket, mingled again with his men, cast one sympathizing look on the fallen hero, and muttered something, a prayer, perhaps; but some ill-natured man said it sounded more like "d—n you."

After a good deal of blowing and boiling we reached the bridge, and—took it without an effort, for none were there to resist us. Afar off on the other side of the river among the fields, we could see our commander galloping this way and that way, dispensing his orders like a field-marshal, accompanied by five or six men of the city, bad substitutes for aides-de-camp.

In a few minutes, our captain was with us again. There was sternness in his countenance, and vigour in his rein, which kept a wild charger in the finest discipline. Steam was rising from his flanks, and deep breath, in fumes, snorting from his nostrils. Perspiration streamed down his legs, and welled at his feet. A noble steed was he, proud in his caparison; and though overworked, seemed impatient for more of it. Our commander again passed through our ranks,

and moving to the front, ordered us to "prime and load." This was done in the presence of all the improvised generals, who, galloping and jumping about with a capricious will, it was evident, that the martial motions of the detachment had awakened in them sensations akin to timidity. What else, indeed, could be expected? They were parochial functionaries, whose warlike dispositions had never risen above the amusing exercise of firing a dozen arrows at a mark, painted with glowing concentric circles, stuck up on two sticks against a tree in holiday time.

Nevertheless, the scene was spirit-stirring. Few hearts there were in that little party, that did not desire, like Marmion, "to press to the charge." Instead of looking at our muskets, our eyes were staring at the dazzling display in our front, the manœuvring of the civic grandees, and the rearing and prancing of their neighing steeds (some were cart-horses). In consequence of this, three or four of our detachment rammed down the ball first and the powder after it; some put the powder down and forgot the bullet; and some, carried away by eagerness, spilled the powder, crammed down the paper and ball, and forgot the priming!

All being finished, and our pieces cocked and sloped, our captain, who had sped to give orders elsewhere, returned at a gallop, his plume curling to the breeze, and his civic generals following at top speed a good distance behind, nearly enveloped in the dust, which the captain's fiery charger had thrown up. Heated and breathless he neared us, and desired sergeant Pennison to march the party to the Heights!

"To the Heights!" echoed the sergeant.

"To the Heights!" shouted the men.

We knew that the fate of the day was *now* to be decided; and bracing our nerves up to battle pitch, we commenced the final march. We cared not for the hot weather, nor for our tired limbs, nor harassed bodies; nor for our thirst, nor for a Jerry-shop that stood hard by, although if it must be confessed, we should have liked to show the measure of our strength, by taking an exciseman's share of a barrel of treble X. Nor, indeed, did we care for our lives. To do our duty we were determined; to fight like Homer's heroes, till we licked the dust. So marching on, in beautiful order, with a correct but rapid pace, our hearts thumping with pride, we reached the awful spot. Boldly we mounted the

Heights. Up we ran, like the gallants of the Pyrenees, bursting with the bravest intentions and gasping for breath. Gaining the summit, after a severe sweating—there was not a dry rag on us—we formed a hollow square! But, behold! to our extreme mortification—it would, perhaps, for humanity's sake, be better to say, gratification—the armies of the coal-pits and the coal-holes, the contingents from Wigan and the gasworks, had melted into thin air! We cast our eyes abroad—looking towards the four winds of heaven; but we could hear nothing but the simpering breeze, and see nothing but the hills and the clear blue sky!

We continued on the Heights, resting on our arms till the going down of the sun; and when it had sunk beneath the western horizon, home we marched to our several quarters, where we remained undisturbed for the remainder of the week.

On the Saturday evening following, we were ordered to "draw cartridges." Then it was discovered that some had balls only in the barrels; some, powder and paper; and some, balls and paper, but no powder. We could not compliment ourselves on the efficiency of our drill, testing it by the strict rules laid down in the book of platoon exercise; though we could not arraign our resolutions to be cool and heroic. A few cutting epithets and smiles succeeded the secrets which our muskets disclosed; but to end all, to the "Shelly Arms" we went, and concluded the glorious battle of Preston, in drinking health to ourselves, in brandy and water.

NOT PARTICULAR TO A SHADE.—In February, 1831, second-corporal Reid was tried by a regimental court-martial at Vido for absence, and received a slight punishment. In his defence he accounted for his absence by urging the old soldier's plea, that he was at the rear. A sergeant of the 18th Royal Irish having heard a few days after of the excuse Reid had made, expressed his regret to sergeant Shorter that he did not know it before, "for," said he, "be all that's good an' bad, I would have given him a hand in his difince, an' got half the grenadiers at laist to swear, that they war at the rair along wid him."

THE GENERAL OUT-GENERALED.

AFTER the fall of Badajos, private M'Carthy left the fortress in quest of plunder. As his blue coat was worn into innumerable holes, and otherwise disfigured with variously-coloured patches, he naturally felt an inclination to improve his poor estate; and seeing a sergeant of the 23rd fusiliers lying dead on the breach with a very good coat on, he exchanged the article, and, "proud as a peacock," stalked off with the scarlet substitute.

In his perambulation, moreover, he was very successful in meeting with quantities of rum—a beverage he could never smell without tasting; and taking more swigs from the canteens of the slain than he was able to bear without quarrelling, he soon became involved in a pugilistic altercation, in which, while doing his best to master his antagonists, he was unluckily pounced upon by the provost and placed in arrest.

Sir Thomas Picton, who was made aware of Jimmy's outrageous behaviour, ordered the delinquent to be brought before him. Possessing a tough heart and a spirit not easily depressed, M'Carthy boldly marched up to the general, determined to receive his doom like a man and a soldier.

"Is it possible," shouted the chief, addressing the culprit in the stern tones of an unfailing disciplinarian, "that a sergeant belonging to so respectable a regiment as the 23rd fusiliers, was found drunk and rioting with a couple of blackguard privates?"

Sir Thomas paused, as if waiting for a reply; but M'Carthy favored with a flitting recollection of the proverb, that "a still tongue makes a wise head," was silent.

"Conduct like yours, sir," continued the general, "deserves the heaviest punishment. Your commanding officer shall reduce you to the ranks and flog you well. March him away."

The provost-marshal was about to obey the general's bidding, when the thought struck M'Carthy that, by a little stratagem—and he was quite capable of employing it with

advantage—he might escape the sorer punishment which seemed to be in store for him. Turning again to the general, with a countenance betraying an overwhelming amount of sadness, he implored the chief to reconsider his decision.

The chief was impenetrable.

"Do, Sir Thomas, hear me!" exclaimed the offender, with lachrymose earnestness.

"Well," said the general, yielding; "what has the rascal to say for himself?"

"Only this, sir. If you think my crime deserves it, I implore you to break me yourself, and not write to my colonel."

"Yes, yes," he angrily rejoined; "you think by your drivelling submission to draw a pardon from me, do you? but this will only make your example the more immediate; so, for fear you might escape through the mistaken kindness of your officer, I will break you at once, sir. Off with his stripes, marshal!" roared the general, throwing, in the direction of the prisoner a clenched fist, which, had it grasped a sword, would have assuredly cut the fellow's head off.

With professional significance the provost-marshal removed the badges, while the general accompanied the operation with a rating stormy enough to make the strongest head reel under its severity. The ordeal over, Sir Thomas dismissed the delinquent, with a strict injunction to bear to his regiment the intelligence of his well-merited disgrace, and added, "I will write to your colonel, to prevent the service being again dishonored by the promotion of such a d——d scoundrel."

Difficult as it was to demean himself with becoming equanimity now that the artifice had succeeded, he nevertheless managed to screw out of the little propriety he possessed, sufficient gravity to appear penetrated with remorse and contrition; but when once free from the trammels of official sight, he dispensed, of course, with the visit to the colonel, and marching into the arms of his chuckling comrades, gave vent to his pent-up feelings in roars of laughter. Thus did the poor fellow, who afterwards perished in a chivalric attempt to save the wife of a friend from drowning, triumph over the keenness of his general, and save himself from a sound flogging.

THE TOURIST.

LOCH SUANAVALL is snugly basined near the south-western extremity of Louis, the most northerly island of the Hebrides. It is fed by many mountain streamlets, and relieved by an outlet, through which is carried the surplus of the reservoir into the Bay of Uig, two miles off. Lying nearly east and west, it is hemmed in on the north-west by the Suanavall Hill, and on the south by Mealishall and others of less interest. Suanavall Hill seems to have been pushed up by some volcanic effort from the bed of the lake, and to spread over the water a time-eaten breast, crested by beetling crags and perpendicular cliffs.

On a plateau at the west end and near the outlet, the view of the lake and its scenery is probably the best. Casting your eye eastwards, nearly the whole length of the lake is before you. It may be about a mile long, but nowhere is it more than half a mile broad. Precipices towering to inaccessible heights are on the right, and strips of land stretch into the water, and form—as if the rock had been scooped out for the purpose—little enchanting bays to haven the boat of the island mariner in a storm. Ridges also occur, with sharp, grim prows cutting far into the lake, so steep that no adventurer can scale them; nor can the goat, wishing to nip the scanty herbage on their summits, find footing. There alone, in undisputed sovereignty, can rest the eagle.

On the left, looking beyond the foot of Suanavall Hill, the loch is lined by grotesque rocks. In some places they seem to be piled one on another with misshapen bodies swelling over narrow bases, and forming, with a ruggedness strangely picturesque, romantic alcoves and chasms, where the constant agitation of the water, forcing through hinks and openings, elaborates hoar froth so thick, that one might almost walk on its honeycombed surface. Beyond these, or interposing, are some projections with bluff brows and expanded breasts, which seem as if they had boldly planted themselves in the lake, and to have withstood, without

wearing, the attrition of centuries. Two other small bays are there, which, under a summer's sun and a clear sky, possess features of surpassing beauty.

Picking your way as best you can—it is not easy to do so without scrambling at times—the east end of the loch is more fully in view. A mountain-rill sports under your feet, tumbling over clumps of stone, and foaming past every obstacle, till, with the accumulations of a small but never-ending influx, it dashes on and on, and at last plunges into the lake. Many other streams can be heard carrying on similar restless avocations, commencing at first with scarcely a bubble, then purling like a brook, then increasing, deepening, and widening, and anon seething and struggling till they become absorbed in the Suanavall.

Seldom do the islanders visit the lake. When they do, it is never alone. It has the terrible reputation of being haunted—of being the resort of spectres, and of weirds, to hold their orgies and determine human destinies. It is, moreover, said to cherish a monster, to which imagination has given all sorts of shapes, with a mouth of prodigious capacity, and a set of molars and crunchers of alarming strength. At certain seasons of the year it is customary to swim cattle across the bays, to pasture them on some verdant plots beyond. On one of those excursions, a cow sank and was never more seen. The pastorals were struck with terror at an event which happened in their sight, and strengthened a belief, which only wanted a tangible fact as mysterious as this, to confirm it without doubting.

On the afternoon of the 15th November, 1847—more wintry than pleasant — sergeant Donald Grant, who had been employed surveying the island, despatched his party to the encampment at the north-western foot of Suanavall, resolving to have a quiet view of the lake, and to examine its physical eccentricities, undisturbed by extraneous attentions. It was a little cold, and, though the sky was overcast, as if a fog were dimming it, there was no reason to think that the noon would break in deeper dullness. A stray bird or two were chanting their lays among the sered leaves of the few tree-tops, and there was an occasional grating chirp from an unseen creeping thing in the grass, which warned the traveller to tread lightly.

After mounting the summit of the hill, Donald bore away

for the outlet at the west end, descending first a sort of gorge, full of loose stones and fragments of rock. This gorge had an easy decline for a limited distance, then became steeper, and, finally, so abrupt as to be perilous. The pressure of his foot on the stones set the whole in motion, and he slid a few yards, augmenting the disturbance and the rumbling with every inch of his progress.

Not by any means in love with this kind of involuntary locomotion, he leaped to the rock on one side, and, waiting till the heaving track had become quiescent, gently recommitted himself to the defile, stealing onwards as if to cheat the shoal of its sensitiveness. Every step downwards was taken with care, for an awkward tread, a sudden slip, or a pressure too hastily given, was sure to produce that wayward effect he had found at starting. More than once, despite his cautious pace, the mass rolled on again, and stopped not till some irresistible obstacle beneath arrested its agitation. In this way he trended the gorge, now on the tide of stones, and anon, to prevent his being shot below as from a glacier, perched on a ledge of rock.

He had succeeded in getting half way down the mountain, when the pass, becoming more rugged and broken, his difficulties increased. It was a task that an enterprising tourist, who had come prepared with prog, tents, and attendants, might have enjoyed. But Donald was not a tourist, nor had he sufficient poetic extravagance in his composition to mis-name his trials "delights." He undertook the personal survey from a simple desire to see a few things connected with the lake, and to extend his topographical knowledge of the locality, without bargaining to meet any but common impediments, or to endure any but ordinary hardships. Still, as he had entered on his purpose, he was unwilling to relinquish it; the more so as, in retracing his steps and picking his way down the other side of the mountain, there was no promise of an escape from dangers which he knew existed in that direction.

Night seemed fast approaching. There were black clouds with snowy edges hovering above, and dreariness was everywhere. In a dismal region he could not but feel the sensation which loneliness—without the accessories of making it cheerful—is calculated to create. With no habitation near, no creature in sight—not even a stray goat to animate the

scene with its gambols, there was ample room to appreciate the desolateness of isolation. An eagle, indeed, at intervals, was seen swinging its huge wings with majestic stroke in the air, and then, alighting on a pinnacle of grizzly rock; but beyond this, and the splashing and gurgling of obstreperous rills, nothing was seen or heard. The lake was calm; there was scarcely a murmur on its surface. Deep and dark it lay between the cliffs, and, overshadowed as it was by a murky sky, it wore a gloom peculiarly its own.

In this situation there was no inspiration; nothing to stimulate one who merely sought the gratification of a newly-hatched, and not over-ardent curiosity. Still Donald declined to return, and pushing over the moving stones, passed into what appeared to be an undefined goat track, which led to the right along a precipitous and jagged way, in some parts shelving to a rock with an imminent slope. Thus invited, he strode onwards, and reached a spot where was a rift—dividing the mountain—split, perhaps, by the gaunt hand of old Time himself. It was nearly five feet broad, supported by a wall of rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Donald was not an expert man at jumping; he was too heavy for any violent exercise; he did not like to have his vitality shaken up like physic in a chemist's shop, and would readily have dispensed with the exertion, only he was buoyed up with the expectation of finding an easy escape from the intricacies of the mountain. Over he leaped, alighting hard on the slope at the other side of the chasm, with a frame jerked at every joint. Had the rock been level, the probability is, he would have rebounded and fallen into the cleft. Gathering himself up, he pursued his course, but was suddenly brought to a stand, some fifty yards beyond the gap, by a perpendicular wall of rock, absolutely terminating the track.

What was to be done? It was useless to roam over an unknown country, with the evening closing in, destitute of the means of sheltering himself for the night, or of adding to his solace the pleasure of disposing of a supper of bacon and eggs, and a stiff glass of warm toddy with more whiskey than water in it. Wearied nature, indeed, was already longing for this comforting provision. What was to be done? The wind was getting higher; the cloud had stretched itself over the island, while the denser mass was brooding gloomily over his head; the lake was peevish, and the very few birds of the island were silent in their retreats.

Not long communing with himself, he determined to return. Threading the track which had allured him on—one of nature's making—he was brought to a stand at the forbidding gap. If the bound on the descent were made with difficulty, how was it to be accomplished from the lower to the upper rock? But it was idle to speculate; there was no alternative; the dread leap must be taken!

Standing on the edge of the chasm, he narrowly surveyed it, as if to ascertain the last atom of impulse it required to reach the other side. A few thoughtful moments followed, when he cast his eyes, with an instinctive shudder, into the fissure, to estimate the chances, if he fell, of surviving the event. That his brain did not whirl was due to a robust mind, which looked at danger as an enemy to be combated and beaten. Nevertheless, a thrill crept over him; his heart beat with a quicker pulse; there was a tingle in his nerves, and a fitful motion in his eye, which peered in every direction, to trace, perchance, the approach of unexpected help.

To go over in full dress, harnessed by braces, he considered would materially encumber his energy. He, therefore, lightened himself by pitching his cap, stock, jacket, and boots across the fracture. Thus reduced to a racing costume, he had a remote resemblance to a champion about to win "the cup" for a high leap. He was, however, much too over-weighted for any course, and a great deal too heavy for this. Middle-aged, wanting suppleness and elasticity, he was no stranger to his inability for gymnastic extravagances; but, like a sinking man, clutching at a reed to bear him through the surge to the shore, he took hope from the lucky impression, that when he exerted his untried capability, a sudden development of his strength would carry him, like an acrobat, high over the break.

Sustained by that consoling thought, he was, happily, not troubled with any over-mastering fears, and calmly prepared for the leap. From the unevenness of the ground, there was but little room to acquire impetus by a preliminary run; and so, drawing out his strength and inhaling a full breath, he made a spring. Away he went, mid-earth and air, poised for an instant over the chasm. The next—good heavens! down he fell with a crash, not into the gap, but on the opposite brink on his chest and knees! It was a fearful moment. One leg was hanging down the cliff, and there was imminent risk of his slipping into it. Another second would

have sealed his fate; but pressing the rock with an awful intensity that drove the blood in an epileptic rush to his face, he thrust out his hands, and seizing, with an almost despairing grasp, a solitary tuft of stubborn scrub, he drew himself from the brink, and, regaining his feet, thanked providence for his deliverance.

Soon dressed, he wandered along the treacherous track, not displeased with the firmness of his moral resolution, which had encouraged him to dare the extremity he had just surmounted. In this moody way, he turned into the gorge, pushed up the ascent of shifting stones, and urging his foot over the mountain top, assisted in his course by some goat marks, found himself in time at the base of the Suanavall, having escaped, as he expressed it in the hyperbole of the country in which he had spent many years of his life, "with only three or four shins broken."

It was not so late as he expected, though the darkness that prevailed made the evening night. This was occasioned by the cloud before spoken of resting like a canopy over the island. That a storm was gathering was evident. To make a quick retreat to camp was Grant's desire; but he had not proceeded far, before the spreading mass, sinking lower and becoming blacker, presented so many points of solemn interest, that his attention was absorbed in gazing at them. As he stood watching the development of the phenomena, superstitious embodiments flitted across his imagination. Seasons there are when the highest natures have such visitations. In Grant's case, the situation and circumstances were favourable to a flight of mental extravagance. There was a chance, he fancied, of seeing the monster with the mythological shape, which had swallowed the peasant's cow; and he looked across the loch to witness its emergence. But his mind, though it submitted to the imposition of a transient freak, was far too steady to conjure up a form that had no existence to worry him as if it were real.

Meanwhile, the cloud was driving onwards, and throwing its blackness to the rear; the wind was murmuring as if complaining of a grievance unredressed, and a small ripple was on the water, fretting the rocks with incipient peevishness.

Then came a dead calm. There was not a breath in the air; the lake was placid and so mirror-like, that the soft notes

of the birds chirping among the motionless bushes, could, in imagination, be seen rolling across its surface.

Suddenly a gleam of lightning shot from the cloud, so brilliant, that the east end of the lake seemed blazing like a furnace; and then followed a clap of thunder, supervened by crash on crash, blending into one continued growling roll. Broken up by the convulsion into angry masses, the elemental war waxed fiercer. Lightning played in rapid and dreadful sublimity, ushering in peals of deafening thunder, which clamored with a varying voice, deeper and louder, till their echoes were exhausted in the far distance. As the noises rattled and reverberated through cavern, chasm, and gorge, there was a tremor in the mountain; and the heaving lake lashed the haughty cliffs with its surge, as if bent on breaking the girdle which bounded its needless impetuosity.

Presently, the storm which had subsided for a few minutes, renewed its fury. A wailing moan was in the air, the atmosphere was thick, and the broken clouds almost breasted the waves. A few minutes more, and the heavens were in a blaze; burning forks exploded on the rocks; the lake was one expanse of fire, and a horrible roar of contending thunder bursting in mighty crashes on the mountains, seemed to tear them from their bases and tumble them into the hollows. Never before did Donald Grant see such sights or hear such sounds; and though no monster appeared, nor witch, nor warlock—

> "That night a child might understand
> The de'il had business on his hand."

All this, though awful, was bearable. Grant looked on in wonder, hoping the worst had passed; but the black clouds at last opened their sluices, and down fell the rain as if from water-spouts, striking the earth with a force that raised a spray, like haze over the land. The rills were swollen into infant rivers, which, meeting other rills equally enlarged and resistless, formed eddies and cascades, and then plunging over fragments of rock and clumps of vegetation, admixed with old boughs, stones, and aggregations of nature's surplus, washed for centuries from the sides of the hills, dashed with the tumult of a cataract into the troubled reservoir.

In time the storm passed to seaward, the mountains appeared as before, the lake took up its stillness, and all things assumed their former aspect, except, indeed, the

lonely tourist, who, unable to find shelter from the tempest, bore the vicissitude with unnerved submission. With a rain-beaten face, a back drenched by an incessant stream from his cap, a soaked shirt that wrapped him like a bathing garment, he thought, as all benighted travellers do, of the blessings of home. Two miles off was his camp, to reach which, he had to traverse a tract of country always difficult by day, but more so by night, from the presence of crags, swamps, and burns. There was no help for it. Comfort or repose he did not expect till the journey was accomplished; and so, posting off with a wet foot, a constant drip from every corner of his clothes, and wading through sheets of water, and over roads and fields of mud, he at last found himself, near midnight, half drowned, within his small hut, "not quite sure he was in his seven senses."

TEST OF SOBRIETY.—Captain Locke L—— having one day placed in arrest sergeant Donnellan, for being drunk, reported the circumstance to major Rice Jones, adding, he *thought* that the sergeant was intoxicated. It was the mildest form in which he could speak of the sergeant's excess, far more than he deserved, for he could scarcely see the difference between a bastion and a rope ladder.

"My dear captain," said the major, "you must not *think* on such a matter. If you cannot be certain, in God's name give the sergeant the benefit of the doubt. Go now, and try him again."

The captain returned to the guard-room, and pulling out his watch, asked the prisoner to name the hour.

Donnellan stared at the dial as he would at a sheet of incomprehensible print, and with an interstitial hiccup or two, exclaimed, "Twenty—minutes—to—eleven!"

"That's very near," whispered the captain to the sergeant-major. "You see he is only *ten minutes out!* Release him, then; for whatever his appearance may seem to the contrary, it is evident, militarily speaking, he is not drunk!"

Donnellan could not have stood up at the moment without falling into the fire if he had been offered a fortune to make the effort.

QUINTO.

FOR many years Quinto had a comfortable *status* in the barracks at Woolwich. He was a native of Spain—a shaggy-looking animal of moderate size, and anything but comely. There was no intelligence in his face, and no sparkle in his eye; but he was not without those instincts which, in certain particulars, constituted him a sapient regimental dog.

Formerly, Quinto belonged to the Carlists, fighting against the royal cause, and perhaps was not well treated; so, when an opportunity offered, he forgot his patriotism, and deserted, taking for his masters those who were likely to give him fewer kicks and better rations. At the time, the sappers were in action against the defenders of Salic law; and being the most showy troops on the field, Quinto made over to them. Regarding it an ill omen that the dog should break his fidelity at such a moment, many a musket in the Carlist ranks was levelled at him, many a bullet tore the earth around him; and, at last, a ball striking one of his hind legs, he ran the faster on his three sound ones, reaching his new friends without further disaster.

The battle over, the sappers set to work to examine and dress the fugitive's wound. The limb was broken, and, from loss of blood, Quinto had well-nigh beaten his last pulse. Restoratives were administered, splints fixed, bandages applied, and, by a generous diet and the constant attentions of his extemporised surgeons, he was in a few weeks discharged from the sanatarium in fair health and friskiness. Though the wound healed, the leg was withered and useless, and it dangled from his shrivelled flank like the pelisse of a gallant hussar, with an action quite as involuntary as if a cigar-case had been tied to his tail.

When the sappers quitted Spain, Quinto followed their fortunes to Woolwich; and [illegible] British ground, his Spanish patronymic was [illegible] Charlie. Quartered within the walls of a small barrack, he soon acquired the

the fullest information with respect to its precincts and conventionalisms. The dinner-call he knew much better than a recruit, and always knew where to fare the best. Never had he occasion to pick up crumbs, for there were mountains of bone at his service, no end of discarded bits of Tommy, and cold soup as much as he could lick up. Few dogs had a rounder belly or a fuller face, and there were not many who smelt stronger of countersign, sea-pie, and onions.

From an early hour every morning till long after dusk, except when certain internal cravings sent him to the cook-house, Charlie stood sentry at the front gate. Except those to whom he was accustomed, never a child was permitted to enter the square without a bullying. The same fate followed all dogs, of whatever breed or size, or however passive or pugnacious. He cared as little for a mastiff as a puppy, and to maintain his place as the supreme quadruped of the barracks, he was obliged to fight all comers. If one ventured the liberty of pushing his nose within the gates, Charlie was down on him in a twinkling. The greatest offence committed by any of his species, was the unpardonable sin of stealing into the barracks and sniffing at his larder. On such occasions, Charlie was almost rabid, and rested not till he had worried the intruder beyond the manor of which he considered himself the only legitimate lord.

Increasing years at length made Charlie an aged dog. He had grown gray, stupid, and indiscreet. His vigour had left him, though his aroused spirit, at times, shook up his dormant energies, and provoked him to plunge at some innocent terrier as it chanced to pass the gateway. In one of his insane forays, not measuring his discretion by his former sagacity, he darted into the road, and was crushed under the wheels of a costermonger's cart. Killed outright, he was mourned by the bugle-boys, who decently covered up his remains in an old regimental box, and buried him with military honours under the broad stone of the flagstaff.

QUINTO'S WIFE.

FAN was Charlie's companion. She was a small pug, prettily built, and a beauty. Her body was cream-colored, her face black, and her forehead, rising to an intellectual height, gave force to a pair of deep hazel eyes, which almost spoke. Her hair was short and wiry, her legs slim and sleek, and a bushy tail, curled up like an ammonite, terminated the length of a symmetrical structure, which was almost mathematically exact in its proportions.

Fan was fleet and stately, modest, indisposed to quarrel, but nevertheless as full of tricks as a bugle-boy. A Spaniard, like her lord, she was invariably addressed in pure Castilian. She could stand on her hind legs and waltz—all things considered—like a ballet-dancer. To a stricken mendicant she would have been cheap at any price, for she could sit on her flank, look melancholy, whine distressingly, manufacture a few tears, and, like any impostor, hold an old cap or a tin box for ha'pence any length of time. She could also march, shake hands gracefully, bolt at command a lump of meat placed on the tip of her moist snout, and roll on the ground to explain her notions of the restlessness of young ladies in bed. Singing, too, was one of her many accomplishments; but though she fell miserably short of what was necessary to render her famous, she at least did her best to deserve the character, however humble, of a cantatrice.

In her habits she was much like Quinto, except the fighting. While he moped at one pier of the gateway, she moped at the other; and with this pair of sentinels—an instinctive plagiarism of the magnificent originals at the Horse Guards—it was not an easy matter for any dog to pass without a double attack from the inseparables; the one barking and growling; the other, like a born Warwick, doing the battle.

A numerous progeny had Fan. On occasions of the accouchement, Quinto's tenderness was remarkable, offering a beautiful lesson to negligent husbands. Affectionate as he

was, he had a duty to perform, which he took care to accomplish, and thus divided his attention between the gateway and the nursery. In providing food for his better-half, he was as diligent as considerate. To her he took the choicest morsels, satisfying his own robust appetite with bits of stew, strong mutton, pieces of rancid fat, corners of potatoes, hard bread, and sups of cold greasy soup.

For many years this happy couple lived together in amity. About the same age, they became gray in the same month; but Fan was the first to show symptoms of decay. Her eye grew dim, and then, covered with an opaque, blue film, she became blind. Her flesh fell into her sides, exposing her ribs, so that the whole framework of her once beautiful figure could be distinctly traced. Feebleness at last prevented her moving. Charlie's tenderness and watchfulness in this extremity were most touching. For hours he used to lie by her side, reviving her by the rasping of his tongue, and helping her to such delicacies as he could scrape up in his diligent peregrinations; but Fan, unequal to the task of receiving the nourishment, only sniffed and was silent. At the idea of losing their favourite, the men were distressed. Every one became a veterinary surgeon for her sake, trying both their own skill and the power of tonics and sedatives. Nothing availed; and to end a misery which was likely to be prolonged, the buglers mercifully stepped in, and with wet eyes and saddened countenances, drowned poor Fan! Coffined by the boys, and borne on their shoulders to her long home, she rests under the old stone where the flagstaff was usually reared, followed, soon after, by her faithful companion.

UNPLEASANT GAUGING.—On one of the pontooning days at Virginia Water, private Jenkins was appointed to note the immersion of the cylinders as the guns passed over the central raft of the bridge. He sat astride a pontoon, gauge in hand, with his legs dangling in the lake. His attention, however, was of no avail, as the cylinder was wholly immersed.

"Well, what was the vertical immersion of your cylinder, Jenkins?" asked one authorized to ascertain the fact.

"Why, sir," replied the gauger, smiling, "the water rose quite over it, and six inches up my back!"

CHEAP LIVING.

SERGEANT RING was an oracle in his day, and a great favourite of one officer in particular. Regarded as an exemplar of strictness and probity, he stood up as bold as a buttress, relying on the confidence reposed in him by his superiors. Still, Ring was freaky and funny, including among his amusing frivolities, the innocent diversion of filching books and great-coats from his men; and, after selling them, reporting his victims for losing the articles. These were some of his simplest jokes: one, more ingenious, follows.

It was his reputation for honesty, and the perfect reliance that could be placed on his care, that caused him to be selected, some thirty years ago, to take charge of the mansion of "the particular officer," during his absence on a wedding tour. The young sub was a wonderful economist, and looked ahead like a Paterfamilias. Ireland, as every one knows, is a remarkable country for pigs; and the officer, who had a spare organ in his brain to devote to matters touching cheap living—for he counted well the cost of every article he purchased, from a shirt-button to an outfit—bought a few young "curly tails," to fatten and kill. Having in time acquired the proper bulk and weight, the grunters were despatched, salted, hung up, and converted into first-class pork. Ring was now left in charge, and the officer took ship for England to get his wife.

But Ring relished a tender piece of pork as well as his officer. Of its quality, and flavour he was an admirable judge. Without doubt it was in the primest condition: every morsel, from the trotters to the snout, was first chop; and he made as free with the stock as if it were his own. Finding the supply rapidly diminishing, it struck him that a stratagem was necessary to get out of the scrape. If he could not invent a scheme to prevent disclosure, his character was hopelessly gone; but there was little fear of this, for at framing plausible falsehoods, and using insidious artifices, he was as ready as any man in the United Kingdom.

Away went a letter to his patron, marked "immediate," stating—with deep regret, of course—that as the operation of salting the pork had been imperfectly performed, the whole stock—body and bones—had become one mass of putridity, filling the place with a smell disgustingly fœtid. It was not only an annoyance to him and his family, but he was apprehensive it would be felt as a nuisance by the parish; and unless it was instantly disposed of, he would have to leave the house. He suggested, however, that some of the best of it should be given to the poor in the neighbourhood, if, and that was very questionable, he could prevail on any wretches whose appetites and noses were not acutely susceptible of taint and stench, to lug it away.

Economist as the officer was, he did not hesitate to order its instant removal, adding, that as he wished the house to be free of all disagreeable odours by the time he should return with his newly-wedded wife, the rooms should be thoroughly aired and sweetened by fumigants and open windows.

But all this was needless. The pork was as sound as could be purchased in any butchery. Ring bagged the whole lot, lived cheaply on the luxury through the winter; and, with an unpricked conscience, had the audacity to run full tilt at the economist, with a long bill for sweeteners and sulphurs!

Ring's subsequent career was one of unchecked success; but just as he had reached the pinnacle of his hopes, he was struck down without the chance of giving any account of his wealth. Frittered away in loans, and deposited in insecure places, exposed to the rapacity of persons who suffer no remorse from robbing the dead, very little of his property was recovered, and in a few short months the widow and her family were ruined.

Poor Mrs. Ring! Pitiable it was to see her, once so easy in circumstances, so high in pride, so fashionably dressed, so richly bedecked with jewelled ornaments and golden chains, wearing the scanty garb of want, and trying to scrape up a hard living, by selling (perishing behind a borrowed stall) rosy-cheeked apples and hot brandy-balls.

THE LETTER D.

"Is that Duncan M'Fechan?" exclaimed sergeant Scobell, meeting on the road one whom he had known for years in the corps, and of whose discharge, under circumstances of disgrace, he had heard the tidings.

"Yes," replied Duncan, in an ungainly tone. "If you have no objection, I'll go in the steamer with you to Glascoe."

"Can ye pay for yersel'?" asked Scobell, very doubtful whether he had the means.

"I've got more than eneugh for that," rejoined Duncan.

"Weel, that's comfortable," returned Scobell, with a satisfactory air, feeling that he was free from the chance of being called upon to liquidate the expense; but to make sure of it he added, "I'd advise you, Mack, seriously, when you get to Lindon, to tak' yer passage at ance an' pay the money doon; for ye ken, ye may be tempted in toon; an' it's me that knows owre weel, if ye begin to cut a dash wi' yer new frinds, ye'll no' ha' much in th' morn to tak' yer berth i' th' steamer."

"No fears," said Duncan, who was a man of few words, though in conduct, he had been as wild and dissipated as any fellow bearing the name of Tempest.

The two started to the wharf, Scobell keeping ahead, lest the connection should subject him to the charge of not supporting the character of the corps; and M'Fechan, actuated by some such impression, walking tranquilly in rear.

When on board, Scobell cast a searching glance over the vessel to see if any were present who, knowing him, were likely to scandalise his proceedings at head-quarters. Apparently there was not a military man in the steamer, nor was there a single moustache, except the fawn-colored pair he wore himself, which, untrimmed and unpomaded, had grown out something like a heap of litter before a stable-door.

There was now no necessity for any further reconnaissance;

the "Sylph" was cutting her way up the river, and Scobell bent his head to observe through the window on deck the action of the pistons and cranks, and the motion of the cylinders, as Duncan, with the indifference of a stranger, stole quietly up to him.

"Weel, Mack, yer on the way fer Glascoe, noo," ejaculated the sergeant, glancing at his old comrade.

"Yes," was Duncan's uninteresting reply.

"Aye, mon, I canna but think ye mad' a bad job o't to get yer discharge frae the corps."

"I'm glad I've left it," said M'Fechan, stolidly looking at the spray which foamed on the deck from the rapid strokes of the paddles.

"Haw can ye say sic a thing? Gude gracious me! I didna b'lieve ye were sae heedless. What can a useless fellow like you dae out o't?"

"No fears; I can go to the tailorin'," returned he, buttoning his jacket, as the wind, blowing fresh against the head of the steamer, warned him to take this precaution.

"Without a caracter? Ay, but ye'll rue it, Mack—ye'll rue it sairly afore lang, mark my words."

"I'll get as much ony day as I can airn."

"That'll be no much. Times are hard, Mack, an' if ye can scrape up eneugh to buy needles for a job, it'll be as much as ye'll get in Glascoe."

M'Fechan tried to explain to Scobell, not in language very convincing, that he had as good a chance in the world as many who, like himself, were not over scrupulous about their sobriety.

Scobell shook his head, and while expressing his doubts of the assurance M'Fechan had conceived of the success that awaited him, both landed at a wharf near to the office where agreements were entered into for passages by steam to Edinburgh. As soon as he had gained the door, Duncan pushed into the counting-house, paid his fare, and next morning embarked with the sergeant.

Arriving at Leith, they railed on to Glasgow, where Duncan left the sergeant, to seek a new home, new acquaintances, and new employment, determined to deserve whatever he might obtain by steady conduct, to which as yet he was a stranger. Many years had rolled into the past since he trusted to his own resources, and he knew not the difficulties

that lay in his way of acquiring an honorable competence. Life was a stern battle, a series of desperate struggles—one succeeding the other with a rapidity so startling, that without friends to help him through, nothing but failure and despair were in the future.

Scobell went on with his accustomed duties. He was probably the best known of all the sergeants at the Cross. About nine months after parting with M'Fechan, Scobell placed his back against the spot where oft he had rested, and cocked his eye, which seemed to have a strength of ray sufficient to see what was doing at the other side of a wall, when a group of artizans and others, out of work, circled round him, and made all sorts of inquisitive inquiries about the army; for which Scobell, an adept at his business, was only too well prepared. They had their hands in their pockets, rattling a few odd coppers, which told a tale of coming hardship. Some also had tools slung over their shoulders, with rules peeping from seam-slits in their trousers, as if bent on a long tramp in search of work. These were favorable signs; and Scobell, in the gorgeous language of a thorough-bred recruiting-sergeant, surprised his company by revelations of a character which inspired the whole of them with a wish to know more of the corps, in whose behalf he acted the part of an able and industrious solicitor.

Worked up to a proper pitch of enthusiasm, Scobell augmented it by his unexpected liberality.

"You all seem," said he, "as though ye wanted a wee dhrap to help ye on the road. It's a cauld day, an' it 'll keep the bleak air frae yer mooths. Follow me to the rendezvous, an' we'll talk owre the mätter afore ye commit yersels to a lang an' p'r'aps a profeetless journey."

All went. They were in all sorts of costume, from fustian and velveteen to suits of black and invisible green. There was a good show of hats and caps among them, and a few stood up in the distinguished bluntness of white collars, jewellery, figured waistcoats, and fancy sticks. Every countenance had a spice of significance about it; and the stalwart build of the men, the rattling of their tools, and the refinement with which some of them handled and adjusted their working showed that each knew enough of a trade, or of some genteel profession, to make the employment desirable.

either in civil life or in the corps to which all had an idea of transferring their services.

"Come alang, chaps, an' sit ye doon," shouted Scobell, invitingly. "You're heartily welcome;" and all pushed into the parlour, where the sergeant had requested none should enter to disturb his recruiting negociations, except indeed some likely aspirants who might wish to consult him on the Queen's business. Calling for whiskey, a tray of pipes, and a quantity of tobacco screwed up in papers bearing military mottoes, the lads, who disdained the softening admixture of water in their glasses, turned to the raw material as if it were as impotent as cold tea. As may be expected, they soon got warm and gay, were clamorous in praise of the sergeant and his corps; and assenting to Scobell's terms, one and all took the shilling, and drank it.

It was a sprightly party. The glowing recruits let their imaginations run so wild, that not a man among them expected less, in the end, than the rank and emoluments of a field-marshal; and while vaulting from one extravagant hope to another, Scobell whispered into each ear, as if it were a secret not to be imparted on any account to a second party, that he would certainly use his best interest to see that he obtained the position, it was the most natural thing in the world he should aspire to! Scobell was decidedly the most sensible man of the lot. He had a wonderful command of himself; for, while all were as merry as crickets, making, as he eloquently expressed it, "a jolly jubilee of their discreetion," he alone was as sober as a pledged water-drinker, and as garrulous as the chairman of a debating society.

When the merry-making was at its highest, and a few of the recruits were lying helplessly overcome beneath the tables, M'Fechan walked into the room. His face was a little blanched; his hair not as neatly combed as was his habit, and his chin had not felt the edge of a razor for more than a week. His clothes were getting shabby, and the uppers of his boots had some difficulty to support the friendly connection which formerly subsisted between them and the soles. A few buttons were off his waistcoat, and the cold air, which had penetrated the threadbare circles of his elbows and the fretted knees of his Tweeds, somewhat pinched a frame, which, when Duncan started for Glasgow, was round

with muscle, and ruddy with health. Scobell made him welcome. It put him in mind of old times. Plenty was there for him; but not relishing the hospitality so readily accorded, because he had not the means to assist in the orgies, he quickly left the rendezvous, taciturn and sober.

"I merely came to see how you're gettin' on," mumbled Duncan. "Good-night." And pushing the door before him, back it came with a violent swing, and M'Fechan was in the street.

Leaving the lively recruits, who had recovered in due time, and in a couple of weeks passed into the corps, we shall allude more especially to Duncan M'Fechan.

Though dissipated and debauched, he was still well-looking. Stout and square-shouldered, he walked with a military bearing. Not over plump in face, his complexion was agreeably tinted, as if a camelia and a damask-rose had blended their hues and bathed it. Hair of the blackest, hanging in curls over his temples, matched a pair of sparkling eyes, burning like jets, beneath a couple of well-balanced brows. His nose was of the Grecian type; his mouth small; and there was a manly expansion in his chin and forehead, which completed a visage really handsome. These were characteristics of intelligence and information, yet his mind was a stranger to education. He was illiterate, brusque, and morose—ill able to appreciate any disinterested attentions exercised in his behalf. Nevertheless, it was a great sacrifice to the ranks to discharge so fine a man; but his excesses at last became so frequent, there was nothing left, to make him aware of the magnitude of his error, but to turn him adrift, as unworthy to remain in the corps.

For a time, after reaching Glasgow, he succeeded in getting some odd jobs which paid him fairly; and he began —as was natural—to hold up his head like a citizen. Military discipline he regarded as something intended to suffocate a fellow; a dismissal from it nothing short of manumission. Suddenly, the tide of prosperity took a turn, and as it ebbed away, [illegible] fewer and fewer, till he was destitute. Scobell saw him frequently, and remarked the changes, from well to better, and then from better to worse and worse; but once, when coming down the hill-side on a bleak day in the middle of winter, while a cutting wind shrieked over the ground and [illegible] mortals exposed to it

into attenuated dimensions, Scobell looked compassionately on his comrade. Though Duncan tried, with all his old pride, to maintain his appearance, though he tried to walk erect and to dwell on his step with the firmness of a soldier, it was plain he was unequal to such efforts. His knees were unbraced, his pace quick and short, and his eyes, before strong enough to stand against any severity of weather, elaborated involuntary tears, which, falling on his cold bloodless cheek, rolled in globules of ice to the pavement.

"I've jist come to see how the world's usin' ye," said Duncan, seemingly indifferent whether Scobell answered or not.

"Weel eneugh. I've no complaint, Duncan. How goes things wi' yersel'?"

M'Fechan tossed his head and looked into the hazy atmosphere, which threatened to snow.

"I see't, Mack. Ye canna get on. I thocht so frae th' beginnin'. It's no in Glascoe a fellow 'll do weel without a caracter. Didna I tell ye so, Duncan? Aye, I knew it, an' warned ye to mak' up yer mind to hardships and disappointment. An' things 'll be no better 'till ye strike oot a bold coorse for yersel' like a man o' pride an' detarmination."

"What do you mean?" inquired Duncan.

"Of'en I've thocht aboot it. Yer not past redemption, Duncan. Ther's many a young man worse than yersel' to be found, an' in the army too. Wi' sic a young face as yours, an' sic a stoot body, I wonder why ye dinna list agin."

M'Fechan smiled. "I'd sooner starve!" exclaimed he, as he superciliously turned his back on an eating-house, in proof of his resolution; and gazed on the snow which just then began to fall in flakes as large as florins, and drive with the wind towards the Cross.

"By all means do. Starve if ye prefare it. That's th' case wi' ye a'ready, man! Any one can see you've no had a meal these twa or 'ree days. Now come, Duncan, don't be foolish. Pride is all very weel, but don't let it beggar ye. Mak' up yer mind, an' I'll do my best to set the thing going."

With a shrug of the shoulders and a melancholy movement of the head, M'Fechan shouted, with emphasis,

"Never," and walked away, dashing the snow-flakes from his cheek.

This was his character, and Scobell neither felt umbrage nor surprise at his behaviour. During the next two months, M'Fechan often flitted past the Cross without offering any other recognition than a nod to one who was anxious to befriend him. The air was keener; snow was deep on the ground, hardened by a black frost, which made the boughs of the trees crack and snap from their stems as if a woodman were lopping them off. He was ill-clad, very sparingly fed, and ill able to confront the bitterness of the season. In this wo-begone plight, did Duncan again approach his old comrade. Complain of his straits and miseries he would not, nor would he ask alms; but he hoped that Scobell's penetration might estimate his wretchedness and yield corresponding relief. The sergeant, though he liked his "siller," and would see a great deal of misery before he parted with it, was far from being a hard-hearted man, and in M'Fechan's case, was never backward to supply him with the crumbs from his circumscribed abundance. Sometimes he would give Duncan a glass of ale; now and then a "taste o' whuskey," and seldom let him depart without "warmin' his frost-bitten nose with a bit o' tobacky." A few pence were also pushed into his hand to purchase a little meal; and "forbye that," an extra copper or two was added, to barter for butter to assist the "parritch" in slipping to a destination, where a colony of functions was querulous for something to appease their cravings.

"Duncan," said Scobell, concernedly, "why do ye go on in this way, withoot tryin' to better yer condition?"

"I am trying," replied the vagrant, snappishly.

"To no purpose. Everything 'll fail but listin'. It's the best hope for ye in these dreadful times; an' I warn ye, Duncan, it's the only chance to recover yoursel' an' keep baith soul an' body thegither."

"Stra[illegible]" observed M'Fechan. "If you stri[illegible] it higher up, ye may get another sound out o't that 'll [illegible]."

"No [illegible] 'll suit but the one, tak' my word for it, Duncan [illegible] must list, or you'll starve, an' p'r'aps do worse."

"Na, [illegible]" replied M'Fechan, with a knowing, unthankful

air. "Let ithers try that like the army. I've had eneugh o't;" and he slid away without any salutation, feeling, though he did not look it, proud of the independence he had shown to the sergeant, while penury and want were the crises through which he was passing.

Scobell, let it be said, had no idea of enlisting M'Fechan for any pecuniary benefit he was likely to derive from his re-engagement, although he would certainly take the fees, and count them to the uttermost farthing to satisfy himself that he had received the accurate compensation. No, he was simply anxious for the poor fellow's welfare, and he considered there was a positive virtue in imposing on the service so long as he could save a fellow-creature—and that creature an old comrade—from starvation.

In a few days M'Fechan reappeared at the Cross. With his arms folded, because the pockets of his trousers were no longer in a state to receive his hands, he looked as dejected as want and cold weather could make him. Nevertheless, there was briskness in his eye, a dragoonish mannerism in the set of his cap, and his boots (though worn flat to the ground) were polished.

"Here again, Mack? How are ye?" asked the sergeant, as if he never had occasion to relax his kindness. "Have ye mad' up yer mind yet aboot 'listin'?"

M'Fechan hesitated.

"Come," continued the sergeant, "gi' up this pevarseness, show that ye respec' yoursel', an' tak' to the service wi' a gude heart."

"Well, I think I'll go," said he, as if it had been a desperate struggle with his pride to yield.

"It's the best step ye can tak' to end yer misery."

"Yes; I'm inclin'd to b'lieve it is; but I'll not join my old corps." This he uttered in a tone so resolute and ungainly, it seemed as if he were making a pure sacrifice to the insane whim of an importunate tormenter. With the kindliest feeling, however, Scobell took no notice of Duncan's hectoring, nor did he chide him, as he might, about the inconsistency that existed between his apparent unwillingness and his straits.

"Nae fears," returned Scobell. "I ken more ways than ane o' servin' ye."

"Whar 'll ye tak me?"

"To the East Indee company."

"That 'll shuit me parfitly."

Off started the recruiting-sergeant with his hopeful candidate to one who had been in that line of business for a quarter of a century. This was old Gillies, who was always ready to assist in catching any "good men and true," for the service. Accustomed to speak to the young men "ambitious for military distinction" with ineffable suavity, his mouth, finished with deep coaxing dimples at the corners, was pursed up into an aperture scarcely larger than the opening of a lady's thimble, through which glided the tenderest encouragements, sounding like the dulcet tones of an Eolian harp, and entering the ear of the charmed aspirant, as if every word had been specially lubricated to slip in easily, and ramify the mind enthusiastically.

Recommended by Scobell, Gillies took to the candidate wonderfully. His affection, indeed, was fraternal.

"Ye want to 'list, aye?"

"Yes."

"That's weel. Ye canna do better. For a man of a gallant an' enterpreesin' speerit, there's no place like Indee to draw oot his manly characteristics."

"When shall I go there?"

"That question's a leetle premature. We must ferst get ye into the sarvice, an' then ye'll be off in the ferst Indeeman to Maderass or Bumbay, after ye've learnt yer drill. I preshume yer age is twenty?" added he, gazing at the recruit, seemingly to suggest the necessity of confining himself to that unobjectionable limit.

"Yes."

"Of course you've *never* bin in the service?"

Gillies possessed an idea that he had, but he purposely impinged his words to produce a negative.

"No."

"So I thocht; but I need na fash ye wi' troublesome queries; the recommendation of sergeant Scobell is quite eneugh; indeed without it I should ha' bin more than satisfied. So we'll be [illegible] at once, my man."

"In [illegible] clase?" asked Duncan, scanning himself from toe to chest.

"Yer tatters [illegible] show you're in airnest," observed Gillies, soothingly.

"I can't walk wi' you in this ragged shuit."

"As you seem parteekler, I'll jist go ahead a bit an' you can bring up the rear, d'ye ken?"

"Very well," growled the laconic Duncan; and off both went at a good pace to the doctor. The walk warmed M'Fechan, and painted his cheek as if the hand of Gillies's daughter had worked it up with a glowing cosmetic.

"Aye, man!" exclaimed Gillies, looking scrutinizingly at the candidate, "I never seed a young fellow so likely to pass in triumph as yoursel'. Will that color go, think ye?"

"I dinna ken."

"If ye feel yer cheek get cauld, jist use the heel o' yer haun' to keep it a leetil red for the occasion. Ye'll be a' the better fer the exertion, d'ye ken? You said twenty, aye?"

"Yes."

"You're not marri'd?"

"No."

"A'-richt!" and Gillies tapped at the door.

"Come in!" shouted an authoritative voice; and the sergeant and his man were paraded before a scientific-looking individual with gray whiskers, who was peering through a pair of spectacles, examining some specimens of human mutilation, which were preserved in spirits.

"I've brought a recruit for yer inspection, sir," announced Gillies, with soldier-like firmness.

"Strip!" bellowed the doctor.

Duncan's rags fell from him as if the touch of a talisman did the business. Feeling that the blood had left his cheek, he stooped to unstring his boots, and chafed his face till, returning warmth had convinced him that, the color which the sergeant was anxious to see remain was renewed.

"A fine-bodied man," observed the doctor. "When fill'd out with good living, will ornament the ranks. You have lived poorly lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is trade bad? Can't you get any work?"

"There's nothing to be had, sir."

"What is your trade?"

"Tailor, sir."

"Stout for that. Your age?"

"Twenty, sir." Duncan was about thirty-two. He ventured the juvenile limit of twenty because he fancied old

Gillies was a good judge of ages at sight, and adopted his suggestive term.

"Twenty! Come, sir, let me know exactly," demanded the doctor, angrily.

"That's my age, sir," replied Duncan, sternly.

"You stick to it, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recollect you will be on your oath. You are far older. You cannot deceive me."

"Twenty, sir; but I'm not perteekler. Put anything down you like, sir."

This pertinacity got the better of the doctor's suspicions, although he fancied there were developments in the structure of the recruit which clearly belonged to a frame a dozen years older. Twenty was duly recorded. The doctor then subjected M'Fechan to the usual ordeal, who, after walking, jumping, coughing, and swinging his arms, was directed to dress himself.

There was an interval of silence, during which the doctor was splashing some remarks, with a creaking pen, in the attestation.

"Rejected!" shouted the doctor, handing the paper to Gillies. "You're a clever fellow, no doubt," he added, addressing the thunderstruck recruit, "but if you gain a point here, your success in the world is certain. You are rejected."

M'Fechan was never so humbled in his life; and, after covering himself with the rags, which had been thrown aside as so much rubbish, he walked pensively out of the surgery, and muttered something which reached the ear of the recruiting-sergeant, very much like a threat to drown himself.

"Not so fast, young man," said Gillies, concerned for the poor fellow's extremity. "There are still many ways of servin' yoursel', if ye only persevere. There never was a Lord Mayor yet that didna begin th' world with three ha'pence in his pocket. This, then, is suffeecient hope for an enterprisin' character such as you are: an' wha knows what may become o' ye? As a commencement, let me impress on ye the necessity of keepin' up yer speerits, an' ye may, wi' ye the very great propriety, try another party in some part o' the country where the same doctor would nae be consulted in yer case."

"How goes it?" asked Scobell, meeting Gillies and M'Fechan at the Cross, and rubbing his hands with perspective satisfaction. "Has he passed? Is a' richt?"

"Rejected," was the response of old Gillies.

"Ye dinna say so! Gude gracious me, what for?"

"The doctor didna say; an' I wasn't cur'ous eneugh to inquire."

"Aye, but I'm sorry for ye, Mack! I could ha' bet a fortin, did I own it, ye would ha' passed withoot a word of objection. Look to the attestation, Gillies, an' see what the doctor says aboot him."

It was opened, and both sergeants turned eagerly to the spot where the surgeon affixed his signature, to divine the cause of rejecting so eligible a candidate. M'Fechan was too listless to engage in the examination.

"Aye! what's that? Marked wi' the letter D!" exclaimed Scobell. "Is it possible? Why did ye no tell me that, Mack?"

"I thocht ye knew it," returned Duncan, sulkily.

"No me," replied Scobell, shaking his head, and tugging at his fawn-colored moustache. "Let me see the mark;" and the parties moved to the rendezvous, where Scobell, with his usual liberality, provided the rejected candidate with a glass of good ale. This quaffed, Duncan stripped, and lifted up the arm, under which was the branded initial.

"Gudeness me!" cried Scobell; "sure eneugh there's a d——d great D under his left shoother, as large as the bowl of a soup ladle! How can he get into the service wi' a disgracefu' mark like that? Well, there's no help for it. There, I suppose, it must remain, an' ye must kick through life, Duncan, as best you can. It seems I can dae nae more for ye."

All three left the rendezvous together, and the open hand of Scobell again helped the unfortunate M'Fechan to a few coppers, who, with an ungratefully-expressed "thankee," started off in one direction, while the sergeants walked to the Cross.

Scobell was really a considerate soul. Though Duncan was out of sight he was not out of mind. The excitements of business, the difficulty of satisfying the thousand and one curious questions of inquiring candidates, the ingenious framing of plausible answers to meet all possible cases, the

activity of his ambition for promotion and reputation, the hankering after money, and a crowd of etceteras, did not relax the idea that he entertained of carrying out some scheme for the future welfare of his old comrade. To have him in the service, Scobell was determined. "The big D," he said, "should not hinder it;" and he had worked himself into the belief, that he could still overreach the scientific Esculapian with the ancient whiskers and penetrating specs.

"But where can Duncan be?" was an oft-recurring thought. "Has he drooned himsel'? Is he trampin', or sittin' cross-legged in some good employment endeevourin' to rise from his three ha'pence to the substance an' sceeptre of a Lord Mayor?"

At last these questions received their solution by the re-appearance of the tailor at the Cross, in a plight more pitiable than ever. His clothes would have been refused by any gardener for a scarecrow. The breasts of his jacket were tied together with pieces of string, to cover his bare chest, and his flesh could be seen through rents in his nether habiliments. Without skirts to cover that part of his person which extended from the small of the waist to the bend of his knees, an area of dilapidation was exposed, that seemed to have suffered cruelly from the predatory attacks of time, tearing winds, neglect, indolence, and misery.

It was begging Duncan was this time. As long as his manliness could hold up against the humility of asking charity, he staved it off. His sunken jaw showed how little had been its exercise of late, in disposing of anything essential to his existence. His cheek was hollow, his lips pale, and his ears were screwed up under his black Malayan locks like pieces of white scoriæ. There was also a lot of black hair under his nose, with spiral terminations, and a deep nest of beard covered his chin and sheltered his throat.

"Here," said Scobell, twisting his countenance into an aspect of commiseration, after examining his deep pockets; "Take this; it'll get ye a bit o' bread. Off wi' yer now, an' ease yer affliction wi' somethin' to eat. Stay; go to the rendezvous." And Scobell following, made the attenuated side of the poor fellow bulge out like a cask, with a hearty meal of cold remnants, and tickled the uvula of his throat with a drop of that good old stuff, for which Scotland is

famous, and her sons equally celebrated for a devoted appreciation of its excellence.

"Aye, man, but it's sair an' sorry I am to see ye in sic a plight," observed Scobell. "God on'y knows what ye'll come to. Late an' airly I've bin thinkin' of ye. To see ane's way through a deeficulty is not easy, Duncan; but I fancy, after all, we can get over it yet, and—"

"How?" briefly interrupted M'Fechan.

"By tryin' the listin' dodge agin!"

"It's o' no use," responded the monosyllabic Duncan, gloomily.

"Aye, but I'll put ye up to a plan. It's a bright thocht this, Duncan, an' ye must mind what I'm sayin'. I've heerd it talk'd aboot that desairters have obleeterated the D by turnin' it into a ship! I'm tauld it's a very easy operation—nothing easier; so now, wi' this hint, gang away an' have a seventy-four pricked over the mark, an' then we'll mak' anither attempt to get ye into the service."

It was a happy suggestion. Duncan brightened up. If it succeeded in one case, why not in his? He was prepared to suffer anything to remove the stigma which, through the mark, blighted his fairest hopes. There was a gleam of sunshine in his dark path already, and with a brief "good-bye," without acknowledging the active thought and benevolence of his unswerving friend, Duncan strode away up a lane with a firm tread, a swinging arm, a saucy mien, and an erect carriage, to submit himself at once to the operation.

In a week after, he walked proudly up to the Cross, as if he had been emancipated. The brand was effectually disfigured by a skilful seaman, who had tattooed many a stalwart arm and breast with undignified semblances of objects less belonging to nature than imagination. The perpendicular stroke of the D was turned into a towering mast, and the curve which formed the back-stroke of the letter became a flowing sail, blown out by the wind. A hull was ingeniously added, with other masts sticking perpendicularly from it. There were also shrouds, port-holes, and a rudder; and, scudding along through a wild sea, dashing its spray against the bow, that ignominious piece of emblazonry, intended to perpetuate to his grave the commission in his youth of a flagrant military offence, was transformed into a grotesque man-o'-war with all sail set.

Few can conceive the gratification of Scobell at an achieve
ment so perfect. The D was worked into the new formatio
without the slightest trace of the original being discoverable
It was impossible for the doctor with the ancient whisker
and specs to cast M'Fechan on the old ground. Satisfied
this, Scobell commenced to fatten his comrade for anothe
medical inspection, during which the swelling and inflam
mation caused by the seaman's irritating operation ha
subsided. A week or two was enough for the process
pabulation; and so, dressed in a tidyish suit of well-fittin
clothes, which by a stroke of rare good luck had fallen to th
disposal of Scobell, M'Fechan accompanied old Gillies on
more to the surgeon who before had tauntingly rejected t
candidate.

Duncan this time stripped like an Achilles. A few day
good fare had filled up the hollows and rounded the angl
of his masculine structure, giving him muscles of gladiatori
magnitude. There was flesh, developement, and strength
and the doctor, throwing aside his specs, assisted his infir
vision with a piece of rounded glass—a sort of speculum—
which it was his custom, when the spectacles did not help
him sufficiently, to interpose between his dropped brow and
an elevated cheek-bone. With this he gazed on the spe
cimen of human nature which stood nude and rock-like
before him.

After going through the gymnastic synopsis of a medica
inspection, the doctor expressed himself satisfied in every
particular, and declared Duncan to be one of the best recruits
he had passed for the company. Many questions were
asked, to all of which answers were recorded without doubt-
ing. Twenty years was still the asserted measure of the
recruit's age, and it was noted without remark. The docto
never felt better pleased to receive a fee for his trouble tha
in this case; and in affixing his great name to the proffered
form of receipt, he did it with an array of flourishes termi-
nating in [illegible] that split his pen from the neb to the
pith.

[illegible] recollecting himself, he desired the recruit
to [illegible] "Let me see," he added, "if you have any
ma[illegible]
I [illegible] prepared for the worst without a quiver.
[illegible] your right arm," cried the surgeon.

The recruit did so. M'Fechan had done well. There, ortunately, he had a representation of what was intended to e a sportive dolphin; but it sufficiently outraged the truth, o take the place of any mythological monster.

"Now lift your left." This was where the D had been.

The doctor looked with intense curiosity at the mark resented. His specs were of no use in scrutinizing it, so ie magnifier was called into operation.

"Very ingenious," he remarked. "No doubt, it would ave been much better had it been carved on box or ivory. 'ne's flesh makes bad canvas; but the artist has done his usiness well. A ship in full sail, aye?"

"Yes, sir," said old Gillies.

A record was made to that effect.

"What other marks has he?"

As the difficulty had passed, Gillies made the examination ith fastidious detail.

"An anchor on each fore-arm, with rope twisted round e shank and fluke."

"Yes," shouted the doctor, penning in the particulars in e attestation.

"A mermaid with glass on back of left hand."

"Go on."

"A ring on the fore-finger of the right hand."

"Yes."

"D. M. F. R. S. M. on back of the same hand."

"What are those initials intended to indicate?"

"His name, sir."

"D. M. F. I can understand; but what are the other tters for?"

Old Gillies always had his wits about him, and if he esitated, it was because he did not like to communicate the cruit's secrets. R. S. M. were the initials of the royal pers and miners.

"What are those letters for?"

"The name of a sweetheart who turned him off, sir," ied Gillies, smiling.

"That's it, is it? Any other marks?"

"The hull of a shipwrecked seventy-four on his brer t."

"How do you know it's a seventy-four?"

"It's bigger than a brig, sir."

"How can you tell that?"

Gillies was dumb, and looked at M'Fechan to assist him with an answer.

"It was *intended* for a seventy-four, sir," chimed in Duncan, parenthetically.

"Very well," and seventy-four was recorded.

All these marine pictures blinded the doctor to the real reason for their appearance.

"Have you been at sea?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." So he had, but never as a sailor.

"Your nautical predilections must have been very strong to allow your body to be disfigured in this way. Now you intend to try another service?"

"Yes, sir; an' I hope it 'll be better than the last."

"Dress yourself. There, sergeant, take these papers. I wish the company joy of their recruit. He's a capital sample."

Thus M'Fechan passed into the company's troops. No one else ever knew of his desertion, disgrace, and the letter I, and his subsequent sobriety and career in India, have more than outweighed the sin of the stratagem which his friend devised, amid so many discouragements and so much ill thankfulness, to push him successfully before the world.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK?—"Orderly, what's o'clock?"

The question was addressed by a celebrated knight, one of the grandest officers in the British army for stature and straitness, to a lump of a sapper, who was the owner of a watch as large, pretty nearly, as a tea-cake, and weighted with an array of appendages, chiefly of Gibraltar rock, cut into hearts, pistols, griffins, and masonic devices, that might have furnished a modest museum with ample geological wonders.

The sapper producing his old-fashioned chronometer, bold named the hour.

"You're sure that's the correct time?"

"Certain, Sir Jeffrie."

"Ah," observed the knight, throwing the whole force of a powerful voice through his nose, "the sun and moon might go astray, nothing on earth more likely; but I'm damn'd if there's the possibility of your repeater being lost, with all that lashing and [illegible]

POOR MIRIAM.

SAM ENNERDALE sprang from a respectable family in Surrey. His parents died when he was young. But for a rich grandfather, who received him under his care, he would have been left to the mercies of a stormy world. It was the wish of old Ennerdale to do something for the orphan—to make a gentleman of him; but he had peculiar notions of the manner in which the position should be attained. Of the manliness of labour he entertained an exalted idea. It was what he called a struggling virtue, leading, if coupled with perseverance, to honor and station. Considering it preferable, therefore, that Samuel should understand the value of toil, the dignity of energy, and the mode of accumulating wealth by industry, he decided that his grandson should first acquire a trade, and then carve out for himself a fortune and eminence. For these objects, Samuel was placed with a thriving builder at Leybrom, to learn the business of a carpenter and foreman. The builder was named Ronald, a good man in his way, and passing religious. It was arranged that Samuel should be treated as one of the family, sharing their board, society, and home.

"Listen," said the old man at parting, as he shook the orphan's hand: "you must labour to succeed. Give me proof of diligence and skill, and I shall help you. Some men become great by accident. Blood makes many illustrious without deserving it; but you must become great by merit. Recollect this. He only is fairly noble who, by the sweat of his brow, achieves it. If you want examples, the records of industry give you thousands for encouragement—men who have risen from absolute want, to historic fame and opulence. Can you not do likewise? Go and try."

This was an old man's dream, never to become a reality. In principle, the advice was good; but it fell on a listless mind, untouched by a single emotion of ambition.

For a while all went on to Sam's liking at Leybrom. He was as much at home as he possibly could be. His welcome was so cordial, that his knife and fork were always laid at the fire side of the table, and whatever went without, he was sure to

have what Samuel styled, in his youthful hilarity, a dollop of pudding. The builder was kind to him even to indulgence. The builder's wife was all softness and consideration; and Miss Miriam Ronald accorded him her blandest smile and most winning glance. In that glance there was an unconcealed twinkle of affection, which Samuel was not slow to discover. Miriam was a well-looking girl, pale almost as a lily, modest, moral, and ladylike. Nature had liberally supplied her with charms, and a careful education had added graces to them, which young Ennerdale, himself a rather handsome fellow, fondly admired and praised.

Uniform harmony in a family is out of the question. It can no more be expected than constant sunshine. But for discord, we should have no adequate idea of peace. Suspicions and misconceptions occur, we know not how, which provoke broils, like clouds driving up from the horizon, produce rain. So Samuel found. He had been more than three years at Leybrom, when he felt the first drop of bitterness splash on his heart. Mr. Ronald had changed towards him. He was cold and formal; his smile was stiff, and the gleam of his eye stern. Samuel was pained at these unhappy signs, and more so when he found that restraint was imposed on his movements and recreations. That mild tongue, too, which seemed incapable of speaking otherwise than kindly, was slackening its bridle, and wagging at him in occasional reproof. At table he met with a weak precipitate of austerity, and his intercourse with the family was in a measure restricted. Samuel could not comprehend this phase of Mr. Ronald's conduct. He had given no offence that he could remember. Truly he had not prospered in his craft as he ought, nor been as industrious as he might: in a word, he was not a creditable apprentice; but all this combined could not have caused the cloud so quickly to gather and so suddenly to break. The most plausible solution that Ennerdale could suggest for the mystery was, that Mr. Ronald had been sounding his unimpenetrable grandfather for the loan of a few hundreds, and had left him without being a shilling the richer. Whatever may have been the cause of the change, Samuel determined to bear indignity without disrespect. A difficult task he found it. Indeed, had it not been for the presence of another will, his refractory spirit would have rebelled. That will was Miriam's. She it was

who, by secretly administering sympathy and consolation to his chafed spirit, encouraged him to forbear and endure.

One summer's noon, the family took a walk to Hayes Common, where lived a pious maiden, the eldest daughter of a poor village postmaster. Her occupation was that of a governess, and all the children in and around that quiet spot (the great Pitt was born there) were her pupils. Her life was one of harrowing affliction. A disease of the spine gave her no rest; and yet, in the tiresome office she had taken on herself, she was a paragon of assiduity and attention. For miles round her cottage she had gained a high reputation for all that was virtuous and amiable. Infants lisped her name in love, and grown people spoke of her in praise. Amid agonising pains and appalling nervousness, she was a pattern of patience, resignation, faith, and even joy. The religion that sustained her was not of that gloomy kind which gives a sallow hue and a melancholy impress to the countenance, but one that animated hers into a grace and cheerfulness almost celestial. It was to see this happy but drooping flower—for such she was, though nearly thirty years of age, wearing, despite her sufferings, the dazzling look and transparent delicacy of youth—that the little excursion was undertaken.

Not often is it that humanity can drill itself into perfect calmness when paroxysms of pain seize it; and less is it likely that the mind can devote its bewildered powers to think of matters beyond those which immediately concern the body. Matilda was a strange exception to the rule. Of the character of her sufferings there could be no doubt. Her pale, wasted face, her restless lip changing its color constantly, her bright eye dilating and staring epileptically, her involuntary tremors, and sinking frame, heaving in its weakness, told only too plainly what, day by day, she was enduring. Yet she found time to give form to her heavenward musings in the pure language of unaffected verse. In this way she produced two little volumes, called "Seasons of Peace," and "Meditative Hours." She even essayed a bolder theme, and with an epic flight published her "Missionary Toils." Her letter "To a Child," valued for its soundness and simplicity, was published by the Religious Tract Society; but her best work—"Matilda's Legacy,"—a miscellaneous collection of saintly breathings, a manual of

devotion, unadulterated by any earthly alloy, written in moments when she was passing through the last stages of exquisite trial and agony, was published to the world after her death.

Mr. Ronald was accompanied in his visit to the sufferer by his wife and the fair Miriam. Samuel was one of the party, not out of any relish for his society, but that he might carry the provision stores, umbrellas, and baskets, and make himself generally useful. The stores chiefly contained delicacies for Matilda, whose limited means placed it beyond her ability to support her sinking existence with suitable nourishment. As they entered, Matilda welcomed them with a seraphic smile and a delighted eye. She was doubled up on the sofa, for this apparently was the only position in which she could find any alleviation from pain. She was restless and breathing hard; the pallor of death was on her cheek, and exhaustion had made her incapable of moving. The room being small, and the air sickly, Mr. Ronald suggested to Miriam, who also was ailing and weakly, that she should take a constitutional ramble on the common, with Ennerdale to protect her; and that as he and her mother intended to leave within an hour, she had better part with Matilda and meet them at the church.

Accordingly, Miriam and Samuel, receiving Matilda's blessing, started for the common. This was the first time for about four years they had been so favorably paired. Such a chance was not to be thrown aside for want of caution. The lane was a long and straight one, within sight the whole way of the sick chamber. Ennerdale feared to show himself other than a simple protector. He would like to have taken her arm, to which Miriam would gladly have consented. Had he ventured the familiarity, and the father have seen it, there would have been, as Samuel afterwards coarsely expressed it, "the devil to pay." The builder would have talked roundly and largely of the laws of decorum, and other hard and ethical things. Moreover, he would not have been choice in his compliments to Ennerdale. So reasoning, Samuel allowed the feeble girl to trudge along unsupported; while he, seemingly careless of his charge, moved from her side, kicked the stones which lay in his step along the lane, thrashed the hedges with his stick, and struck down the berries and branches with refreshing

vengeance. Miriam was sore at this treatment, though too well-bred to notice it; but when they had got fairly on the open common, and were picking their way among clumps of furze laden with blossom and blackberries, Ennerdale apologised for his seeming rudeness, and begged she would permit him to repair it, if not too late, by offering his arm. She warmed up instantly at the proposal. The little bitterness she had felt against him was at once dispelled, and she submitted to his guidance.

For nearly an hour they had roamed over the heath, and then turned to seek the church, striking into a shaded lane at the end of the village, which led directly to the spot where it had been arranged the meeting for the homeward journey was to take place. Samuel had tried many times, while rounding patches of golden furze, or picking the simple wildflowers which decked the heath, to give expression to feelings long pent up in his breast. He was sure they had been anticipated by Miriam, but he had never in word revealed them to her. Now was a suitable opportunity for the disclosure; but somehow or other, whenever he attempted to allude to the subject, his courage forsook him, or Miriam, seeming to forestall his intention, smilingly interposed extraneous inquiries to satiate a thirst less inquisitive than tantalizing. It was provoking to be so interrupted. Hardly could he disguise his disappointment. Still he gave willing answers to her questions, and was so gentle, withal, that Miriam was not only interested, but expressed regret that their walk was so soon to terminate.

"You cannot more regret it than I," said Ennerdale, feeling his courage return with a rush, driving timidity before it. "This hour has been the happiest I have spent since I've lived with your father—now four years."

"So long!" exclaimed she, looking at Samuel, half in doubt: "it has passed, then, with a quickness almost magical."

"To me it would have worn sourly had it not been for your presence sweetening it."

"Do not say so, Samuel," rejoined she chidingly, "for father, whatever you may fancy, is anxious for your comfort, and mother is not unkind."

"Both are kind, but you are much kinder," observed he, taking a firmer hold of Miriam's slim arm, which he thought

was slipping from its support. "For your sympathies, your gentleness and civility, shown when most I was in need of help and encouragement, I feel even more for you than a sister."

"So much for so little!" returned she, her cheek kindling as she glanced at Samuel, whose eyes were already fixed on her. "I have only done you the poorest duty."

"Underrate it as you may, I am grateful for it, *dear!*" and Ennerdale started at the venture. "Pray, pardon me," added he, pressing her fingers tenderly, "for using that unsanctioned expression by anticipation. Long has it lingered on my lips, waiting a proper opportunity to escape. To your offence, perhaps, it has, in an unguarded moment, taken flight. I could not help it. My heart feels it, and I am sure if it be an indiscretion you are too merciful not to forgive it."

"When no offence is taken, it is easy to forgive."

"Then let me hope I may repeat the expression, as long as you may not feel it tiresome. To me you are dear, and always must be. My regard for you is not a volatile sentiment: it has grown with me now some three years. Daily I have longed for the time to come in which I could open my heart to you, unrestrained by parental cognisance. That time has come, and I trust, in declaring that I love you, I do not utter a truth that will cause you to shun me."

Miriam was silent, gazing thoughtfully at the ground, but clinging, unconsciously, more firmly to the arm which supported hers.

"From your silence I augur well," said Samuel, looking benignly at her. "I would not have you answer without reflection. It may be a sudden question, but an acquaintance of three years and more has doubtlessly prepared you for it. You will not, Miriam, throw me aside as unworthy of your esteem."

"Oh, no! Samuel," whispered she, smiling, locking her hands on his arm. "At least let me be considered one of your truest friends."

"Fain would I ask more—"

"What more, Samuel?" interrupted Miriam, glancing at him.

"Give love for love," said he, impressively.

Miriam blushed and turned aside.

"Be my wife, dearest, when I may be at liberty to marry you."

She was still silent.

"If," continued Ennerdale, "I have understood your attention aright, and have not misconceived the interest you have, with singular kindness, so beautifully and constantly shown me, I conclude you have regarded me less as a stranger than a lover. Such has been my fancy. In this I may have erred, but you can now place the matter in its true light. Have I your sympathies, Miriam?"

"I should speak untruly did I say you had not."

"One word more," and Ennerdale dwelt on his pace, seeing that the church was near. "Have I your love?"

"Do not press me, Samuel," returned she, indisposed to peril her character for discretion, and so lose favor in his estimation. "All this is a surprise."

"Perhaps the question is, but not the feeling," said Ennerdale, clasping her hand. "In this I think I have not misapprehended you. The heart has its preference, if the tongue confess it not. Happy should I be if I could be assured, instead of inferring it, that I were that preference. Be frank, Miriam; tell me, may I cherish the hope that some day you will be mine? Do I ask unreasonably for your love?"

"Not unreasonably, but—" and she faltered.

"But what?—withhold nothing. I am prepared for your decision. Why hesitate? Is it that I am a working carpenter, and you the daughter of a flourishing builder?"

"Oh, no! Pray do not talk in that distressing way. When I dispose of my love, position will have no effect in altering it. A carpenter, did I love him, would be far more to me than a king."

"Well said. Still, you leave me in doubt, Miriam."

"Why persist, Samuel?" asked she, playfully, looking at him with a chastened smile. "Why insist on a word, as if you would seize it instead of me? Can you not learn all you want from appearance? Let this satisfy you: if it does not, I will promise that the future shall not occasion you any concern."

"Enough, Miriam; a thousand thanks for this assurance. Whilst I feel it impossible to be otherwise than true to you,

I shall draw contentment from the belief that you have too much virtue to be otherwise than faithful to me."

By this time they had nearly reached the church, keeping themselves out of sight, till the wayside trees no longer offered them a shade. Then releasing their arms, they allowed an interval to separate them, and, like cold acquaintances, strode up to the quiet graveyard, against the wicket-gate of which Mr. Ronald was leaning. While waiting for the loitering couple, the builder was busy with his eyes. He saw the disengagement. At such conduct he was furiously indignant. Miriam he rebuked for permitting a familiarity so disgusting, and Samuel he abused for his impertinence.

"If I want a friend for my daughter," declaimed the builder, scowling at Ennerdale, "it is not an idle apprentice I would select. You—impudent fellow that you are—would be her last companion; and even then it would pain me deeply to sanction it."

Miriam was grave; Samuel, silent and submissive.

From that hour, old Ronald treated his apprentice with great severity. With the family his intercourse was interdicted. He ate his meals alone. No care was taken to impart to him the principles of his trade, or to imbue him with the slightest insight into the craft of foremanship. He was wholly neglected, and subjected to ceaseless insult, contempt, and harshness.

All this made Miriam wretched. Regarding herself as the cause of the ill-will shown to Ennerdale, she sought in various ways to lighten the heaviness of his yoke. She became more attached to him, laid herself out for his glance and smile, gave him confident promises of interest in his welfare, and elated his spirits by those tender pledges of endearment which twin souls, swelling with mutual sympathy, know so well how and when to reciprocate.

But for these snatches of regard, Samuel's life would have been intolerable. Indeed, with them it was as much as he had forbearance to endure. Gradually he became morose and reckless, attending to his master's behests with sullen acquiescence. At last, old Ronald's antipathy vaulted to such a height, Ennerdale could no longer submit. He therefore determined to leave, first acquainting Miriam of his intention. She was alone. The opportunity barely ex-

ceeded a few moments. He told her his purpose, swore constant fidelity to her, and receiving from her an assurance of unwavering remembrance and affection, bade her a hurried adieu. That night Ennerdale packed up his traps and decamped from Leybrom.

For three or four days he sauntered about London in misery and partial intoxication. On the next, extending his rambles to Woolwich, he enlisted into the sappers. Well dressed, tolerably informed, and passing a fair examination as a carpenter, he was reckoned a good recruit. He was of average height, healthy, and well-looking; a country bloom was on his cheek, and his dark eyes, throwing off the dullness with which thought had shaded them, gleamed brilliantly. His air and attitude were free, his answers to questions frank, and his manners and gait seemed peculiarly to cut him out for a military man. But this first idea of his appearance was never exemplified in after-life. He was never remarkably clean or tight. The uniform did not improve him. The tidy mien and pride, so common with well-made soldiers, were not characteristics of Ennerdale. To the service he never took with a hearty grace, though he always showed himself jolly in company, social with his comrades, and a ready vindicator of the reputation of the corps when assailed by the malice of its enemies.

Between Woolwich and Chatham he passed two years, and then sailed for Gibraltar, where his intelligence and capabilities gained him promotion. It was soon seen that no reliance could be placed in him. Fond of society, he was an ever-present unit in all those convivial gatherings patronized by the sappers, where, freed from restraint, they let their rattling tongues fly at every subject under the sun, from bad rations to the campaigns of Hannibal. In this way he acquired a propensity for strong absorption, leading to intemperance, indolence, and irregularity. To retain such a man a non-commissioned officer was a military impossibility. As often, therefore, as he was promoted (three times he was a probationer), he was reduced.

Four years he had served at the Rock, never once hearing of Miriam; nor had he heard of her for the two years he was quartered in England. Often had he written to her, but all his letters had been received by Mr Ronald, who threw them, where he would like to have pitched the writer,

into the flames. Not knowing Ennerdale's address, she could not write to him. A silence so long was sufficiently chilling to cool the most fervent esteem. With Samuel it was not without effect; but no allurement or temptation could make a breach in the faithfulness of Miriam. Year after year her patience was renewed. In her thoughts he occupied a constant seat, never permitting a rival to hustle him from her remembrance. She trusted him without a fear to shake her confidence, persuaded that the day would soon come when the end she waited for would be her reward. Though loose and wild, and given to transient attachments with coquettes of equivocal virtue, Ennerdale never allowed himself to be trammelled by engagements he could not easily shake off. It was his old promise, and the recurrence of his old feelings for Miriam, that saved him from taking a wife at Gibraltar. Notwithstanding his gaiety his heart was hers; in her his hopes were centred. To fortify himself against the appeals of attraction, he formed many a resolution, the burden of which was to return single to England, and if Miriam were still unmarried, and not too proud to link her fortunes to those of a soldier, to bear her from the altar to a new home.

This happened sooner than he expected. His grandfather died. To the moment of his demise, the old man was a Wesleyan; one, indeed, of the pillars of the Methodist edifice. To affluence he added piety, generosity, and a willing exercise of his talents to further the interests of that community. As a local preacher, for he often occupied the pulpit, he was acceptable; creating no little sensation wherever he appeared on his self-imposed mission, by driving up to the humble chapel in his carriage and pair, like the owner of a baronial hall, or like one having an entire parish on his rent-roll. The estates of the venerable deceased were situated in a suburban district not a rifle-shot from the metropolis and in two rural localities not fifty miles from Exeter. He had willed that they should be sold and the proceeds disposed among his relations. Samuel's share was probably more than three thousand pounds. With such a sum in prospect, the executors of the estate obtained a furlough for Ennerdale to return to England, and, in a few weeks after his arrival, procured his discharge from the corps on payment of thirty-five pounds.

Finding himself free, his first impulses were about Miriam.

"Who knows," thought he, "but in the honesty of her heart she may, true to her promise, have preserved herself to make me the offer of her hand? Years have faded away since last I saw her. For six years mine has been a rough career, passed with strange companions, with results not very commendable to my morals. It has somewhat blunted my earlier feelings, but, through all, a deep trace exists of my old love for Miriam."

He checked the sentiment, however, reflecting that, in all likelihood, she was married, and he forgotten; or, if remembered, it was only as the acquaintance of her youth, deserving no warmer recognition than what long absence and politeness would suggest.

After a stout struggle, to keep down the recollection of past indignities to which he had been subjected at Leybrom, he paid Mr. Ronald a visit. The news of old Ennerdale's death, of Samuel's discharge, and of the legacy which had been bequeathed to him, preceded his arrival. Years of absence and three thousand pounds had made a wonderful alteration in Mr. Ronald's temper and hopes. To old times he did not care to refer, nor did he trouble himself to inquire into Sam's subsequent doings. He was cordial, and so was Ennerdale. They shook hands with a warmth that nearly dislocated their wrists, and the old lady, burying her head in a handkerchief, wept for joy. Of course, every consideration was shown to him. Had he been the heir of the family he could not have been made more welcome; and to crown all, Miriam, leaping with emotion, and hot with blushes and gratitude, was given up to his society.

"And do you recollect me?" said Ennerdale, coaxingly, glancing softly in her face when by chance they were alone. "After so many years, do you still bear me in your memory, Miriam?"

"Could I disremember you, Samuel?" returned she, joyously. "Nothing has abated in my mind since the day you left us."

"But I never heard from you—not even once," exclaimed he, in tones of affectionate surprise. "You might," he proceeded, seemingly wounded in feeling, "have written, Miriam."

"That would have been a grateful service, had I known where a letter would reach you; but you never gave me the chance from the hour you quitted our roof. A line from you would have been treasured; but even that poor satisfaction you denied me."

"I did write—often, Miriam," rejoined he, gaily, feeling her hand, which he took from her side. "Indeed, had my letters been kept, they would have half-filled a sentry-box."

"Do you say so, Samuel, simply to fix a charge of neglect on me? That would be cruel! I think I see it," added she, smiling; "you have learned to jest."

"On my honor, I wrote several times; and not hearing from you, I occupied much of my time, out of sheer gloom and vexation, in splitting rock with a penknife. I own to a little insanity in this; but what was I to do, afflicted as I was with the horrible impression, that you had deserted me!"

"Believe me," replied she, persuasively, looking innocently at Ennerdale, "I never received one of your letters, and all their comfort, of necessity, has been lost to me."

"Then your father must have taken them and kept you in ignorance of their receipt. But never mind. We cannot repair what has failed, so we will talk of other matters. I take it for granted that you are unmarried?"

"O, yes; I was bound to this, as you know, by a sacred promise."

"And I have kept mine. Both being single then, what do you say to renewing our old attachment?"

"With me it has never suffered interruption. No day can I call to remembrance that you were unthought of. Can you say that Miriam was the loved object of your daily thoughts? that time has not changed you, Samuel?"

"It has made me older, and given me more experience than I once possessed; but, in my travels, I have never yet seen one to equal you for devotion."

"But you do not answer my question," persisted she, tenderly returning the pressure which Ennerdale had just accorded her. "Have you not changed, Samuel?"

"My presence here, begging the bestowal of your hand, is proof that I have not. But tell me, may I reckon, as formerly, on your love?"

"One who has rejected many offers, so that her word to you might be intact, ought surely to be saved the suspicion which the question implies. My life has worn on in suspense on your account, though never despairing of your return. In thus waiting, through a long dark period, I think you may easily arrive at the assurance which a verbal expression could never so forcibly confirm."

"Well said; well said!" exclaimed Ennerdale, familiarly touching her chin. "I am more than content. Of course, being so long away, I could not come and take you by storm without first learning you were in a state to be approached by sap and siege, and then taken by assault. You see in me, no doubt, something of the soldier, rough and prompt; but my heart beats none the less tenderly. My sympathies are with you; my thoughts are about you. None but you I seek, and—am I to have you?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"Let us wait, I care not how long, till you have left the army."

"You shall never be a soldier's wife—for I am discharged!"

"Can it be possible?"

"As true as I find myself delighted to fondle with these sweet fingers of yours;" and Ennerdale pressed them to his lips.

"How did that come to pass?" asked she, as a grateful tear burst from her eye on her pale cheek.

"Did you not hear?"

"How could I, unless you had informed me?"

"Have you not heard of the death of my grandfather?"

"No!" exclaimed she, sighing.

"And of my coming in for a lob?"

"A lob!" and Miriam, breaking in upon the gloom which the announcement of old Ennerdale's death had occasioned, laughed outright. "What is that? I never heard of such a thing as a lob. You soldiers make use of queer words; and what pleases, no less than amazes me is, that as I have heard all military men when they go abroad resort to the detestable practice of swearing, that you have not acquired the habit. But what is a lob, dear? Do tell me?"

"Money, Miriam, money," replied he, with a vivacious

air; "and having that, I purchased my discharge to make you my wife—and a duchess, as far as the means go."

"How you rattle, Samuel," remarked she, amiably affected, less at his good fortune than the satisfaction of knowing he had been liberated from military control. "If, in your altered circumstances, you still think me worthy of your love, and of becoming your wife, let me beg you will submit your proposal to my father."

"O! certainly, certainly. All shall be fair and above board. Instantly I shall see Mr Ronald, plead for your hand, and leave him only with success."

And Ennerdale passed from the room.

To acquiesce in the proposal the builder was only too glad. He anticipated it, and was amply gratified in giving an unhesitating sanction. Mrs. Ronald was in ecstacies of approval; and in a few weeks the faithful Miriam was the wife of Samuel.

For a while the union was one of felicity promising never to end. Ennerdale was uxorious, gentle, and kind; she, confiding, yielding, and loving. Their home was a paradise of comfort and delight—too soon to be marred by disquietude, bitterness, and sorrow. By degrees, Samuel relaxed in his attentions to Miriam, though not a whit less affectionate or less deeply attached to her than at first. His nature was erratic and infatuated. Fond of company, he spent his evenings among social sots, administering liberally to their pleasures. Speculation took much of his wealth, and pride, recreation, and indulgence more. While there was money to lavish away he spent it prodigally. It could easily be seen that three thousand pounds, and the profits of a successful business, would not long support his extravagance.

So he went on, practically deaf to warning, entreaty, and reproach. He meant well; but, innately weak, did not seem to be capable of controlling the influence that was alluring him into its miserable vortex. Miriam, at this time, was in the last month of an interesting situation. From the childish recklessness of her husband, and her own acute sufferings, her naturally light spirits gave way, reducing her to a state of melancholy and apprehension. In this condition it was considered of the last importance that her mother should attend her, and console her through the fierce trial soon to

overtake her. The mother came. It was a painful meeting. To see a sweet daughter broken up by maternal pangs, dread hampering her reason, and gloom shading her once-brilliant eye and darkening her fair and happy countenance, was more than she could bear. A horrible thrill shot through her; quickly and heavily she breathed, as if an unseen hand were strangling her, and in a few days her spirit was at rest!

A bereavement so sudden had an extreme effect on Miriam. For a while she was unconscious, gazing vacantly at the dear form stretched in death before her. Returning reason filled her with an insupportable sense of its dreadful reality. Thrown into hysterics of grief, premature travail seized her, and through long hours of pain she lingered till the last atom of strength had left her. Her eyes then closed on her agonies, her heart ceased its pulse, and she was no more!

Those exquisite efforts of maternity, in taking the life of the devoted Miriam, presented Ennerdale with twin infants to demand his love, and to bear their dead mother in his remembrance. Listless as he had proved to be while she was the sharer of his lot, he was now profoundly affected at her loss. To give the world, did he possess it, he felt would be a mean recompense for the return of such a life, sacrificed, in part, to his shameless unconcern and neglect. When too late—when, almost beggared by his follies, he saw how grievously he had erred, how deeply he had injured his wife—he mourned her through months of sadness, even with tears.

For the sake of those loved relics of a much-loved daughter, Mr. Ronald took Samuel into his family. His stay, however, was not long. The magnitude of his failings had so disgusted the old man, he scarcely knew how to be civil to him. A rupture followed. Samuel, not meek enough to bear insult, broke with his misery at Leybrom, leaving one of the twins to the care of its grandfather and the other with an only brother.

Again at large on the world, without money—except a few accepted bills long dishonoured—or friends, for he was too proud, even in his indigence, to solicit the countenance of his wealthy relations, he re-enlisted into the service, and soon leaping up three rungs on the ladder of promotion, was

despatched, a corporal, to India, to afford his quota of courage in quelling the rebellion. Change and trouble had altered him for the better. He was handsome, erect, and well developed, looking every inch a soldier; but though less than thirty-two years of age, recklessness, and the scourgings of after-remorse, had left their mark on him, for he was bald-headed.

GRAND ROUNDS.—An instance of Watty Sharp's awkwardness, as a sentinel, occurred when he was posted for two hours during the dead of night, at the front gate of the barracks, at Woolwich. It was his first guard after he had gone through all the gradations of the drill parade, from right face to firing ball; but, nevertheless, he possessed a few military barbarities, attributable more to inaptitude and want of wit, than to any defect in the instruction imparted to him by the drill-sergeant.

Every one who neared the gate, Watty challenged with the bold interrogatory, "Wha comes here?"

Many of the passers-by were nymphs of exceptionable virtue. Knowing the set phrases of military parleying, they gave appropriate replies to the sentry's repeated challenges. On opening the wicket to admit, as he conceived, the "Grand Rounds," Watty on every occasion was met with a burst of laughter, and a score of derisive epithets, reflecting on his military attainments.

Irritated and perplexed, Watty, in a measure, was thrown off his guard. At last the "Grand Rounds"—captain Gregory—really advanced to his post. It was dark at the time, no star was seen, and the lamp over the gateway had ceased to glimmer. Those were days of limited wicks and fetid oil—gas was a London luxury only. As the captain approached, Watty stood to his post, ported arms, and challenged.

"Wha comes here?"

"Rounds!"

Watty thought the answer came from a nymph assuming a masculine voice.

"What roun's?"

"Grand Rounds!"

"Go roun' to the back gate, then, an' be domn'd to ye, for ye sha'n't come in this!"

CAPTAIN SEVEN-FOOT.

In the wreck of the "Shipley" transport in 1826, on the Cobbler's Rocks near Barbadoes, captain, then lieutenant Gregory, like his company, lost everything. At best he could only muster a pair of old trowsers and a rusty sergeant's cap to land in. News of the disaster, and the almost denuded state of the sufferers, soon spread to St. Ann's; upon which the stores of the quarter-master-general's department were ransacked to provide such covering as was needed to pass the company decently through the streets.

A pile of great-coats having arrived, the women and children, equally with the men, buttoned themselves up in those old wrappers; and lieutenant Gregory thrust his long body into a condemned coat which, having belonged to a local black corps, was marked on the back with the letters Q. M. G. D. Thus habited, the master was no better than his men.

On reaching St. Ann's, his colossal figure attracted attention, more so as he seemed to be the chief of the company. Captain Cruttenden of the artillery, then brigade-major of the garrison, was puzzled to know who he was; but observing chevrons on his cap and staring initials between his shoulders, without thinking of the source from whence the coat was derived, concluded that lieutenant Gregory was a non-commissioned officer.

"Sergeant!" shouted the brigade-major, addressing the subaltern, "Don't you see that the men are unreasonably exposed to the sun? Take them into the shade immediately."

Lieutenant Gregory complied; and then smiling, approached the brigade-major, and informed him of his mistake.

"Can it be possible?" roared old Crut, (such was his garrison name). "Is this lieutenant Gregory? You will forgive me, I know," added he, shaking both hands of the subaltern; "for d—— me if I didn't take you, in that confounded old great-coat, for some wo-begone non-commis-

sioned officer! But never mind," (another violent shake,) "we'll soon settle this untoward misapprehension."

And so they did at mess that night.

Captain Gregory was much respected by the sappers. The circumstances of the wreck knit him to the men and the men to him. In time he was removed from his company and sent to Ceylon, where he served many years; but an attack of paralysis induced his return to England to save his life. Change certainly prolonged his existence; but compelled, at length, from continued ill-health, to leave the service, he took up his residence at Woolwich, in the unpretending cottage in which he had lived before he sailed for Ceylon. As long as health permitted, he always attended the half-yearly inspections of the corps, and took a strange interest in everything connected with the men. Among his few last requests, was one to the effect, that any of the sappers who wished to follow his remains should be allowed to do so. This proof of his dying esteem was mournfully met, by every non-commissioned officer and man of the corps at Woolwich, joining in the funeral procession; while sergeants bore his body to the grave. He was buried at Charlton, in November 1853.

It has seldom perhaps happened, that the service has had among its officers, one of such conspicuous height as the late captain Gregory. In stature he was a giant. The coffin that enclosed all that was mortal of that good and able officer, was seven feet one inch in length!

Emphasis.—Corporal Owens was noted for his particularity in calling the men's names on parade, and in aspirating the *h* wherever he found it. One name especially he loved to enunciate with marked emphasis. This was Oldham, which, according to Owens' distinctive plan of utterance, was drawn out like a beaten wire into Old-*ham*. From the amusement this afforded the men, private Oldham would not answer his name on one occasion; and when brought before the sergeant-major to account for his obstinacy, declared that, rather than answer to his name as pronounced by corporal Owens, he would prefer, in future, to be called Old-*pig*.

SLACKENING THE REINS — OF DISCIPLINE. — Lieutenant W———, when taking a ride one day, met private Stevens going into St. Ann's; and drawing up his horse, good-humoredly accosted him.

"Well, Stevens, where are you going?"

"To get a glass o' grog and buy an old horse."

"What do you want a horse for?"

"To ride, to be sure. I wouldn't mind buying your nag, sir."

"My horse, Stevens?"

"Ay, sir. What 'll you take for it?"

"I don't want to sell it."

"I'm sorry for that, for I thought to rid you of the discredit of keeping such an old brute."

"Why, Stevens?"

"Why? The poor animal seems to have been stabled below a waterfall, for his tail and hind-quarters are as bare of hair as a brickbat of honeysuckles."

A HOPEFUL SCHOLAR.—An engineer of world-wide celebrity, on visiting a parallel which was in course of completion by a party of the corps, went up to the nearest sapper to interrogate him with reference to the work he was executing. The workman was private Solomon Whelan, who was not remarkable for wit or good sense.

Colonel. What is your name, sir?

Sapper. Solomon Whelan, sir.

Col. Well, Solomon Whelan, what slope is that?

Sap. A very good slope, sir.

Col. But what is its name?

Sap. A slope, sir.

Col. You are a very stupid fellow.

Sap. Yes, sir.

The colonel paused to scrutinize the genius; and having surveyed him from head to heel, resumed the examination.

Col. Supposing the first sapper were killed, what would you do with him?

Sap. Stuff him in the gabion!

Col. And what would you do with the second, if he were killed?

Sap. Make a fascine of him!

Col. Well, Solomon Whelan, you certainly are a curious fellow.

Sap. Yes, sir.

Here the dialogue ended; and the colonel strode away twisting his whisker, evidently amazed at the species of information the interview had elicited.

THE FORAGER.—In one of the parties of sappers moving from Brussels to Paris with waggons, under sergeant-major Hilton, was private Peter Grant, a notable plunderer, who always contrived to provide his comrades with luxurious living and drink. When near Paris, tents being pitched for the night, Grant, by tacit permission, slipped away on one of his accustomed expeditions to seek for food and liquor. After about an hour's absence, he returned with three bottles, which, from their weight, promised to be full of something good. Happy to have it in his power to cheer his friends, he distributed the spoil with ungrudged generosity among them, reserving for himself, as was natural, the largest and heaviest bottle. The corks were soon drawn. All expected a treat; but what was the result?—

Sergeant Hilton, as luck would have it, had cherry brandy.

Grant's choicest friends, sour vinegar! and

Grant the plunderer—a bottle of ink!

THE RALE THING.—In preparing for a masquerade at Corfu, an officer of the 51st regiment was zealous in promoting its success, and obtained very grotesque suits for some of his men to appear in character. Private Brooks he selected to represent a "kiddy," alike acquainted with the turf and the prize-ring, and dressed him in a Newmarket cutaway, drab breeches, yellow top boots, and spurs, a bad hat with a black band, a short whip, a black eye, and a bull-dog.

"But," said the captain, doubtfully, "can you act the blackguard, Brooks?"

"Why, zur," replied the private, with a Hodge-like smile, "to tell 'ee the truth, zur, I can do the rale thing."

A BORDER MARRIAGE.

GRETNA, as late as the year 1855, was the head-quarters for border marriages. Annan, Waterfoot, Coldstream, and Lammerton Toll - though unconnected with it—were its outposts.

Our business is with Lammerton, the toll of which, situated about two miles from Berwick, within the stone demarcation that separates the two kingdoms, was a pleasant but unpretending little inn, much frequented by border strollers and runaway couples burdened with illicit intentions.

At Gretna, a blacksmith or a tobacconist used to tie the matrimonial knots. At Lammerton, the business was attended to by one who could tie any knot, from a clove-hitch to a double-sheet bend, and splice according to the most approved fashion of accomplished seamanship. This functionary was a dark-faced sailor, of the free, active, and jolly type. Nothing was lost to him that could be saved by energy and a keen look-out; so, on the arrival of every train at Berwick, boatswain Sharp appeared on the platform, invariably showing his rough front as the steam was blowing off, and the breaks were scraping the rails prior to stopping the carriages.

By what kind of instinct he managed to pick out his game would mystify a magician, unless it be accounted for on the principle of mutual sympathy. He had no occasion to tout, to proclaim his mission, or solicit custom. Towards him the nuptial couples gravitated as the centre of a system, and he towards them with a certainty so unerring, it seemed as if a mesmeric medium (granting that such an influence exists) was established between him and his romantic friends. The old sailor was too 'cute to parley with his conscience, (if he had any) or his customers. Of the propriety of his office he was satisfied by the demand for his services. If his character were not sacred, judging it by the rubric and the homilies, his work was tolerated and appreciated. The essence of his system was celerity, dispensing with the legal trammels of banns or licences, a corps of bridesmaids, and the

stiff machinery of inquiry and declaration; and all was done, out of hand, for three half-crowns—not a farthing less—and no questions asked.

After an introduction, which required but a few words of explanation, and a knowing motion of the left eye, a vehicle, constantly at the Bo'sun's call, drew up, and, receiving the bridal pair and the warrant officer, plunged away at post speed for the Toll.

In 1851, some sappers, and as many artillerymen, were seated in the front parlour of the little inn, when a carriage dashed up to the door. The horses were in foam, partly concealed by clouds of steam rising from their quivering flanks. The couple inside belonged to the better class of society, as testified by the presence of a devoted servant, long intrusted with the secret, who, fully impressed with the necessity for precipitation, jumped from the box, opened the crriage door, threw down the steps, and waited, in humble mien, to assist the parties into the Toll-house. Out sprang our well-known friend the Bo'sun, lurching from his seat as from a boat, followed by a young, and not unhandsome, man, in extra cuffs, choker, and studs, leading a damsel, fair enough and tender, but lame. She looked hot, anxious, timid, and self-condemned. From appearance alone it was pretty evident she was as rich as Crœsus, and he a needy man, less in love with her person than her money. For so much, we thought, had he possessed a spark of gallantry, he might have done a great deal more than simply elope with her. There was much room for gentleness; and we, in our ignorance, fancied it would have been no great breach of etiquette had he, in consideration of the severe halt in her gait, have carried her, as a lover joyfully ought, from the carriage to the inn, if only to hide her deformity from eyes sifting every feature and move of the interesting transaction. It was the hardest work in the world for us to restrain ourselves from surrendering to the lady our services, but we did not wish to make a fool of the fellow, and so held back. She yielded to the slight as gracefully as she could, for it was not exactly the time to display feelings of irritation, and leaping with a complicated wriggle from the last step of the carriage, she limped up stairs, unsupported as regards as her personal impediment permitted.

The Bo'sun was one of those men who [illegible]

at least cheerfully, without a certain amount of priming. Reading the marriage service was what he called "jaw-work." To do this without hoarseness or husky interruptions, it was essential that he should "wet his whistle," and so ease the levers and hinges of his vocal machinery. Grog had been the drink of his life, since the hour he was able to distinguish the difference between a bower-anchor and a boat-hook, and that probably was long before he could spell the words. From the day he took to the "knotting and splicing" profession, he drank his liquor neat. Not only did he want a drop on his own account, but it was absolutely necessary to the due fulfilment of the matrimonial ceremony. "A wedding," he remarked, "performed under peculiar and exciting circumstances, could not be said to be celebrated unless pledged with 'all the honours.'" He therefore pulled the bell with a strong hand, and it rang a mighty peal in the little bar-parlour.

In an instant the waiter, scarcely taller than a bulldog, exhibited himself.

"Bring a gill o' whuskey?" ordered the warrant-officer.

"Yes, sir," cried the waiter, vanishing—not pattering from stair to stair, but, impressed, like every one else, with the necessity for haste, sliding down the banisters, and taking the whole flight in a couple of jumps.

As soon as the stinging water (which affected one's breath like a strong sniff of Preston salts) was brought, and a glass of it was transferred to the Bo'sun's *cul de sac*, the ceremony began.

From what could be heard below (we all had our ears elevated and open), it differed little, if any, from the service read on nuptial occasions in the church of England.

Whether the contracting parties sat or stood, the listeners had no means of ascertaining, without trying to penetrate secrets which they regarded as too sacred to be disturbed. It is presumed, however, that the reverend man-o'-war's man, dispensed with the more solemn incidents of the ceremony, such as standing and kneeling, allowing the couple (out of compliment to the bride who was ill adapted to a process so fatiguing) to avail themselves of the more agreeable posture of sitting. Be this as it may, the "Amen" was at last pronounced, and the affair was over; but the Bo'sun, seeing that the husband evinced no signs of saluting his

better-half with the customary tenderness, shouted, by way of epilogue—

"Get up, damn you, sir, and kiss your wife!"

Happy to be recalled from his forgetfulness, the bridegroom attended cordially to the suggestion. Had he not have done so, the Bo'sun, sooner than be a party to an act of such unloving negligence, would himself, merging the parson into the man, have played the gallant, and spoiled the young lady's curls with one of his high-pressure hugs.

While the embrace was going on, the Bo'sun delivered his usual toast, "Health and happiness to the bride an' bridegroom," and finished the whiskey.

Many a fugitive pair had the old seaman joined in matrimonial felicity. It was his habit, after every consummation, to come out "strong," with his friends, if addressed by them as *Mr. Sharp*. He had a peculiar fancy for this respectable designation, and enjoyed it vastly when conceded; but if called *Bo'sun Sharpy*, his wish was, that he had you tied up for a round dozen to the yard-arm of H.M.S. "Scourge."

A Bit of a Dust.—Geeron was painting pontoons by the road-side at Raismes on a very windy day, when the captain of his company paid him a flying visit.

"What," he inquired, "are you painting for in such weather as this? Don't you see that the dust is blowing about and spoiling your work?"

"Divil the dust did I see afore you came, sir!" was Geeron's ready reply.

Let your Light Shine.—Sergeant Ebb, belonging to one of the numbered regiments, was notable for his eccentricities in connection with the spiritual affairs of the Wesleyans, of which society he was an exemplary member. At their ordinary meetings, when any of the brethren engaged in prayer, Sergeant Ebb, as well from feeling as from duty, accompanied them with quaint responses. At one of these meetings, a brother, offering up a fervent supplication, exclaimed,

"Lord! let them not put their light under a bushel!"

"No, Lord!" responded the revivalist; "if they do, let them put the bottom out!"

THE MAGICIAN.

In the ranks of the sappers have been found all classes of subjects from the peer to the peasant; all professions from the lawyer to the policeman; and all trades from the organ-builder to the mouse-trap maker. There have also been clergymen and dissenting ministers, cashiered officers, a used-up baronet, broken-down stockbrokers and barristers, gentlemen who have run through fortunes in no time, and ventriloquists and actors; but during a period of more than eighty years, the corps has never had enrolled among its members more than one magician.

This dealer in sorcery was one Leeland, a little man, slim in person, about twenty years of age, with a closely-cropped head, and small black moustache, which, from the shallowness of his upper lip, was scarcely broader than a boot-lace. His complexion, like the hue of a faded crocus, was sallowed by study and confinement. With spare cheeks slightly hollowed, unfenced by whiskers, his visage resembled more the sharp façade of a Parisian than a youth from Bow. His forehead was narrow, his chin sported an imperial, and his small black eyes gleamed with a nervous twitter and shyness, which proclaimed him a fit subject to exemplify the most extravagant flights of mesmeric influence. A fair education he had received, including French, in which he was well schooled. Prizes he had earned for proficiency. Care indeed had been taken to qualify him for high employment; and he looked back to the tenure of his school days at Arlington with a gratification that, his masters, in full appreciation of his creditable acquirements, reciprocated, by inviting him, as late as January 1857, to an "old pupil's soirée" at Myddleton Hall.

For novels and light reading Leeland had no taste. Above all books he preferred the Bible; from which, with the fluency of a theologian, he could cite scripture, and speak of the decrees with the sufficiency and severity of an unbending Calvinist. Though his life was as secluded as a

hermit's, he nevertheless found recreation as a distributor of tracts, and in endeavouring to decipher the hieroglyphics in Raphael's Almanack, which his father, an industrious but drooping confectioner, had, for twenty years and more, taken in annually to apprise him of the signs and seasons. Leeland's great aspiration was to be a preacher in the pay of the London City Mission, for which, if a sanctimonious and melancholy countenance were qualifications, he seemed to be admirably suited. But despairing of a call, either through the interest of friends or of spiritual intervention, he sacrificed his bias for the rostrum, and turned his thoughts into other channels.

Early, his mind had become beclouded with mystical views, and his study of real theology, as a consequence, lessened in vitality as those views gained ascendancy. Still, he regarded the abstract examination of the philosophy of sorcery, as he termed it, to be one advanced step in the establishment of his faith; and to attain a height of grace it was impossible—from his perverted perception of means and agencies—he could ever enjoy, he imposed monkish rigours on his body, and chastened his appetites by the severest abstinence and self-denial.

With all this ascetism, and the unripe confidence he had placed on those dark passages of scripture, which alluded to the power of men to practise divination, he was in a constant state of trepidation, and frequently frightened by imaginative appearances. Once, particularly, his reason had gone beyond its tension. Just as he was retiring for the night, with a mind full of ridiculous phantasies, he saw a globe of fire, blood red, like the sun going down, under the grate. It seemed to hiss like metal fusing; and as he gazed transfixed at the phenomenon, it shone brighter and brighter till, without noise, it suddenly disappeared he knew not how; and the young visionary, aghast and breathless with his fears, buried his swimming head in the bed-clothes.

This ought to have been enough to startle him from a morbid habit of musing, so calculated to overturn his mental balance; but wedded to the pursuit, he could not command the resolution to abandon it. From the study of the "divine" Raphael, he shelved by degrees into the practice of magic, of consulting spirits, and seeking appearances by [illegible] In the capability of geomancy to

work out the true issue of any matter under examination he sternly believed, and subscribed unreservedly to the efficacy of all those rules which modern astrologers employ to arrive at the knowledge of future events. To the reading of Raphael, Leeland added the works of Albertus Magnus, Nostra Damus, Lilly, Dr. Borman, and others; and he was as well read in the presumed horrors of Tophet, as in the wild Antinomian disquisitions of the eccentric Toplady. Close to his breast he wore a quaint book with strange pictures of the condemned soul in Hades; and to avoid yielding to any temptation, which threatened to affect the purity of his conduct, he gloated over those execrable woodcuts—terrific caricatures of torture—till he had conquered the seduction, and sufficiently mortified his dark spirit.

Notwithstanding all this, Leeland was barely more than in his noviciate, for he had not gone so deeply into the mysteries of conjuration, as to be competent to manufacture candles out of human blood, to be able to witness the presence of future occurrences through a crystal; nor had he ever essayed the sacrilegious process of shooting the consecrated wafer, by which to acquire the power of casting magic bullets. Still, he had gone far enough to regard himself as possessing the faculty of divination, and of deriving from invisible assistances the foreknowledge of secrets.

From the Bible, for the chief part, he professed to draw belief in the existence of hidden communications and of sorcery. Of passages which alluded to supernatural appearances and the practice of witchcraft in patriarchal and later eras, he could quote texts by the string, without the variation of a monosyllable from the true version. These he considered to be sufficient vindication for his occult engagements. The angel Gabriel visited Daniel; an angel appeared to Hagar at the fountain; Lot entertained two angels at Sodom; angels honoured Abraham with an interview on the plains of Mamre; an armed angel stopped Balaam on his way to Moab; Elijah was touched by one; another was seen by Ornan; an angel stayed the fears of Zecharias and of Mary; another appeared to Peter in prison; and there was the angelic visit to Tobit. These were among some of the recorded events of spiritual communication which Leeland recognised as incontrovertible evidence of

the dispensation of an agency, not the less entitled to credence, because unseen by others than the gifted persons favoured with the manifestations. Of the practice of sorcery he said the Scriptures teemed with references to it, even adding descriptions of its fatal success. Balaam he regarded as an approved astrologer, seeking, with no better apparent reason than modern sorcerers, assistance from Providence in the use of his craft. Manasseh used enchantments and dealt with a familiar spirit and wizards. Simon, too, was a sorcerer.

In all this, the necromantic nursling had blindly overlooked the fact, that most of the instances he adduced to warrant a pursuit he believed he had power to develop, were so many proofs to establish its wickedness. Except for the inscrutable purposes of the Creator, who at times employed holy men to predict the evolution of events, the profession of witchcraft was condemned as a folly, which subjected those who consulted "the spirits" to penalties commensurate with their credulity.

"And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits and after wizards . . . . I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people."

"A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, they shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones."

"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of their abominations, the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee."

These passages certainly offer no encouragement to sane men to prostitute their reason in receiving as true the pretences of sorcerers, who, from the earliest ages and through all time, have imposed on human gullibility. And if instances be wanted to show the iniquity of the practice, and of holding weird consultations, it will be more than enough to name the cases of king Manasseh, Elymas the sorcerer, who was struck blind, and Saul, the great king of

Israel. The last was followed by results more tragical and decisive than any on record, and will bear repetition here.

Saul had habituated himself to the counsel of wizards—depending on the fidelity of their prognostications; but actuated at length by other impressions, not only abstained from communing with them, but cruelly destroyed all in the land who had the reputation for divination. Notwithstanding the energy with which he annihilated the soothsayers, his wavering mind, still influenced by its early bias, drove him again to seek information about the future from familiar spirits. Under David, the Philistines were assembled to give battle to the forces of Saul. From heaven the king sought direction in vain. Dreams, the Urim, and the prophets were silent. In dismay, he desired his servants to seek a woman with a familiar spirit, from whom to learn what was to befall him. Disguised, he waited on the witch of Endor; and when, having discovered who he was, she had exacted from the king a promise not to harm her, whatever might be the purport of her communication, she revealed to him that Israel next day would be defeated by the Philistines, and that Saul and Jonathan would die. The prediction was fulfilled. David conquered Israel, and, save four hundred that fled, destroyed the hosts of Saul. Jonathan and his two brothers were slain; and Saul, who was wounded in the fight, threw his bleeding body on his sword, and died on the field of Gilboa. Such was the end of that great king; and this untimely event is ascribed, in the Chronicles, to his impiety "for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit."

While holy writ had made clear the gross wickedness of such practices, Leeland, nevertheless, carried away by an infatuated desire to become distinguished among men, aided, moreover, by visions and strange impulses—the ordinary accompaniments of intellects whose sensitive temperaments lay them open to the reception of any absurdity—was strengthened in the belief of his prophetic capacity. And if confirmation were wanted to satisfy him that he might with impunity use the faculty with which he supposed himself to be endowed, he conceived that, as the gift had been dispensed to Balaam, and the witch of Endor, without incurring any displeasure for their acts, the power could again be exercised, if direction and illumination were sought from the same source from whence it was obtained in ancient times.

Attending with persevering severity to his occult studies, Leeland, by degrees, reckoned his proficiency in divination of so high a character, that he scarcely cared to confine himself to the antiquated rules of geomancy, which possessed too many features of chance to be spiritual. He therefore struck out a path for himself. What better course could he adopt than the plan of the apostles, who, casting "forth their lots," chose Matthias to be one of the twelve in the room of Judas.

What that plan was he knew not; but the inspired attribute which influenced his conduct and opened his eyes on mysteries—sealed to the rest of mankind, ever ready to enlighten his path—gave him an easy method to proceed with his mission. With no idea of aiming low, our magician took exalted game for his juvenile practice. The world had been excited and disturbed by the calamitous progress of the Russian war; and the terrible siege of Sebastopol, which, having given rise to many heroic achievements and many fierce deaths, had placed the struggle in the front rank of desperate encounters. The Emperor Nicholas, whose arrogant menace of the "sick man" had originated the war, was the humble measure of the young astrologer's mark; and in this, he fancied, if his prediction came true, he would establish for himself an enviable position among soothsayers.

In his workshop, as a cabinet maker, he commenced early in February, 1855, to work out, when alone, the future of the emperor. For so illustrious a monarch, he might have employed better means than those he used to ascertain the dread deduction at which he arrived. Into a baker's flour-bag he placed four paper tickets, inscribed respectively with the words "years," "months," "weeks," "days." With an unfaltering belief in his fitness to unravel supernatural communications, he expressed a wish to learn the time when it was predestinated the emperor should die, and fervently prayed that Providence would guide his hand into the bag.

"Let it be according to thy will!" cried the wizard, looking upwards. Then drawing a ticket from the bag, muttering strange sentences like an avenging spirit, he opened it, and the word it bore was "days!"

"An infallible intimation," thought he. "A few short weeks and all will be over. Would that I could reveal it to the emperor, so that he might prepare for the awful change

that awaits him. It cannot be, and he must depart with all his guilt unpurged."

The magician gazed at the solemn word with an uneasy aspect; his face had more crocus in it than usual, and his knees, like Jehu's, smote one against the other. With his feelings, however, he did not long struggle; and leaving his laboratory, the wizard, taking pen and paper, made known his prediction, on the 6th February, to the editor of the "Morning Advertiser."

With a proper appreciation of the state of the writer's intellects, the editor judiciously threw the imbecile missive into his waste-basket; but within the time foretold by the young astrologer, death had stricken the emperor! The knowledge of the fate of that great man forced Leeland to the editor again; for bent on making his fame in witchcraft, he begged that publicity should at once be given to the prophecy so remarkably fulfilled.

Thus appealed to, the editor, in his impression of the 6th March, referred to the fatal communication. "We willingly comply," said he, "with the writer's request to acknowledge the receipt of the letter to which he alludes. In that letter he announced in the most positive terms that, by the end of three weeks, the Emperor of Russia would be a corpse, and did so with an earnestness of manner which showed that the idea with him was something more than a mere conviction—that it was a part of his very being. We need not add that even now the fulfilment of the prediction is only to be regarded as a very curious coincidence—a lucky guess."

The remarkable fulfilment of his divination, did not tend to lessen the view the magician took of his inspiration; and his restless spirit singled out for conjuration another notability, whose career through life has been a series of extraordinary and startling events, checkered by deep disaster and exalted success. Accordingly, in his mystic worship he unfolded a result, which he announced on the 26th March, 1855, to the "Morning Advertiser." The letter appeared in that journal on the 4th April, but the name of the prince to whom the prophecy has reference was, for wise reasons, suppressed. Here is an extract from the wizard's communication:—

"In all ages of the world there have been some individuals to whom the hour of their own and other's deaths has been

made known. Did space permit, I could give numerous examples. I myself am one of these examples; for, as you know, the time of the Emperor of Russia's death was made known unto me, and I made it known to you, three weeks before it happened.

"And in a most solemn and serious way the time at which another great man will die has also been revealed to me. Besides, these are not solitary cases, and every day I look for other revelations. I wish, therefore, for all people and nations, wherever the 'Morning Advertiser' goes, to know, through its columns, this most important secret.

"Guessing, clairvoyance, and mesmerism have nothing to do with it; but it is a real fact predestinated, unalterably and absolutely made known unto me in a way which I shall never disclose. I give it disinterestedly for the world's benefit, and do know and believe it shall infallibly come to pass. This revelation wills that —— will die on the 15th May, 1859."

The secret, it seems, by which the revelation was obtained is never to be disclosed. Locked up in the wizard's breast, who can know it? Conjecture has a wild field to wander over in search of it, while curiosity has ample room to use its subtleties in trying to learn the means employed to deduce so defined a destiny. There are stern intellects which can sustain a secret without being afflicted by its fatiguing presence, but there are many more whose frail organization prompt them to seek occasions for confessions, which relieve them from mental burdens they are unable to bear. Of this class was Leeland. His mind was infirm, he could not imprison his thoughts; and though he imagined, with inflexible delusion, he had received his prophetic intimations from invisible sources, a moment came when he revealed, with unhesitating readiness, the materialism of his process.

And here it is. The formula was much the same as that employed to learn the fate of the Emperor Nicholas; but, from circumstances which will appear, was necessarily more elaborate. The paper bag was again called into requisition. His table was a carpenter's bench, covered with bone carvings, pieces of fancy wood, (cut into squares, triangles, circles, and parallelograms,) amulets, galvanic rings, signets, shavings, bits of glue, and all sorts of tools for refined cabinetry. For [illegible] purpose, it was a wonder the visionary did not use

paraphernalia more in keeping with his dread office. He could make talismans, cabalistic signs, and the magic gear of an accomplished necromancer; but it never struck him that a sable bag, bearing in white orthodox satin, the hideous relics of mortality, with the motto, "death and the grave," would have been a much more becoming appliance for his mysteries than the baker's flimsy device to hold a quartern of flour.

In a costume the most sublunary, he commenced his incantation. As if to perpetrate a foul deed, he had an apron on and his shirt-sleeves tucked up. His face was not as clean as it ought to have been, nor were his hands untainted. His eyes flickered a little, for his head ached, and he was stuffed somewhat at the nose. He ought, indeed, to have been on the doctor's list, but it was right he should sacrifice himself to the grave business of his mission. With a serious air, a bilious countenance, a wild, dazzling eye, and a twittering lip, he took off his dingy cap; and after carefully folding four labels, each inscribed with one of the words "years," "months," "weeks," "days," dropped them into the bag, and, solemnly kneeling, turned his closed eyes upwards, as if mentally looking for a supernatural appearance.

For a time he was unable audibly to offer those supplications which the occasion needed. Impressed with the dread nature of his office, he was overcome; indescribable sensations crept over his infirmity, and his impulsive heart thrilled with an action so quick that he shivered as he knelt.

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
> Utter'd or unexpress'd."

Montgomery never bargained for the mystical application of a single line of his inspiration, but the stanza was caught up by the magician, as singularly appropriate to the solemn occasion. Gradually his emotions relaxed, his strength returned, and after uttering a few sentences from prophetic records, presumed to pray—

"Give me the knowledge, for Christ's sake, to foretell the hour when —— shall depart this life. There is a time to be born and a time to die. Under divine guidance the poet sings truly,

> "Till the God of love sees fit
> Not a single shaft shall hit."

Reveal to me the dread time when the arrow shall strike

For thy glory and for human good I implore, in the Triune name, that the gift of prophecy may again be imparted to me; so that, through my lowly instrumentality, the world may know that the spirit of divination is still with man, as it was with Balaam and the woman of Endor."

Rising slowly with a countenance animated by confidence, he thrust his hand into the flour-bag, and, withdrawing a label, the lot fell on "years."

Years! What then? He paused for spiritual direction, filling up the interval with intonations and mutterings, apparently as incoherent as if a typhoid fever had robbed him of his consciousness.

A device occurred to him, as if it were the result of his pious dependence. Considering the expired duration of "the life" subjected to his calculations, and employing a probable limit during which, in the natural order of Providence, death would likely overtake the prince, he fixed the maximum of existence at ten years—a scanty period, certainly, for a man of middle age, with unyielding firmness and vigorous health. Ten slips of paper, each bearing a year, commencing with 1855, and so on consecutively to 1865, were folded up, and thrown indiscriminately into the bag. Renewing his prayer, in the gloomy tones of a melancholy devotee, he withdrew from the bag the year 1859. Twelve slips of paper were now prepared, on which were written the names of the months, and after hustling them together, his trembling hand took from the group the month of May. In like manner, to fix the date, he consigned thirty-one tickets to the flour-bag, and, amid violent shiverings and dreary ejaculations, completing the last effort in his prophetic manipulation, the lot fell on the 15th. Thus did Leeland work out the destiny of that illustrious man, who, says the astrologer, will "infallibly" die on the 15th May, 1859!

Take breath, kind reader, and if you feel disposed, go to the next chapter.

THE MAGICIAN.

II.

Our magician, who had now taken his place among the famed of his craft, was sought for, from far and near, by silly people in quest of nonsensical information. By every post letters reached him from fair hands and stupid hearts, beseeching attention to their nervous solicitude. If he had been disposed to drive a lucrative business, he might, with a little industry, have made a rapid fortune. The door of his residence was ceaselessly assailed by applicants, using every species of intimation, from the single heavy blow of the charwoman, to the sustained *piccolo obligato* of the discomposed lady. It was as much as his good old mother could do to carry out her social vocation and answer the appeals of the timid souls that rapped from morning to night at the portal; but the young wizard, a man of retired habits, modest even to shyness, denied himself to every one who begged the distinction of a private interview. The consequence was, that letters were more abundant, becoming, indeed, so oppressive that, from sheer inability to offer divinations for all of them, he was compelled to confine his sorcery to a selected number, whose inquiries were within the rational province of supernatural investigation. Most of the communications he received were from the gentler sex—many from ladies, more from married women, spinsters inquiring about their lovers, giddy girls in service from twenty and even younger, and toothless dowagers of the venerable age of sixty and upwards.

A sweet creature, who had arrived at years of discretion, having been born on the 20th June, 1833, but whose name, at her express wish, is suppressed, was so convinced of the prophetic power of the soothsayer, from reading his prediction touching the Emperor of Russia, that she must ask the solution of some interesting questions. She had apparently kept company with a young man, a soldier, of whose death she had heard a report; but wishing to be astrologically satisfied on the point, of course it formed her first question. Others followed in this style.

"When shall I lose a near and dear relative by the cold arms of death?

"Is there any money coming to my beloved mother?

"At what age shall I change my name?"

And then she concluded, with much less poetry than was proper for a damsel whose heart was in chains, and could write very indifferent love sonnets—

"Do you think I shall die a blessed old maid?"

This, it must be confessed, was a vital question; but it was far too funnily expressed to induce the magician to bestow upon her those spiritual attentions which he otherwise would have done. He dismissed her as a bold, audacious minx, but tied up her letter among the "rejected addresses."

A second note was from an elderly lady, well-to-do in the world, who wrote a strong hand, despite her age, which was fifty-four. She was an inveterate questioner, troubled with neuralgic tortures, an elastic tongue, and illimitable garrulity. She was also a family woman, scared by amplified fears, and depressed in spirit, because her sons were in Australia. In so remote a colony, it was impossible they could derive information of the future with the same unerring certainty it could be imparted in London. There were no great lights in that distant colony—certainly not the extraordinary one who, as unexpectedly as an unforeseen meteor, had lately rushed among men with a brilliancy quite cometic. At such an opinion Leeland naturally straitened himself; and in re-reading the letter, demeaned himself with undisguised consequence.

"Certainly," thought Leeland, "I must treat this good lady with every courtesy. She has very properly discerned the gravity of my profession; and impartial as I necessarily must be, there can be no reason why I should not hope that the divinations to be employed in her behalf may turn out to her advantage. But what does the lady want?"

"A sum," writes the mother, "has been remitted for the return home of my two sons: will they do so?

"Will they prosper in England? I should like them to get government appointments.

"Will they get into the War Office or the Treasury? Above all things I should prefer that they got into the Treasury, because it is said, that gentlemen there receive

incredible salaries for doing nothing; and of course so much leisure will give them time for recreation and learning a few odd useful things.

"Will they marry respectably? I hope you may be able to arrange it so that they may be united to ladies who have some attractions and accomplishments—with good teeth, delicate hands, a position in society, a fortune, and who understand all the refinements of a tedious etiquette, which, although exceedingly wearying, must still be borne till we get less formal in our civilities.

"One of my sons is afflicted with deafness. Is it likely to be permanent, or is there a chance of his hearing being restored? This has always been a wonder to me, why so handsome a man should have been cursed with this defect. But it will not by any means incapacitate him for the duties you may appoint him to at the Treasury, nor does it in the least prevent him admiring a graceful performance on the pianoforte, the harp, or the accordion.

"Latterly," continued the dowager, "I have suffered severe pains in my head, and have gone to several doctors, obtaining but temporary relief. Between you and me—and I trust you won't mention it—I believe even the best men of the medical profession to be imposters. Why do they not save their patients? No doubt they can cleverly extract a decayed tooth without breaking your jaw, or cure a whitlow without amputating your finger; but when a little pain gets into one's head, that seems to annihilate their skill.

"Shall I, dear sir, be afflicted with pains in my head all my life?

"Can you tell me where my father is? He is somewhere in London, but I wish to know the street, the house, and its number? He is a strange old man, very fond of company, concerts, paying ever so much money to go behind the scenes to talk with the ballet-girls and all that; but when I receive your kind reply I shall call and astonish him.

"At what hour will it be dangerous to a sister of my mother-in-law, who is seventy-eight years of age? When she dies, I hope I may—but it is idle to speculate—come in for a little of her abundance. Free am I to confess that I do not see the shade of a reason for expecting her remembrance; but should I be so fortunate, you may depend I will not forget you."

One would fancy that half this catalogue of queries was enough to puzzle the brain of any astrologer. The old lady did not think so. Her faith in the power of the new light was as unbounded as her cordiality was ridiculous; and, as if to show that she was disposed to regard occurrences, not easily accounted for, as superstitious omens, she related an incident which was too marvellous, in her opinion, to pass without endeavouring to find out the events to which it was the precursor.

"I was in my kitchen," she writes, "talking, not seriously, with a friend, when we were both startled by a sudden and exceedingly loud report, as if two heavy pieces of iron came in violent contact. There was nothing in the kitchen that could make a similar noise, even by our endeavouring to produce it. The noise occurred about two yards from us. We moved our position a little, I leaning my elbow on the dresser, when two other reports, somewhat subdued—like shells smothered with earth—burst behind us. The noises took place about 7 P.M. on Shrove-Tuesday.

"May I hope that these singular sounds had no connection with my dear children, and that you will be able to assure me that they had not.

"What prospect have I from these omens for my decline in life? Except that I have a few disagreeable pains in the head, I must say that I am generally healthy, and cannot see any valid reason why I should not live for a century. I know it is in your power to bribe 'the spirits' into your wishes; and have more than convinced myself, you will extend to me all the favor which the generosity of your wonderful craft is so disposed to yield. It would be very nice and pretty to see one's name among the celebrities of longevity in the 'Wonders of Nature and Art,' or 'Haydn's Dates.' By the way, you are of course aware that the government only granted that great man twenty-eight pounds a-year to live on!—less, I assure you, than I give my cook, including her keep and tea and sugar.

"Can you tell me by what calculation Lord Palmerston arrived at a result so shamefully disproportionate to Mr. Haydn's literary merit? Poor fellow, he has become imbecile! I don't wonder at it. Twenty-eight pounds a-year the measure of public appreciation for unquestioned worth—for one who had spent a severe lifetime in writing about

dates and dignities—was enough to dislocate the strongest wits."

If the astrologer replied to this singular peroration, he must have had some precious hard work, a great deal of patience, and unbounded assurance. But what about the mysterious sounds? From pains in the head, strange freaks of weakness constantly arise; and it is only surprising that a soul so sensitive and imaginative as the fifty-four year old, did not realise, through her fears, the presence of appearances which it seems to be the prerogative of the superstitious to witness. If the unseen phenomenon had not been produced by the mischievous ability of the servant-boy, or the sly gaiety of the lady friend, it is not irrational to conclude, that the dowager was indebted for the delusion, to a return of her horrid neuralgic shoots.

Poor Jane was another victim to her feelings; but as she was young and modest, caring nothing for herself but everything for the young man to whom she was betrothed, there is room for extending to her the sympathy which is seldom conceded to silly girls. The object in whose fate the tender Jane was interested was a soldier. What captivating fellows those red coats must be! This is the second soldier whose destiny was submitted to the gifted prescience of the necromancer. As pretty Jane lived in George's Gardens, no doubt the soldier of her choice belonged to the bearskins and white ducks; and besides being a strapping guardsman, must have fought like a giant at Alma, Inkermann, and the great siege.

"It is not of myself I wish to hear anything," wrote Jane, "but the fate of a gent I am betrothed to. He sailed for Constantinople early in 1854, and nothing has been heard of him since. If it be possible to relieve my extreme anxiety as to his destiny, you will ever have the prayers of your humble servant."

She waited an answer "with the utmost impatience."

An invincible necessity may have followed that young man and cut him off in the midst of his prowess. There are few hearts that would not leap for joy if it could be said that the "gent" had returned and entered into that state which poor Jane evidently regarded as essential to her happiness; but the divination willed, that her strapping conquest was no more.

This moved the wizard strangely; he anticipated a different result; and to relieve the excitement which turned his little apportionment of brain upside down, he flew, by a fast train into the country, to try what fresh air and the fields would do for his nervous infirmity. In a distant village his appearance was something to talk about. A narrow moustache with ammonitic finalities; a sable imperial sweeping his chin like the leg of a pair of compasses describing the segment of a circle; boots with two-inch box heels—wonderful specimens of dignified shoemaking; a travelling cap, with gold netted boss and inverted war peak, thrown on his head at an extravagant angle, partially covering the right ear; and a dagger stick surmounted by a grotesque bone carving of Mars, completed the military symbols of his costume. These, (the accessories of a suit of dismal black,) with cabalistic studs, a death's head breast-pin, a sulphury-colored countenance, a maniacal grin, white teeth, and a pair of dazzling eyes, made the astrologer the "observed of all observers," and the gaberdine community followed him as they would an Eastern nabob.

Renewed in courage and mental strength, Leeland in a few days returned to his magic workshop, where no end of letters awaited his necromantic attention.

"Believe me, sir," wrote a lady from Hoxton—not far from the Lunatic Asylum—but who, with commendable reserve, used only her initials, M. C., "I was very much impressed with the purport of your letters in the 'Morning Advertiser,' and having spoken to others on the subject, it was generally concluded you were a gifted astrologer. I was anxious to consult you about one of my family; and, without any further knowledge of you, ventured to write, using under favor, Miss Collins' address." The lady who wrote, was about twenty-eight years of age, which accounts for the matured caution she evinced in the use of her initials and a spinster's direction.

She continues. "I think I should not do right to take advantage of the good feeling which dictates your reply, as mine is the natural anxiety of a parent for a son just arrived at manhood." How can this be? She must have been a bold woman to play the proverbial inaccuracy of her sex, and venture a falsified age to the astrologer! If her years were

twenty-eight as stated, she must have been married at about fifteen, and her man-son have reached the venerable age of twelve!

"If," she adds, "you will not permit me to make some recompense for your trouble, only say you will allow me to be grateful, and I shall always think of your kindness and liberality."

M. C.'s letter was written very neatly, in the most approved style of angular connections; and if one's caligraphy may be taken as evidence of one's personal appearance, M. C. must have been a "charming woman." She did not suggest any subject about which she was anxious for revelation, leaving it doubtlessly to the wizard to anticipate her maternal wishes; but as his power did not extend to suggesting questions for correspondents who did not possess an European fame, it is supposed, as there is no record of a divination, that the magician shrewdly declined the coveted service.

Another note is appended from a credulous creature, the elegance of whose writing was something remarkable. She was evidently moving in an easy circle, for her name and the place of her residence were identical. The distressed "fair one," seeing no hope of relief from her troubles, applied to the London new light to ascertain if, by his spiritual agency, he could illuminate the dismal present with a brilliant future.

"Mrs. T—— has been in great trouble for many months past, and hopes, if she make any mistake in addressing these lines to Mr. Leeland, he will excuse her; but if he would enlighten her as to the uncertainty of her affairs, or reveal anything that would lead to her benefit, she should be thankful to hear from him shortly.

"T—— Hill,

"Tallow, Co. Waterford. 11th April, 1856."

A very business-like communication—too much so for the wizard; but he replied courteously—he could not do otherwise, for he was a pink of politeness—perilling his honor and character in the veracity of his prediction. What it was, the astrologer did not note, and his confused memory has now lost all trace of its purport.

Australia, with its gold-fields, had taken many a man from his homestead to seek for his family an el dorado. With the stream of emigrants was one from that centre of odours and

refinement known as Billingsgate, who parted from his wife in sorrow, swearing eternal fidelity and love. She believed his earnestness, took consolation from his professions and warmth; but wrung her hands in anguish as the "outward-bound" leaped from the quay into the sea. A small tear quivered in his shaded eyes; he waved his handkerchief, and she waved hers, weeping as if her heart would break, till the vessel, driven on by the wind, was lost behind the horizon.

In time the emigrant landed, and, pushing away to the diggings, was too much carried away by his employments and adventures to write to his wife. This was inexplicable; for he was a good husband, and a kind father. Unravel it she would. Insatiably she read the Australian news, as it appeared from time to time in the newspapers; but the uniform absence of a name she was expiring to see mentioned, rendered all other species of information so much gall to embitter her spirit and reflections.

Disposed to trust in delusions as realities, she no sooner caught sight of the remarkable letter of our extraordinary magician in the "Advertiser," than her mind was at once made up to consult the oracle. Agitated as she was by influences springing from a nervous organization, it was not an easy matter to frame her request in suitable language, and her resolution gave way; but an unseen and inexorable force seemed to combat her reluctance, urging in spite of herself, the fulfilment of a service at which she shuddered. The contemplation of a power mysteriously imparted to the astrologer, and which it was not improbable, in his prophetic vagaries, he might, with devilish gratification, exercise against herself, did not tend to calm a spirit almost distracted by its fears. Little energy of faculty she could command to overcome the pressure of her thoughts, and on she scribbled, down one page, and then another, till her labour was accomplished. Bonnetted and veiled, she ran to the post-office, and throwing the missive into a formal aperture, with brazen lips, was glad to rid herself of an epistle which she fancied, with a shiver, had already passed through some hidden ordeal.

The deserted woman, dreading to learn the result of her indiscreet solicitude, waited for a reply in Dark-house Lane. The wizard received the letter, and instantly applied his peculiar process to learn the prophetic issue. "Dead,"

"Alive," written on two slips of paper, were consigned to the flour-bag. As he proceeded with his magic prayer, he was struck with indescribable terror, a fit of trembling seized him, and while that sensitive plumbbob within his breast throbbed violently enough to break his ribs, perspiration teemed like rain-drops from the palms of his hands; but as there must be an end to all things, there was a moment when these extravagant sensations subsided, and the weird hand, thrust into the bag, drew out the pleasing intimation, "Alive." Overjoyed, the amiable magician communicated the result of his divination to the poor, broken-spirited soul, whose life, to all appearance, was wasting away in irretrievable despondency. Leeland expected that the wife would be seized with ecstacies at the news. She was not. To read that word, "alive," struck her like a thunderbolt; for as she had serious thoughts of speedily changing her condition, she was uncharitably hoping that the intelligence would have been of a very different stamp. With the fierceness of disappointment, she had all but made up her mind to pay a rash visit to the wizard to pommel his little head; but though belonging to Billingsgate, which may account for her pugnacious qualifications, she was not free of a train of terrors, which, with great propriety, calmed the masculine propensity of her gentle arm. The prediction could not be altered; nothing is so irreversible as a revelation, and of its truth, proof arrived in a few days from Australia. To her deep chagrin, a letter announced the husband to be alive and —kicking; and thus the deserted wife was prevented plunging into the intricacies of a double marriage.

As the disinterested pursuit of a dark business had seriously affected the magician's prospects in trade, he resolved to abandon it, trying, moreover, several schemes to rid himself of an excitement which, like a marasmus, was wearing him to a skeleton. Restless, capricious, and indecisive, he could follow no purpose with perseverance. Like slaked lime, all his plans fell to pieces, till seeming to see a way by which to escape from his difficulties, he gave spur to his energy, his vigour, and his little stock of courage, and enlisted into the sappers.

It was soon seen he had some queer items in his composition, not very pleasing to his comrades who occupied berths

in the same barrack-room with him. Among a number of youths, he terrified them with stories of enchantment, fairies, visions, evil spirits, and tragedies. All his movements were eccentric, his conversations wild, his practices maniacal. At unseasonable hours, and sometimes at midnight, he was astir like a ghost, rife with his sorceries, and performing services less revolting, perhaps, than impressive. His reading was altogether new; his books were the strangest that could be had. Histories of cruelty were his study. He thus became acquainted with the deeds of notable assassins, the Knights Templars, and secret societies; and the tales he told for juvenile edification and alarm were tinged with the sanguinary dye of his horrible recollections. With tolerable execution he could play on the violin, but he seldom did so without scraping on double strings, and producing some of those infernal noises so common in "Robert le Diable" and "Der Freyschutz."

Considered to be a dangerous associate, the band, to which it was intended he should belong, would have nothing to do with him, so that between hospital and home he passed the greater portion of his time, filling up the intervals with incantations, bewitchings, and proceedings so extraordinary, it was no wonder he was regarded as a madman. Receiving no sympathy anywhere, and feeling painfully wretched, he was driven to the desperate conclusion of arraigning "the spirits" to provide him with sufficient money to purchase his discharge and a civil outfit.

"If I don't come back by two o'clock," said he to one who watched his singular behaviour, and was more than a match for his sorceries, "I shall never return!"

"Never!" rejoined the comrade. "What are you going to do—hang yourself?"

"God forbid!" Leeland had a presentiment that the dread process he was about to employ would result in his instant death.

"If you don't favor us with your company at two, we'll understand you've tucked yourself up. Let me advise you to slip your wind as easily as you can, for imposters always find it hard work to die."

"At two o'clock, if I'm not here, search for me, if you please."

"Oh, certainly. What about your dinner? To whom do you bequeath it?"

"To the dogs."

And Leeland moved away with an oppressive foreboding of his destiny. There was an awful feeling in his mind, as if a species of double consciousness gave acuteness to his faculties, and magnified his distresses and surmises into something intolerable. Passing under the old brick sally-port, crumbling with years of wear and neglect, he eased off to the right, and enclosed by the scarps of the dry ditch, stole up the lawn-like avenue to a spot where no eye could overlook his conjuration.

With a piece of chalk he described a circle, twelve feet in diameter, on a blighted site, covered with stones, where might have grown, in days gone by, the champignon and Jew's-ear. All around was green with herbage; within, not a blade of grass dared shoot. A minor circle was traced about a foot from the marginal one; and between the rings, radiating like the spokes of a wheel, were written the words, which stand for "the unpronounceable name," as the wizard termed it, "Tetramatragon," "Jehovah," "Messias," "Jesus," "Immanuel," "Adonai," "Aglai." Thus inscribed, the spirits could not come within the enchanted rings, though they might in myriads approach the boundary.

According to the law of the ancient Theurgists—a grand name this for necromancers—evil spirits will not assume the elements, or show themselves in bodily shape, except the weather be fine. They don't like a storm—and no blame to them. Why should they wet their feet, if they have any, and take the chance of a blow from a thunderbolt, when they can command a brilliant day for their performance? It so happened that the day was a cold one, in February, but the air, though sharp, was genial. Not a cloud was above; the sky was clear gray, the sun shining, and the breeze was just loud enough to tell of winter, and strong enough to take up in its whirl such light things as straws, sand, and ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs. Within the inner circle the magician stood up, half afraid to proceed, half afraid to desist, with a dreadful impression of impending destruction, till the clock began to chime the hour of twelve. This is the time, or twelve at night, when the magic exercise must be performed; but Leeland, with far less courage than credulity, was fearful of the midnight business, preferring to die, if the spirits so willed it, with the beams of heaven playing on his sallow face.

The last stroke of twelve was tolled; the sun had shot its rays against the scarp of the ditch, and lighting up the circles so that the chalk lines seemed to have changed to a luminous blue, Leeland, leaning on a staff, apprehensive that he might faint, commenced, amid exhausting tremors, his invocation.

In a thin voice, with fugitive energy, he cried, "I charge and command thee, Egin, King of the North, in the name of the eternal Trinity, to assume the elements, and appear before me this moment in the form of a little child!"

Strong words these for weak lungs, addressed to a dread, unseen sovereign, with illimitable power over fifty millions of spirits! but so amenable to mortal authority, that at a magician's mandate, he had no choice but to obey.

Patiently Leeland waited an appearance; for until the spirit had made himself known, the astrologer could not demand the possibilities for his discharge and outfit, nor could he name the workers of his troubles, to subject them to the avenging interference of invisible majesty. He had never seen the demon; but, committed to a deep purpose, from which, without exorcism, he could not escape, he determined, if faith, earnestness, and a disregard of consequences, could bring the spirit, he would hold converse with him, and insist on the exercise of his wonderful ability.

The wind began to whistle a little; small filmy clouds, like bunches of ermine, to fly across the sky, while the sun at intervals flashed its rays on the earthen battlements of the bastion, and dispersed streams of light over berm, slope, and crest. There was a noise in the hedge above, as if some inquisitive being were sneaking through the thicket to overlook the secret service of the necromancer. "What can it be?" thought Leeland, in trepidation; and averting his head, he saw a simple sheep crushing in among the underwood to nip the tempting grass, and foolishly tearing off its wool. Now a large cloud, white as sea-spray, as if densified and pushed on by an invisible hand, stretched itself between the sun and the scarps, and threw a shade of dulness over the magic area and the magic mind.

Now surely the Protean spirit comes! The wind sweeps on with a waving noise; now whistling, now wailing; agitation is heard outside the rings, and the atmosphere, thickened like a fog, is alive with hidden influences, whisking and jostling past each other with a fleetness so intense that, the aërial

contact produces sounds like the passage of a thousand arrows through the air.

The wizard listens in awe, straining his eye-balls to catch the first glimpse of the spirit as he evolves from his shrine. He invokes; his breast heaves, his heart throbs, his lips flicker. He commands again, and renews it with impatience, straightening himself on his staff, and shuffling within the circle, uneasy at his impotency. But nothing appears. He appeals again with a firmer voice, moving round the inner ring to recognise the spiritual presence, still cherishing the hope of supernatural assistance; but the demon remains inexorably invisible!

Who but Leeland would have expected otherwise?

"Until Egin appears," he shouted, throwing his fist defiantly against the wind, "I charge thee, Rhadamanthus, by the great name of the triune Deity, to torment the King of the North!"

Short, and to the purpose; bold, but frothy. Of what avail was it? Egin—that mighty, unseen sovereign, wholly at the mercy of mortal will, yet inexplicably contumacious—would not show himself in earthly elements; and whether Rhadamanthus, the prince of flagellators, inflicted any and what punishment on the disobedient monarch, our magician was unable, by any process with which he was acquainted, to divine.

Seeing there was no help for him through magical devices, he prepared to quit the circles; reminded if he did not exorcise the spirits, whom he believed swarmed in millions on the outer periphery of the magic area, he would be struck dead. He therefore employed the license of his craft, and bidding the spirits depart, stepped with a shudder beyond the rings. Just then, the abated breeze recurred, simpering like a shaken willow heavily laden with foliage, the sun withdrew its rays, and rain in large drops pattered against the scarps of the fortifications.

Hopeless and dejected, the magician retraced his steps to the barracks. His reappearance was unexpected. Not a little surprised were his comrades to see him whom they believed was beyond the reach of trouble in this world, return to claim a dinner which had been taken as a legacy by those who seemingly had not enough of their own. The thing was ridiculous.

Too isolated for fusion with his comrades, some from fear, some from contempt, kept him at bay. He was a sort of incubus whom every one wished to pitch into Tartarus, or any other abyss, so that he were out of the road. Without an atom of sympathy from any man, except to pity his weakness, he had resolved on other dodges to effect his discharge from the corps. Remain in it companionless, and be happy, he could not; and so, finding that his over-kind parents were too shallow in purse to aid his wishes, he tried a pious manœuvre "to raise the wind" from a countess whose beneficence had passed into a proverb. His only excuse for making the unwarrantable appeal was, that he had heard she belonged to the "household of faith;" and as he conceived that the rich owed a debt to the poor, he subsisted on the beautiful idea, that her ladyship would feel religiously proud "to bear his burden."

"Give to him that asketh of you, and from him that would borrow of you turn not thou away."

With such a command, embroidered, no doubt, as a motto on the curtains of my lady's chamber, to remind her constantly of that sacred duty, how could her ladyship refuse? Leeland was sanguine. With as much assurance and certainty as if he had the balance of a millionaire at his bankers, he awaited the receipt of a cheque for the amount he wanted. Her ladyship, however, did not read texts by the letter. Humane and merciful as she was, her ladyship declined to trust, in this case, to the open-handed generosity of her disposition; and, with wise discretion, sought counsel of others, who were better acquainted with the antecedents and purposes of the applicant. As may be expected, the dodge failed, and nothing remained for the astrologer, but to egg out his wretchedness as best he could,—or desert.

After all, he had the devil's luck. It soon occurred that the country was in arms about the war ninepence. To fritter it away, tax-payers looked to a large reduction in the estimates. To talk of military efficiency and readiness, and the sufficiency and perfection of warlike equipment, was simply military cant. The war ninepence must be removed; so a reduction of the Queen's troops followed, and among the incapables who were then thrown on the "wide, wide world" was that wasted limb of the dark art, James Leeland of the sappers.

GREENHILL'S AMOUR.

ENAMOURED of a charming Irish girl, Willie fondly hoped to win her. He was, however, a short-sighted mortal, little thinking how certain military stringencies could be enforced to blast his expectations. It was well known he was very sweet upon the damsel, for he spoke of her to his comrades in terms of superlative endearment—as the "quintessence of his soul." Just as he had made every preparation to lead her in virgin white and orange-blossoms to the altar, the magic of an order from his officer removed him to another station, where, "sighing like a furnace" for the society of his Lora, he passed a few days in taciturnity, and then decamped.

Reflection convinced the officer that the corporal had gone to trim his "mistress's eyebrows;" and on the third day, an escort having been despatched in pursuit, the gallant lover turned up to their vigilance.

Greenhill was a gay man, tight in dress, full of peculiarities, with a warm heart as mellow as a pear, a red face, and long arms. To the surprise of Lora, when she thought him far away, he paid her an evening visit, jumping from the seat of a Bianconi like an Irish gentleman, steeped to the chin in love and delight. Fair Lora was anything but displeased with this proof of his attachment, and she endeavoured to repay it in a manner which Greenhill, nothing loath, accepted with double returns, doing the little business of courtship with as much tenderness as if she were an organization of floss silk. Day followed day in an unbroken dream of felicity. There were embraces, and all that sort of thing, and plenty to eat and drink; for Willie, flush of "siller" (this was his own word, for, being a Scotchman, standing on nationality, he entertained a repugnance to Anglicisms), would not permit his "quintessence" to cater for their mutual comfort, without slipping into her round fingers the price of their pleasures. Reassured by her vows that she intended to live only for him, Willie, leaping over

with ecstacy, gave her the last impress—the last squeeze of her plump little hand—and bade her the fondest adieu. They parted; he kissing the tips of his digits as long as he was in sight, and she kissing hers, till the gay fellow stepping into a neighbouring whiskey-shop, the affectionate civilities came to an end.

To commemorate the events of the past few days, Greenhill sat himself down to liquor and cheese. Cheese! That was a queer thing to feed love upon; but Willie had a passionate liking for it, particularly when washed down with a swig of hot cordial. Soon he was as ricketty as a three-wheeled cart, and his centre of gravity became so altered, he was drawn, against his will and his efforts, under the table, among a pile of spittoons and saw-dust. Had he not been a strong man hopeless delirium would have been the result of his excess. Repose for an hour or two was more than enough to restore his balance and his sensibility, and, taking his place again at the table, pitched into the cheese.

It was about this time the escort arrived in the village. On they strode to Lora's residence, and, thundering at the door, the blooming girl appeared.

"Arrah, good-mornin' to ye, sweetheart; an' whar is Willie this fine day?" asked the corporal of the escort.

"He left me some six hours agone."

"D'ye tell me that, me jewel, an' Willie in the best parlour?"

"If y'er unmanly enough to doubt me word, see fer yerselves!"

"Be Japers, Miss Lora, it's too hard ye are, an' we on juty. Could we not vinture a joke widout the maneness to pay no regard to yer word? An' so Willie has bin here?"

"O, yes. It would have bin ongrateful ov him, not to have spint his lave wid me; an' me wandherin' an' waitin' for him."

"So it would, honey. An' whar is he now?"

"At home, I think, o[illegible]

"Which way did he t[illegible]

"The right road. I[illegible] the way, an' thin sthruck af[illegible]

"Ye'r a purty girl, Lora, an' we [illegible] An' now at lavin, is t[illegible] Willie for ye?"

"Jist convey him my best respicts."

"Och! whar on earth can we stow the load?" said the corporal. "Give a hand, Lora, an' dhrop thim into me pouch."

"Niver mind," returned Lora. "Since ye seem not to know the differ in bulk betune a simple expression an' a thravellin' trunk, I'll not burden ye wid me respicts."

"Not even a kiss? *That* we *can* take, an' feel obleeged to ye."

"That I can impart meself, widout the intervintion of an agint. Good-mornin'."

And Miss Lora, in a tiff, turned into the porch and shut the door. Smiling at her spirit, the escort shouldered their muskets, and marched briskly away to overtake the absentee.

Too worn and indisposed to venture a march of some thirty miles over bad roads with a day far advanced, Greenhill hired a hack, with gigantic ribs, caparisoned in bits of odd military furniture that probably belonged to a cavalry regiment in the time of the Irish rebellion, to run over the ground with him. Throwing himself into the saddle, he rode away like another Tam o' Shanter, wild, broken up, and terrified. He had not gone many miles before his wheezing Pegasus, too much blown to continue the small trot with which it commenced the journey, dropped into a tantalizing walk. Just then, Greenhill caught sight of the escort. This was a stretch of military interest he had not contemplated would be taken with respect to him. He did not half like it. If he were apprehended it would increase his criminality. If he reached his quarters without such guidance his offence would be reduced to one of simple absence. To avoid the graver crime he determined to do his best; and so, tugging at the reins, as if the race could only be won by ripping up the flaccid jaws of the old quadruped, and plunging the heels of his boots into its staring ribs to excite its indolent pride, the tired brute, unable to appreciate the object of such violent discipline, jogged on with irrevocable slowness, and forced the rider hastily to seek a comfortless retreat to elude his pursuers.

It was too late. Little had he calculated on the zeal of his comrades. They had noticed his descent by the side of a stream, and fixed the spot by natural bearings in its

vicinity. In about half an hour they reached a stone bridge, which spanned a narrow river with a rapid tide. Here they believed he must be concealed. Accordingly, they scrambled down the steep bank, and looking under a ruined arch—which might have afforded seductive shelter to a maniac—they saw the lovelorn corporal astride a half-starved exhausted old Rosinante, up to his boot-tops in water, exposed to the spray of the surge as it dashed round the aged abutments of the structure!

Like Don Quixote, long, lank, and wretched, Greenhill was escorted home on the back of the jaded horse, and from that time gave up his romantic attachment, lost the young lady, and died a bachelor.

THE CUNNING FIFER.—At the funeral of sub-lieutenant Booth, at Frenchida, in 1813, S—— was the only fifer of the sappers present, and though a very bad one, his shrewdness enabled him to pass muster as a boy of fair musical attainments. To add to the solemnity of the obsequies, he was directed to play, as a dead march, the "Morning hymn," of which our instrumentalist only knew the first part. On the procession moving off, S——, too proud to confess his incompetency, struck up the hymn with all the confidence of one who knew his business well. The road was rugged and sloughy—a disadvantage which he turned to good account. Play as he would, and he tried to be pathetic, he could not avoid making some dismal blurts in the melancholy performance; and whenever he came to the end of the first part, so well had he calculated his chances, he adroitly managed to throw himself into so much disarrangement, that the dirge was necessarily suspended till he had adjusted his cap and appointments. When ready again, he returned, of course, to the first part.

On approaching the church, seeing that the road a-head was [illegible] bowling-green, the tones of his fife grew [illegible] and [illegible]. The last was, he was a little [illegible], for a crisis was [illegible]. No time was to be lost, the last clod was [illegible], and tripping against it more awkwardly than he intended, down he fell as if a musket-ball had struck him [illegible] he had [illegible] another, [illegible]. His chance went [illegible].

and his own diminutive proportions were measured in the mud between them. As might be expected, the decorum of the mourners was quite upset by the accident. Instantly the procession was halted, and half a dozen men, having rushed to his assistance, picked him up, wiped from his face the mire which had concealed his identity, and collected his traps and magic flute.

For his misfortune, the officer in command felt much sympathy, and after patting the poor boy's cheek to appease his spirit, which had evidently been chafed by the catastrophe, bade him return home. S—— did so, cased in mud from boot to plume, with shattered knees, lacerated hands, a disfigured nose, and a couple of begrimed orbits encircling his blood-streaked eyes. In this way, disagreeable enough it must be confessed, did the artful fellow contrive, not only to cover his professional ignorance, but to maintain his reputation as a good fifer.

GREASING THE VANE.—Many years later, S—— was the hero of another incident. At Newtown Butler, the sappers on the survey noted in their journals the direction of the wind as indicated by the inflexible weathercock on the church steeple. Day after day there appeared to be no deviation in the register, while it was well known, that for a long period, the wind was not only variable, but had blown, in its ever-changing mood, from all points of the compass.

On inquiry, it was ascertained that the vane, from want of lubrication, could not veer. As the clerk of the parish had declined the trouble of investing the cock with the required susceptibility, and the sergeant's men evinced no disposition to undertake the enterprise, S——, who was in charge of the party, determined to perform the service himself. Early in the morning he made a lodgement on the crown of the tower, with a feather in his button-hole and a saucer full of lamp-oil held between his teeth, ready for use. Having gained the topmost rung of the ladder, he gently pressed his legs and arms around the steeple, and began to ascend the tapering spire, while his men held their breath in wonderment to see how the exploit would terminate. As he neared the pinnacle, finding his energies were well nigh exhausted, he cast an inquiring look upwards to learn how far he had still to climb, when, losing for a moment all recollection of

the horizontal position of the saucer, he gave it an involuntary tilt, and, to the uproarious amusement of his party, the oil poured down his throat!

It was not enough that the men should laugh till the tears raced down their cheeks; but at the instant, as if to admonish the operator for his sacrilegious attempt, the venerable vane, grinding on its rusty pivot, creaked and croaked like a raven.

A HARD CASE.—Old Rowley, the steward for many years of the ordnance hospital at Portsmouth, was responsible that no smoking took place in the wards, and that the patients, on admission, brought with them the regulated kit of necessaries.

A gunner, one morning, being admitted into hospital, was directed to lay out his kit for the inspection of the steward.

"Yes," remarked the old man, eyeing the gunner, who appeared to be a lover of the weed, for there was a strong odour lingering to his clothes, as if he had just taken a quarter of an hour's pull at the pipe, "so far as it goes you are correct; but it's my duty to tell you that you have omitted two important things."

"What's missing?" asked the gunner, gruffly, casting his eye over the contents of his open knapsack?

"Your pipe and tobacco."

The intimation was made in a manner so sympathizingly that the gunner, regarding the steward as a very considerate fellow, was thrown off his guard.

"Let me alone for that," rejoined the gunner, with a triumphant smile; "I have them here!" and he pulled them, exultingly, from the sleeve of his jacket.

"You've done right," returned old Rowley, looking archly over his iron-bound specs; and passing some compliments on the blackness of the pipe and the compactness of the well-filled tobacco-pouch, as the patient, good-naturedly, handed them to the steward. "Everything is as it should be—neat and complete; but, as you know, it's against orders to smoke in hospital. I'll save you the trouble of using the machinery till you are discharged, and so preserve discipline, and prevent a court-martial."

THE WORD OF A SOLDIER.

It is seldom that a soldier makes an apparently sincere appeal to his officers for forgiveness—particularly when that appeal is made by an old soldier—without receiving the relief solicited. So it was with Gale, an incorrigible Borachio, who, out of a service of more than twenty years, had passed the half of it in trouble and prison. It was his boast, that he had been tried by sixteen courts-martial, and never caught cold!

His offences were inscribed on as many sheets of demy as would have papered a subaltern's domicile; and no sooner had he performed one penalty, than he committed another offence, to add to the long catalogue of his vices. In the last years of his service he was quartered, never mind where, under the command of colonel Tenaille. As a matter of course, Gale was brought before him for drunkenness.

Looking over the roll of his crimes he said feelingly to Gale, "What am I to do with you? If I knew the course to reclaim you, I would willingly adopt it. Leniency has been shown you to no purpose. You have been forgiven with effect equally fruitless. Punished, imprisoned, and subjected to every variety of military chastisement, here you are again, as if all these attempts to improve you had only hardened you in depravity. What am I to do with you?"

Gale, apparently, was affected. Feeble through years of intemperance, he trembled; and the thin grey hair combed over his bald head obviously moved.

"What am I to do with you?" asked the colonel still more impressively.

"Forgive me, sir."

The colonel shook his head.

"Let me off this time, sir."

"To come before me to-morrow, I fear, with a fresh and an aggravated delinquency."

"On the word of a soldier," responded Gale, earnestly; "if you'll look over it this time, sir, I'll not commit myself again!"

The colonel caught up the promise, for he was pleased to find the culprit appeal to him on so strong a ground.

"Yes," said he with some heartiness; "I will forgive you," and he tore up the charge, so that it might not be recalled. "Recollect," added he, "I have done this on your word as a soldier. Now, let me see that you keep, as you ought, the promise of one!"

Gale was released; but the lost man, enslaved by his evil habits, was again in trouble before the night came round.

"Promises, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken." So in experience it is found. Very few, indeed, expect to see them performed. Not so a soldier's word, solemnly given. If broken, the penalty assuredly follows. Gale's comrades were ashamed of him, and the worst of them felt injured by his vulgar ingratitude. All hoped to see him turned adrift; and, as it was too evident the service was suffering by the retention of a man whose career was one of uninterrupted turpitude, he was dismissed from the corps unregretted, and sent pensionless and penniless into the world.

A Hole in the Ballad.—Colonel —— appeared in the square not very long ago astride a quiet hack. With a face full of good-humour, he told the sergeant-major he had a thousand pound job for the sappers to execute.

"Mind," added he, "if they do come up to what I expect from their zeal it will be a gratification to me, as long as I hold the command, to apportion them a share of the good work at my disposal."

"You may depend, sir," rejoined the sergeant-major, "they will work well. Indeed, I cannot see how it can be otherwise, for the men are all strong, active, and good trades-men."

"Yes, yes," remarked the colonel, smiling, "it's all very well, and proper for you to think up for your corps, but, for [illegible]

FISH AT THE RIGHT TIME.

WHILE surveying the river Euphrates in 1836, with the expedition under colonel Chesney, sergeant Black became very ill from diarrhœa. For some weeks he had been ailing, and was at last compelled to keep within his cabin. This was between the city of Anna and the junction of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris. Days of suffering had wasted him to a skeleton; his appetite had gone; and nothing to sustain sinking nature had passed his lips for at least ten days. Dr. Ainsworth, deeply interested in his case, for his services were of the most useful kind to the expedition, paid his accustomed visit to the sergeant, to see how he progressed. He found him worse and declining. By the calm solemnity of his gaze, it was clear he had very little hope of the sufferer, and Black did not shrink from admitting the conviction that he was almost beyond the reach of skill in this world.

"Is there anything, sergeant," said the doctor, "that you fancy you can take?"

If Black had any doubt of the extremity of his case, it was now removed; for doctors seldom submit a question of this nature to their patients until their own remedies completely fail.

"Could I get a taste of fish," returned Black, "I think I should improve."

The doctor moved his head ominously.

"That is the only thing we cannot get," said he, "for the steamer is going at the rate of twelve or thirteen knots an hour! Can you name anything else?"

"Nothing, sir."

And Black turned over on his side, resigning himself, like a Christian, to a fate seemingly inevitable, and fell into a doze.

From this he was soon aroused by a noise he could not account for. The window of his cabin was violently broken, the basin containing his drink was capsized, and something

was fluttering under the table as if struggling for life. Too weak to raise himself to see what was the cause of the disturbance, he knocked at the door of his cabin, and sergeant Quin of the royal artillery, who was descending the stairs at the time, instantly entered.

"What's the matter, Black?" asked Quin, looking with friendly sympathy at his pale-faced comrade. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Something has broken the window and upset my basin," feebly replied the startled sergeant. "Look under the table and tell me what it is."

"I see nothing," exclaimed Quin, staring as if he doubted the patient's sanity. Probably he thought that poor Black was raving, and had unconsciously committed the havoc himself, in a convulsion premonitory of approaching dissolution.

"Look again," cried Black.

Quin did so. To his astonishment he saw a small fish, weighing something less than two pounds, flapping away its strength and its life. Capturing it, he exhibited the panting thing to the sufferer, who felt grateful for this merciful interposition in his behalf.

"God is good!" exclaimed the patient with pious fervour, and his eye suddenly illuminated.

"He is," said Quin, knowing how ardently Black had longed for a morsel of fish. "Believe," added he, "that this is sent direct to you from God."

Black had no doubt of it.

The fish was taken to Dr. Ainsworth, who with great gladness desired it to be cooked for the sufferer; but the sable Soyer, having given it too high a seasoning with salt, Black, whose mouth was broken by fever and weakness, could not touch the delicacy. The sight, however, was enough. Taking comfort from the belief, that he was specially cared for by an almighty hand, the disorder from that moment turned; his health rapidly improved, and he returned in fair health to England.

Black afterwards served at Corunna and Walcheren, and shared in the toils of the expedition to Syria, especially at the capture of Beyrout and the siege of Acre.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A YOUNG widow, pale and bent by grief, returned many years ago to England from a distant colony. She was tall, slim, and apparently strengthless; all humility, crape, and weeds, with a countenance unshaded by a trace of worldliness. As few women could, she spoke of poor Willie's last words, the last pang, the last breath; and in a voice gushing with anguish, deplored his death.

Daily she was seen moving, slowly and pensively, where duty called—a beautiful instance of sorrow and mourning, till, by degrees, her pace grew firmer; her delicate figure assumed its natural straightness, and the sickened visage, once blanched by care and gloom, gave out its speck of crimson which, resting like the leaf of a rose on her cheek, threw softened tints around it, imparting warmth where all before was pallor. The wo-told bonnet, with its deep crape and impenetrable veil, and the gloomy weeds, gave place to a neat crimped cap—a model of its kind; and a love of a bonnet, which, unadorned with the emblazonry of grief—for even grief has its gaieties—befitted a face as prepossessing as mild.

Mellowed into resignation, she wept less and went more abroad, paying a round of visits to old friends glad to welcome her. One was to an acquaintance some miles away, a majestic girl, with a proud neck and brow, a glittering eye, and a prettily-shaped nose. Helen Melsonby was her name. Many suitors had she—all expiring for her hand, and not a few walking in higher circles would have made sacrifices to win her; but her heart was fixed on a young corporal, well-looking and intelligent, himself the hero of a hundred impassionate attacks. He, too, had set his mind on Miss Melsonby, and would have borne her from the altar triumphantly as his own, only an event in her family made the separation unavoidable.

Miss Melsonby arrived in England. Schooling in her infancy was a luxury which few only of her class had

enjoyed, and she grew up to womanhood with every external feature of beauty, without any of the refinements of education, or even the capability of writing. Yet she was not without good parts. Introduced by her attractions to better society than that in which it was her humble lot to move, she so profited by the intercourse, as to be able to speak well; and she added to the acquirement a softness of voice and manner (a little coquettish) which passed for good-breeding.

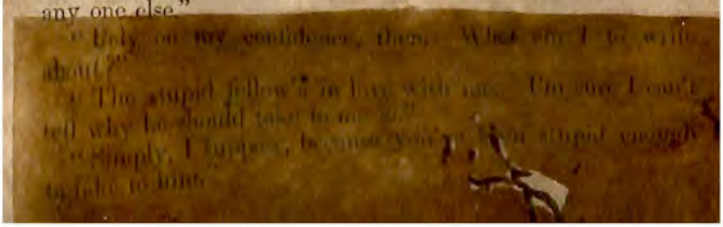
Though she had no objection to engage a friend to write for her, she nevertheless recoiled at the thought of unfolding her secrets to a third party—even to her mother; but there was no help for it. It must be done if the attachment were to continue; and, as if to give a solution to her wish, a knock at the door admitted widow Eulalie. There was the embrace—the kiss repeated at least a dozen times—and the thousand interchanged inquiries and replies (such only as could be mentioned in a woman's chamber)—all yielding joy or sadness; when Helen, breaking up the generalities, unbosomed the secret of her love for Elmstone.

Widow Eulalie also had her feelings for the corporal. On the death of her husband Elmstone was the first to offer her the comfort of condolence; and she never could tell how, from that moment, his name and kindness were mixed up with her troubles and consolations. Hers was more a thrill of thankfulness than affection, a little heightened truly by other feelings, which turned her thanks from the cold abstract of simple recollectedness to a settled yet unimpassioned sensation, for which, at the time, she could find no name.

"Eulalie, dear," said Helen, "will you write to Richard for me?"

"Can't you write yourself, Helen?" responded the widow, startled at the request.

"I cannot. 'Tis a secret this I would not like to name to any one else."



"Well, I can't say that I don't care for him. Give him a few lines, dear, to cheer him up. I've been four months in England, and never had the manners to send him a letter."

"And have you not heard from him?"

"No; but that's my fault. I promised to send him a letter first."

"A young man in love, Helen, doesn't stand on a point like this. It's plain that Elmstone knows nothing of etiquette in affairs of the heart. If he truly loved you, he would have worried you with letters. You would have had them as fast as blossoms on your rose-trees. My idea is, he has cast his eyes in another direction; and having no time to remember old friends, you cannot rely on his affection now."

"Well, I don't care," said Helen, carelessly, yet uneasy at the apprehension that such might be the case, although she could not believe it. "If he can love another, let him. I have not yet got into so dangerous a state, as to be unhappy without him. If master Dick thinks he is paining me by silence, he is deceiving himself, and giving me an advantage, which, to his astonishment, I may accept one of these days."

"Would that surprise him, think you?" asked Eulalie, trying to penetrate her real feelings.

"I'm sure it would," was the unhesitating response; adding, in a whisper, "Do you know Gilbert Primrose, dear?"

"No, Helen. Is he a second feather in your plume?"

"O, he's a nice young man; but his back is none of the straightest, nor his face any of the handsomest. All this I could bear, because, were I to accept him, he would think less of himself and more of me. He is full of attention; coaxes so pleasantly, brings me such lovely bouquets, and has such winning ways, that I feel inclined to pit him against Elmstone in the struggle to get me."

"That'll be a very pretty feint, Helen. If you try it, it'll make you or break you."

"Break me, Eulalie!" exclaimed Helen, conscious of her attractions and their power to raise up an immediate successor to Elmstone. "Never! If, to-morrow, Richard should tell me he had made another choice, I should laugh myself into hysterics. To carry more than I can throw off with an effort of will, is an undertaking to which I never

expose myself; and I should regard the removal of poor Dick's affection, as nothing more than a small breeze fanning away the inconvenience of one's surplus feeling."

"Has Gilbert Primrose visited you often?"

"Very—and in his best dress and manners too. Without giving him encouragement, I have shown myself amiable in his company, have praised his nosegays and their fragrance, and have said a thousand kind things in *dispraise* of himself."

"You seem to be tolerably certain of him, then?"

"To his designs I cannot shut my eyes. The other night he brought me a sweet Moorish fan, and a couple of marble statuettes of half-draped beauties. Of course I refused them, for had I accepted them, I should virtually have accepted him. The slightest advance from me would throw him into raptures; but then, there would be this danger: were any coldness on my part to occur, he would certainly resort to the same suicidal expedients as foolish lovers usually do; and prussic acid, or something as fatal, would end his disappointment, poor fellow!"

"I don't like such hot love. It sooner cools, and then gets so cold, it seeks for heat elsewhere."

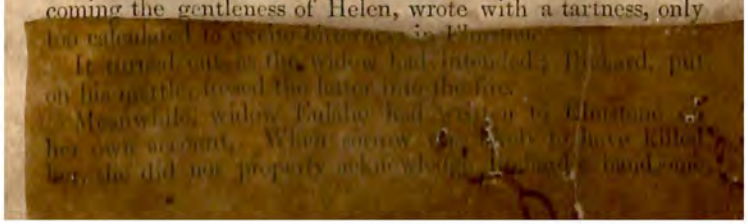
"O, I could temper it. To make Richard bend his neck I would do anything; but, neglected soul as he is, he shall at least have the comfort of a letter, when he may do as he pleases. I don't care; why should I?"

"Why, indeed? You'll do right to let him understand that."

"Yet, I am certain, after all, Eulalie," said Helen moodily, "were he to take another, I should really die."

"That would be too tragical, dear. But come, let us do our duty to Richard at once."

The letter was written and posted. It contained none of those tender asseverations, which lovers are so wont to scatter, like flowers in the path of a king; for the widow, overcoming the gentleness of Helen, wrote with a tartness, only



attention to her—the more handsome, because unexpected and disinterested. Having now recovered from the distress of those sad days, she had leisure to reflect on the past, and examine the impulses, which seldom failed to spring up, when she thought of Elmstone. At one time those sensations were scarcely perceptible. She could not understand them, because her mind did not wholly go with them; but now, they were stronger, and their tendency not difficult to comprehend. In thanking him for his kindness, she dropped a few expressions likely to fall on a sensitive nature gratefully. There was earnestness in them, not exactly fervent; and assurances were given, of her best wishes for his welfare. She ventured a little further—trusting he would marry well, first selecting the girl of his heart, not among coquettes and those who would trifle with his feelings, but among those, be they widows or unmarried beauties, whose even temper, and capability of exercising an enduring affection for him, were not likely to be drawn aside by those freaks and frivolities, too common with maidens of light inclinations and lighter hearts. Pearls are not sought on the mountain tops, nor loving wives among flirts.

These sentiments led the widow to remark on the instability of Miss Melsonby, who, though possessing, in a high degree, those personal charms so apt to captivate young men, was, nevertheless, too disposed to sip for a moment at one fountain, and declare another sweeter. Still, she hoped that nothing she could say would prejudice him against Helen. Women look severely at the conduct of their own sex, and he ought to weigh this in his judgment; recollecting, however, that what she had averred, was not the imputation of slander, but the sorry gleanings of an experience, easily furnished with instances of impropriety.

"It is right," she said, "that Helen should be sought; for she is beautiful, and not without promise of a love incapable of being disturbed; but, certainly, not at the expense of a fickle disposition—at present notoriously wayward."

As a sister, Eulalie intimated that she loved Miss Melsonby; but whatever sweetness was embraced in that graceful esteem, could not force her into the obligation of admiring Helen's attempts to forget him—who was worth her constant remembrance—and fancifle others in his stead.

So wrote the widow. Apparently, as simple in mind as

pure in walk, she was not without the subtlety which desire often provokes. What she gave Helen credit for, she immediately removed by the mention of a fault; and while recommending her to Richard's affection, awakened his suspicion of her virtues. Her aim, thinly seen perhaps, was to break the silken thread, already untwisting its strands, that held the lovers loosely together; and by degrees, to weave another, that should bind her to him. It was a life contest, that fairly admitted of stratagem; and so long as she did not name herself for Elmstone's acceptance, she considered the course she had taken was as prudent as most transactions of the kind. Long enough had she been a soldier's wife to know the axiom, that "all is fair in war;" and as it was too good a maxim to be isolated, she applied it to sustain her in the belief, that "all is fair in courtship."

The widow's revelations did not surprise Elmstone. He expected as much from Helen's silence. Now all was explained; and without naming his authority, he charged Miss Melsonby with levity, arrogance, and indifference; begging, if she cared for him, to cease a course of conduct which, if persisted in, could not but end in estrangement. Without rudeness or asperity, but with manly candour and gravity, he framed his advice; for, still cherishing feelings of attachment to her, he was indisposed to dismiss her from his hopes, without giving her the chance of acting in future, with the modesty of one already betrothed.

Anticipating that a letter to Miss Melsonby would be the result of her communication to Elmstone, the artful widow paid another friendly visit to Helen; who welcomed her, not so much for herself, as the opportunity of learning the contents of Richard's letter, and of replying to it.

"Here," said Miss Melsonby, "look at this, dear. I've had it several days, pinned under the lining of my bonnet, without the courage to ask any one to read it to me, although I was dying to learn what Richard had said. Is it not shocking, that my parents have been so unmindful of what was necessary [illegible] Go to school [illegible] with a breaking heart, [illegible] O! I could [illegible] mind. You [illegible]

"Yes, love,"

The widow did so cautiously, apprehensive that a few passages concerning herself might be in it, which she would have suppressed; but not a word was mentioned to show that she was the author of the tidings mentioned in Richard's letter. This gave her room to play; and, accordingly, she threw peculiar force on expressions, only too calculated to rouse Helen's spleen and crest her pride. Helen felt his calm censure keenly. Her face grew pale; tears collected in her eyes, and fell like dew-drops on a bosom which swelled as her heart quivered with the violence of its action.

"You see, Eulalie," said Helen, assuming a calmness it was beyond her fortitude to maintain, "I have some friend to thank for this unkindness of Elmstone."

"It's only another proof that people will busy themselves about other's concerns," observed the widow, carelessly. "But you must bear up against this reverse with your accustomed composure."

"That will be a difficult matter. Losing him, I lose my heart—my all."

"Nonsense, Helen. A little more courage, and you have all the relief you need."

"Easier said than felt, I fear. You are kind, Eulalie, to say so;" and Helen sighed deeply.

"After all," remarked the widow, cheerfully, "he may only be trying you; for men are apt to engage in such pursuits with young hearts."

"Do you think so?" replied Helen.

"It's the only reasonable explanation I can suggest for his conduct."

"Then I suspect he is jealous," said Helen, quickly, brightening up with the thought.

"Very likely. Men are often jealous without cause. Elmstone is none the worse for it, if he does not carry it ridiculously far. It is said there can be no true love, where jealousy does not exist."

"He *is* jealous, depend on it, Eulalie," exclaimed Helen, casting her troubles to the winds, and smiling, as if a new taste of joy were fluttering in her breast.

"Take comfort from that impression; but do not give him real cause to suspect you."

"Won't I," returned Helen, consoled with the supposi-

tion that he was only trying her. "I'll teaze him the more. He shall not conquer me, nor prescribe the course of conduct I should pursue, to meet the approbation of his scrupulous views. Tame him I will—you shall see."

"To ride the high horse as he does now, what would he not do when you are wedded? It's fearful to think of the misery that would be the consequence of his tightened rein. Jealousy is all very well, but it should not be intolerant. Still I think we are reckoning in the dark. There may, if we knew all, be more reason to fear indifference than jealousy; but never mind, give me the means to write for you, and we shall see who'll first ask pardon."

"It'll not be me, I'm sure, Eulalie," said Helen, firmly clinging to the idea, that there never would be occasion for it.

"Hold by that resolve, dear; and if you do not conquer, console yourself by the reflection that it was not to be."

"That would be *very* cheering, would it not? Say and think as we will, I *must* have him, Eulalie."

"Indeed! You are absolute, Helen."

"Yes, and mean to be. The price of my hand is his submission. Would you say I should ask less?"

"Nothing less. It will be an achievement if you get it."

"Then write. I'll venture it. O, were he here, you'd see how we should understand one another. Purposely, I'd go out with my boots loosely laced, so that he might bend his stiff neck, in gallantry to serve me. Do you think he wouldn't do it?"

The widow thinking the question was too evident to require an answer, busied herself with the writing materials. At length the billet-doux was completed. It was not a severe production, for where a harsh passage occurred, there was a dulcet one to soften it. A strange admixture of repentance and censure made the effusion a puzzle; but the burden of it was, though unhappily expressed, to the effect, that her feelings and purposes were not changed by his reproaches. Unconscious of having incurred blame, she said she would go on in the same course it had been her custom; and if he felt disposed to listen to the tales of others, in preference to what she could say respecting herself, it was not her wish to make an attempt to remove unpleasant, but deeply seated, perhaps, for any efforts of hers to recall. And

more, as she was still her own mistress, she had no notion of being catechized and dragooned by one who had not yet proved his title to an interference so delicate. If he wanted an assurance of her love, he was to remember the past; and, although an occasional dance, and a wish to be civil to every one, had exposed her to the attacks of calumny, she was still unchanged, thinking only of him and waiting for him.

Elmstone duly received the letter. Lovers read less by fact than suspicion. Unchanged as she explicitly said she was, Elmstone could only see her indifference. How to account for it was beyond his comprehension. Formerly so loving, so earnest—now so cool, listless, and proud, was a transformation he scarcely believed possible. But judging of the mutability of human affection by his own altered sensations, he did not wonder at the change, since he had changed himself.

As a friend—cold substitute for a lover—Elmstone regarded Helen for the future, and in that character occasionally wrote to her. Widow Eulalie, who read all the letters that passed between them, took care that a nearer approach in sentiment never found a place in their epistolary intercourse. In time the correspondence came to an end, and Helen grew grave, yet trusting and hopeful.

Eulalie now played her cards as she willed. Her hand being full of trumps, the winnings were all her own. Elmstone acknowledged her letter of thanks for the performance of a kindness almost forgotten by him. Out of this sprang a correspondence, which grew warmer and more direct as he found an echo in her not over-drawn responses. As a widow, she was cautious, doing battle for a prize modestly and prettily, but wilily. She spoke much of Helen, said many sweet things in her favor, and was apparently anxious that her own victory should be a conquest due more to his importunity than to her sinister exertions to subvert the interests of a rival. This wariness, however, was needless, for Miss Melsonby already occupied the last place in Elmstone's recollections.

The correspondence between Richard and Eulalie had now been carried on for some months. In her letters, he saw enough to convince him that she entertained feelings of tenderness towards him, and to fathom their depth, he offered his hand for her acceptance. This brought a graceful reply

in which she gave a bashful consent to receive it if, in so doing, she were not supplanting Helen, who, whatever were her errors, still loved him.

Miss Melsonby, indeed, loved him, and, amid girlish irregularities, was constant. Like all virgins of her years, she saw no impropriety in the frolics of her [illegible], as many maidens regard volatilities in the light of innocent recreations, so did Helen. Unwary hearts she had wounded by scores, but that was less her fault than theirs. It was her freedom and sprightliness that had pushed her into these feminine excesses. The pride of beauty exposed her to the fondness of admiration; and in dallying with the attentions of suitors, she laughed at their conceits, rejected their proposals, and then discarded them. From many informers Elmstone had received prejudicial details of her conduct, which so steeled his heart, he could scarcely command sufficient interest to remember her. In Helen's exclusion, the void was filled by the widow, who, henceforward, enjoyed Richard's entire affection.

A few months after, Elmstone was sent to the war, where, as a campaigner, he bore long and hurried marches, and joined in fierce struggles against an arrogant enemy with bravery, but without wound or scar. Time rolled on, the tide of conquest had humbled the foe, and peace once more gave rest to the world. With the returned troops, Elmstone again put foot on English soil—stout and hearty. He had a hard, continental complexion, dyed between an olive and a Vandyke brown, and a sweeping beard shielded his breast. His large eyes had fire in them, sparkling as if the sun were shining through them; his voice was forcible and brusque, while his carriage, unbent by fatigue and exposure, was as soldier-like as a Templar of the olden time. Achievements he had accomplished, which had featured his face with the consciousness of having done well; and he glanced with his large, proud eyes on every countenance, as if the glory of his deeds had pre-arrived him. Miss Melsonby had heard of his return; in fact, she had seen him enter the square with his company. How happy she felt none knew but her own poor, fluttering heart. Her cheeks were warm, her eyes swam in brilliancy, and her bones crealed with emotion and anxiety.

"We have been cool," she thought, "but he will forget

that. One visit will explain all, and then we shall be happy for ever."

Her mother was full of joy and expectation.

"Come, prepare tea, girl," said the old woman, moving about the room to find the social necessaries, as if her daughter had not the required energy to do it. "Quick, Helen, dear, or he may be here before we are ready to receive him."

All was arranged with despatch. Eggs and ham were on the table, so were thin slices of bread and butter, with the crusts taken off. Wine, too, was there, under the supposition that a stimulant, after a long voyage in a troop-ship, would be more pleasing than the homelier beverage of tea or coffee. Cakes were provided, and triangular sandwiches, like old-fashioned cocked-hats, garnished a couple of plates. There was, indeed, a display. Silver spoons and forks, ivory-handled knives, with a china service of cups and saucers, of neat pattern and graceful shapes, were laid out on a damask-flowered cover, spread over a large, mahogany table. All this was to show respect for Elmstone. The old lady soon threw herself into a neat dress, and bridged her nose with her holiday spectacles. Then Helen reappeared, tripping into the room, light as air, as if she could have trodden on a floor of egg-shells without cracking them. Her dress, though flounced to the hips, suited her figure and tastes; her stomacher was a choice specimen of artistic skill, worked by her own industrious needle. Her head was flying away with shining ringlets, which, falling with pleasing irregularity on her fair shoulders, a few truant tresses found a place on her bosom, and gave the assistance of their grace to an oval brooch, set in gold, bearing the long-given portrait of Elmstone.

Everything ready, Helen took her station at the window, and so did her mother, to watch Richard's approach. Looking up the street, towards the barracks, the maiden darted her sparkling eyes into every accessible avenue and corner, but she saw him not. The mother strained her old eyes, frequently altering the focus of her specs, with the same cheerless result. Helen felt hot, puffing her breath upward to cool the fever flush on her cheek, and disturbing the air with her handkerchief. New agitations possessed her, dimly foreshadowing the future; and with a refined expression of trouble, she sat anxiously, but patiently.

"What can keep him?" said she, more in the way of observation than expecting a reply. "Perhaps his comrades, insensible of the duty he owes to me, have detained him. Old friends, no doubt, are shaking his hands, and talking over past events—praising him, of course, for his prowess. To say the least, it is inconsiderate of them; yet, knowing how well he is loved by all, it is excusable."

Such were her thoughts; and the old mother, though agreeing with them, was evidently uneasy at Elmstone's delay. So, indeed, was Helen, but she calmed herself by hope.

One hour passed. Still he was away and out of sight. Her colour came and went; a sad tear or two rolled among the fringes of her bright eyes, and trickled down her cheeks, her lips caught the infection of her feelings, and her aching heart throbbed as her breast swelled and sank beneath the veil spread lightly over its loveliness. Another hour had gone—and another. Mother Melsonby was wretched. Helen still sat at the open window, shaded by a loop of the curtain, with her elbow resting on the arm of the sofa, and a lawn-handkerchief dropping from her long, slim fingers. That hand of hers was as white as Carrara, except that it was ramified by thread-like streaks of faint blue, thrown into colour by the pulsations of a tremulous heart. Her eyes were red, rivulets now gushed from them, and, as one looks through the jets of a crystal fountain, she gazed through her tears—on and on—in the vain desire to see Elmstone.

Unforgiving man, he had gone with his friends to spend the first evening of his return in the mirth of the cup!

Was that of more consequence to him than sharing her love?

Poor Miss Melsonby. Nothing could console her. Had Richard come, she would have welcomed him with an affection that a prince would have envied. To be slighted was more than she could bear. Bitterly she wept; and overpowered by those withering emotions whose burden is despair, she sank on the sofa, as if she were never to rise from it. Night came. Eleven, and twelve o'clock struck dismally for her. Every toll was like a death-knell. Those were melancholy hours to be awake and in suspense. At length her wearied mind and her uneasy heart became quiet in exhaustion. Her mother supported her to bed; and, as the last tear fell from her swollen eyelids on her moistened pillow, they closed, and she sighed herself to sleep.

With the returning day, she arose refreshed; for catching at a ray which hope, ever present in the midst of despair, had thrown out to allay her distress, she clung to it, and so convinced herself that Elmstone's absence the previous night ought to have been expected, and, indeed, would have been, only her anxiety to see him, had thrown her discretion out of adjustment. Under this persuasion, her spirit was lighter, her eye redoubled in brilliancy, her heart took courage; but her cheek wanted color, and her lips moisture.

Days passed without seeing him; yet did she not abandon the idea that he would make amends for his coolness. He was certainly trying her. She had tried him she knew, and deserved to bear the wounds he was inflicting. She sent for him; her mother did so several times. "Come to dinner—to tea—to spend the evening with Helen." Such were the invitations, but he accepted none. Still she stood up, day by day, holding by the threadbare fragments of fainting hope. She felt them departing—wearing away hour by hour. There was a perceptible change in her. Her aspect was pensive and her pace unsteady. Sickly hollows were in her bloodless face, and her lips, which long had yielded their coralline hue, were crisped and broken. She moved not from home. The world had no inducements to provoke an exercise for which she had no desire; and she grew weak and weary, though patient and uncomplaining.

"Could Richard see me now, he would forgive what has been amiss. If he knew I was suffering only too deeply on his account, he would surely relent, and renew my life by his re-awakened consideration and love." So spoke Helen to her mother.

Without even making a friend's inquiry, Elmstone went on furlough to see his father—a bowed-down old man, whose hope was in his son. He, too, was imbittered against Helen, having heard so much of the irregularities of her affection, her proud ways, and indiscretions. To Richard's new attachment he gave a willing assent. Experience had given him good reason for it. A constant guest at his house, the old man had watched Eulalie, as an entomologist would a microscopic curiosity, and seeing only grace in her attentions to him, and virtue in her intercourse with others, he was cheered by the prospect of a union pregnant with bliss to his son.

When Elmstone arrived, Eulalie was present to welcome him. Sweet in her beauty, heightened by a blush which mounted to her cheek as she caught sight of him, she received his warm, manly hand, as he bounded from the coach to the pavement; and all that was wanted to complete that cordial greeting was the gentle embrace and its concomitant kiss. What his feelings were, so were hers—each was confident of the esteem and affection of the other. Taking her arm, and pressing her slender hand, as a happy lover is wont to do after returning from a fierce war, Elmstone led her from the hotel, where the coach had stopped, and on they floated, without one crooked thought, breathing vows fragrant with the promise of a near event and unending felicity hereafter.

Within the month, Elmstone rejoined his station, bringing with him his young wife—the fascinating widow who, in Miss Melsonby's unsuspecting days, had been the confident of her feelings and correspondence. It was hard to bear the stroke. Poor Helen felt she had been supplanted through the misery of her ignorance and the wickedness of an intrigue. How she wept, how she lamented the neglect of her parents in sending her into the world a woman, without the ability to be the casket of her own secret, may well be imagined. Robbed of her lover, she was desolate; and thrown on a bed of sickness, she only rose from it to bear on through her remaining days in seclusion and gloom.

She never married; she never smiled; but drooping day by day, still lovely as she faded, death touched her lightly with his cold hand one summer's night, when the moon was shining in an unclouded sky; and, as if in an infant's sleep, guarded by angels, she glided pangless away—dying of a broken heart.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE—1824.

"MY DEAR MATSON,

"STRABANE is now my head-quarters.

"Yours most truly,

"M. A. WATERS."

"MY DEAR WATERS,

"I HAVE made ... of the change of my station.

"Yours most truly,

NEDDY CROWQUILL.

In the earlier years of the Irish survey, there was an officer on the duty who, in the division over which he had charge, was celebrated for his rigid economy of public stores, and of crow-quills in particular. His reluctance to dispense these little articles when required, was the subject of frequent remark, and gained for him the sobriquet of "Neddy Crowquill."

Among the sappers, under this economical gentleman, was one Charles Pettyfer, who, constantly annoyed at the sparing manner in which the quills were issued to him, spent an apprenticeship nearly in speaking disparagingly of his officer's exemplary providence. Charlie, be it observed, was far from being a careful man, and could seldom submit, like his superior, to use stumps, the fag-ends of pencils, worn brushes, and bits of colour.

One afternoon, as usual, Charlie, who to his many little moral imperfections added that of loving a drop, having imbibed a few noggings of his admired beverage, reeled into the office, more inclined for fun than work. Somewhat purpled was his face, and the brilliancy of his eye a little marred; but his natural humour was considerably increased. Of course the lieutenant was brought on the tapis, and Charlie did not forget to make him the jest of the office and the object of his most whimsical sallies. To heighten the mirth, he fastened two decayed crow-quills to the heels of his boots, as spurs, and strode majestically up and down the room, repeating the announcement "I'm Neddy Crowquill."

His impersonation of the subaltern was well done; all swore it was acted to the life; but just as Charlie was working up his caricature with the broadest touches of the ridiculous, Neddy the first arrived unperceived at the door. With the gaiety that prevailed he was thunderstruck; but thinking it prudent not to interrupt the fun, retired into a nook, where he could see and hear all that should transpire.

Still ignorant of his master's proximity, the counterfeit

Neddy continued his diverting evolutions. Both clerks and draughtsmen showed their appreciation of his hits by shouts of laughter. Thus encouraged, he stopped not till he had imitated every weak point that could be picked from among the characteristics that gave individuality to his officer. At length, feeling that he had done enough to show up the economical subaltern, but not too much to damage the interest of a future exhibition, he turned round to the audience to make a retiring bow, when, to his horror, his eye caught sight of the original Neddy gazing at him. Awe-struck, Charlie grew pale; he sobered in an instant, and would have crushed himself into a nut-shell if he could; but to save the culprit the trouble of any shuffling or subterfuge, in stalked the lieutenant, who was apparently pleased with his discovery and as pacific as peace herself.

As he passed Master Spurs, he said, sarcastically, "So you are Neddy Crowquill, are you?"

Charlie, as sheepish as the miserable picture of an unsuccessful representative, made no reply.

"Well, Mr. Pettyfer," resumed the economist, "since you have had a laugh at my expense, it is only fair that I should have one at yours. So, to be quits with you, your survey pay shall be reduced until further orders, and you shall drill with your knapsack on for a week."

The sentence was executed. Until the affair lost its interest in the lapse of years, Charlie was doomed to bear the gibes of his comrades, and, like a child once burnt, never ventured to reproduce the pretty little divertissement, of Neddy Crowquill.

A MODEL COOK.—Sometime in 1812, Billy Geeron was appointed cook, but was so unsuccessful in the duty that the mess felt it right to report him.

"What have you been doing with the dinner, Geeron?" asked sergeant-major Poe. "A complaint has been made against you for spoiling it."

"There's no satisfying them, sir. I've tried my best to please them. Three days only have I been cook, and in that time they have had the three b's."

"What do you call the three b's."

"Bake; boil; and—worse luck, to-day—a burn!"

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BEAMER, an open-faced Englishman, with a big, round head, like the model of a Martello tower, was a boatman of acknowledged genius, and knew how to triumph over the difficulties of river navigation better, perhaps, than most sappers. In consequence of this ability he was nominated, one broiling day in May, to row a comrade from the arsenal to Purfleet. Wishing to make the most of the opportunity, he proposed to indulge his *cara sposa* with a holiday; and Anna, only too rejoiced to go on an excursion so cheap, and with a pilot so perfect, especially as she was in delicate health, from accouchements, affectation, and Methodism, consented to accompany him. Equipped in dredging boots, with straps tying them to a leather girdle, a white shirt with linen front, orange-colored braces, and a red hanging cap, such as painters put on fishermen, our boatman, grasping the oars, pulled the wherry into mid-stream. Beamer then withdrew the oars from the rowlocks, and hoisting the sail, set it dexterously without losing his balance. Caught by the wind, the sheet filled, and away swept the craft on a high tide to that memorable spot which, reduced in these later days to a government powder-depôt, was, in the time of good Queen Bess, when she wore gauntlets and a martial plume, of sufficient magnitude to bear a fleet in its offing.

Of course Mrs. Beamer was arrayed in her best. Though the day was oppressive, she took with her a winter shawl; in the first place to soften her seat, and in the next to cover her shoulders, should the weather become cold in the evening. This, however, was only a secondary expedient to neutralise the anticipated contingency, for she also took a more effectual remedy, in the shape of a pocket-pistol (of a capacity nearly equal to that of a water-jug) filled with a deeply-dyed liquid, smelling like the good old rum of St. Kitt's.

The lady sat in the stern sheets, supported by a painted backboard, bearing the ordnance coat-of-arms, composed of

half-nude Cyclops, with powerfully-developed muscles and limbs, shouldering implements of the forge, wearing kilts like Highlanders, only more shaggy, and beards resembling picked oakum, as remarkable as the goggle eyes in their foreheads. Beamer could not help looking at his better-half. There was something stylish in her air, leaning, as she did, against the escutcheon with a negligence and ease quite attractive. Indeed, Beamer fancied that few women of her years—she was no chicken—were half so interesting and elegant.

Temptations as insidious as these were not without effect, for the boatman, sidling up to his wife, threw his whole sensibility into the situation. The spread sail partly concealed them from the third party in the boat, who, being a connoisseur of marine scenery, stared with delight at a lumbering lugger tacking up the Thames. This was the moment for Beamer; but for the life of him he could not prove to his Anna how intently he appreciated her appearance. Two or three attempts he made to seize her lips, but her bonnet was so Methodistically poky and chaste, and so squeezed in at the ears, proclaiming, in language as plain as if a placard had been pasted there, "no admittance," that he dared not persist in an exercise so tender, unless prepared to pay for smashing her bonnet into chips. Not wishing to have her demure scoop crushed, or to lose the favor of his recognition, Anna showed herself expert in meeting the difficulty. Under pretence of being hot and faint, she threw loose the dove-colored ribands of her ravelin, and widening the sally-port to her face, set free her lips for any amount of regard her uxorious husband might feel disposed to assault them with.

Away skimmed the wherry, the sail flapping pleasantly, as Beamer shot into the bends of the river. No end of matters connected with their previous history were hauled over the social coals: in fact, all the salient incidents of their wedded life were drawn from the storeroom of oblivion to make the trip agreeable. For various reasons the medicinal drug in the pocket-pistol was frequently resorted to—the chief aim of all being to pass the day happily. Mrs. Beamer felt squeamish at times;—a little drop taken in a glass with its stalk broken off, put that inconvenience to rights. The motion of the boat brought on a feeling like sea-sickness;—

just a small drop was absorbed to allay the unpleasantness. Languor now and then gave her the aspect of fainting;—a toothful or so was administered to revive her. A long, heavy sigh was sure to bring its concomitant sip. Sometimes she was thirsty;—old St. Kitt's was in instant demand to assuage it. The connoisseur of marine scenery also came in for snacks, and Beamer often swigged at the cordial because he sweat so confoundedly.

So passed the hour till they arrived at Purfleet, when the boatman, having moored the wherry at the stairs, handed Mrs. Beamer with every mark of attention to the shore. She then proceeded with a sickly pace to the residence of an acquaintance, while Beamer, ponderous in his boots and true to his duty as a soldier, delivered his comrade to the corporal in command at the station. This done, he rejoined Mrs. Beamer at her friend's, where the hours flew gaily away, over as lively a cup of mixed tea, as nice a piece of streaked bacon, and as sweet a home-baked loaf as the favored circumstances of the friends could provide. There was no stint of anything; and, to crown all, the fruitful pocket-pistol was in constant request.

At a timely moment in the evening, Beamer and his wife quitted the village. Both were merry, rosy, and garrulous, but nothing else. Anna still retained her delicacy and those languishing characteristics which belong to an interesting situation. The man who was to return to Woolwich being ready, all three took their seats in the boat. The genius of the craft, with a black fuming pipe in his mouth, let go the painter; and pulling away lustily, the village, ere long, was lost in the distance. The events of the day were the subjects of conversation. In enumerating all the little kindnesses they had experienced they felt no tedium. Of the hospitality of the Purfleet people they talked in excessive praise. On the benefits of the trip they expatiated largely; and Mrs. Beamer—with surprising earnestness, considering her weakness—urged the propriety of repeating the excursion frequently.

"For my part," added she, "I should have no objection to try it in winter; it would be so bracing. With such a shawl as this—" and Mrs. Beamer looked for the article.

"Why, Henry," cried she, embarrassed, "what have you done with the shawl?"

"I've not seen it," rejoined her lord and master, resting on his oars. "What have *you* done with it?"

"I'm sure I don't know. We must go back and find it."

Henry looked behind him; but he had made such good use of his strength and his pipe, that Purfleet was not one of the specks in the circuit of his horizon.

"It must go now," said the boatman, his tenderness subsiding into a gentle species of harshness. "It's a hard case that one cannot take his wife out for a few minutes without learning, to his cost, she is as unable as a child to take care of her things."

"Good gracious, Henry! I couldn't help it!"

"But you should have done."

And Mrs. Beamer, pressing against the heraldic backboard, evinced symptoms of fainting; but her husband, knowing exactly what to do in the emergency, resigned the oars to the third party, and pouring out the last drop of St. Kitt's from the pocket-pistol, parted her lips by the intrusion of the glass, when deglutition, doing effectual work, the spirit, in gulps, disappeared.

She sighed again: the crisis had passed, the reproof was forgotten, and Beamer, resuming the oars, pushed on the wherry as if she were a gull skimming the waves.

At length the arsenal was reached; the boat was hauled ashore, and Beamer, who well knew the eccentric temperament of his wife, and the languid feints she employed to get out of scrapes, landed her with less attention and endearment than he would have done had the shawl been forthcoming.

"Make most of this," said he, in a tone of censure, with the bitterness taken off by a mixture of sympathy. "I'll not give you another chance to make away with your things."

"Don't tell untruths, Henry: I'm sure you will."

"The wonder to me is, that you didn't lose yourself."

"It's enough to lose one thing at a time," she returned, indisposed to hazard an expression that might savour of unkindness. "I'm certain," continued she, with a seductive arrangement of her features, determined to subdue the last remnant of his ruffled temper, "you would not like to lose me, dearest."

"Try it and see," rejoined Henry, looking very tenderly and merciful.

"That would be needless, for well I know what you would do."

"What?"

"Employ a husband's prerogatives."

"By repudiating you, of course."

"Oh, no, no, Henry! You'd take other steps."

"What think you?"

"Fret a good deal, and go mad till you had found me."

"Well, that's about it;" and so the affair of the shawl was disposed of, the happy couple, not long estranged by differences, chuckling in their pleasantries.

Beamer, taking off his long boots and red cap, dressed himself in his fatigue suit to escort his comrade to barracks; but just as he was about to march him from the causeway, he recollected he had been intrusted with a despatch to deliver to the brigade-major. To repossess the document he returned, accompanied by Anna, to the boat.

"God and my honor!" exclaimed he, for he could talk pompously at times: "it seems that we are never to see the end of our losses. What have you done with the packet, Anna?"

"What packet?"

"That which the corporal gave me at Purfleet."

"I never saw it."

"It was placed in the stern of the boat."

"Then it must be there still."

Both searched, looking under the seats, among the oars and ropes and unfurling the sail. It was lost. Beamer was nearly dying with fright. Suddenly, recovering from his fears, he recollected that he had left the despatch on the Hard at Purfleet.

Anna was much concerned at this grave mishap. Nevertheless, though physically feeble, she was a strong-minded woman, and could not resist the temptation to taunt her husband for his carelessness.

"What about the shawl now? You see that even a despotic authority may err at the very moment he is reproving others."

"Hang such nonsense, Anna."

"Oh! don't flame so. The shawl is of no consequence."

"Deuce take the shawl. Give me the papers and I shall be content."

"I can no more give you the packet than you can give me the shawl."

"What's to be done, then?" shouted the despotic authority, unable to depend on his own guidance. "Can you say, Anna, what I should do in this extremity?"

"Talk less and work more. Go back to Purfleet and find it: it may still be at the landing-place."

"So it may, Anna: I shall start at once." And Beamer, having sent his charge to the barracks, with orders to report himself to the sergeant-major, but not to utter a syllable about the missing papers, jumped into the wherry, and rowed away like an able seaman.

"Kill two birds with one stone, Henry," cried the wife, in a voice of luscious pleasantry, "and take care and bring with the papers the shawl you left behind."

"Damn the shawl!" roared the husband, ducking the oars, and pulling away bravely. In a few moments the wherry was hidden by the "Justitia" hulk, and Mrs. Beamer went home.

The shades of evening were falling fast, the tide was rising swiftly, and the boatman was already tired with his day's labour. Energy comes as we want it, apparently; and if spirit exist to back it, and an object to keep it alive, what can master it? Difficulties only occur to give endurance to vigour; and dangers, to show how little courage is needed to overcome them. If ambition be associated with these virtues, obstacles fly away like clouds; and though one may not succeed in an enterprise, failure does not weigh one down. So Beamer felt. He did not, however, reckon on disappointment. Nothing, he was determined, should interpose between him and the repossession of the packet.

Tugging away, his muscles moving along his arms like pistons well supplied with steam, he reached a part of the river where the steamers, to avoid the mid-tide, took their course. Presently one waft past him. As he approached the splashing-paddle he was nearly engulphed. Still, with boat-hook in hand, he stood manfully up in the dancing craft, and, throwing out the pole, caught an iron stay of the steamer as the last inch of the bow was shooting from him. As this was a precarious sort of connection, he soon made it less liable to casualty by tying the mooring-line to the stay, which lifted the head completely out of the trough and dropped the stern in the foam. Undismayed, Beamer sat

at the head, unfolding a face as broad and mealy as a Bannockburn cake; and, washed by the spray as the paddles threw it back, gazed sternly at the waves as they dashed over the boat.

In time the steamer was off Purfleet. How glad he was he had fallen in with such luck! Nothing could have been better; and with consummate self-possession, made ready to part company with his consort. Pulling himself up to the stay, he found the knot had jammed rather closely. What of that? He had horny fingers, teeth as hard as granite, and a mind not easily discouraged. By degrees the knot loosened; and just as he was casting himself off, the boat jumped on the waves, and he fell from the gunwale into the river.

Good heavens! What will become of him? He cannot swim; he never attempted it in his life;—and the waves, put in motion by the flight of the steamer, fell over him with crests of foam, as if in anger at the vanity of human exertion to override them. Unobserved, the "Water Witch" paddled on and on, while Beamer, ridiculously heavy for his mean stature, plunged among the surf. Down he went with the momentum of a coping-stone, covered by the surge with as little regard as if he had been a bullet. Up again he came for a moment, to take breath and snort, when a rushing wave curled over him, and driving him down, he, a second time, battled manfully at the bottom with death and sea-weeds. Not yet was he spent. Though his case was desperate, his spirit had not forsaken him. In hope he still gasped, and up came his head again. A little swollen it was, with eyes enlarged and staring. From his mouth and nostrils he spurted the water like a sea-horse; and taking in another supply of breath, was a third time deep in his difficulties. Again he sank; but his power of floatation, or whatever else it was that would not let him drown, pushed him, like a rocket, to the surface; and as Providence would have it, he clutched the boat, and vaulted into it. Shaking the drip from his head, and throwing off his jacket, he resumed his seat, manning the oars, as if nothing had happened.

In a quarter of an hour he was at the stairs. It was then dusk. Thankful for even that measure of light, he commenced the search, looking into every corner to recover the despatch.

"God and my honor! where can it be? To be unfortunate

at last, after such an escape, is not exactly the sort of reward which perseverance expects." And Beamer rummaged in the corners again, and groped over the pebbles and the sand, and kicked among the weeds and débris collected on the bank. The packet was not there, and off he trudged to the corporal to report the circumstance.

"That's a pretty go," cried the corporal. "I wouldn't like to be in your shoes."

"Nor do I wish it, for I can wear them out fast enough myself."

"Well, that's cool."

"Not cooler than the matter seems to require. At most, I can only be charged with carelessness; and surely that'll not hang me."

"Don't you be too sure of that. It will, at least, be death —or some other punishment."

"No doubt. Whatever it may be, I must bear it. To be nearly drowned in the endeavor to counteract the error, will surely soften the penalty."

"Nearly drowned, did you say?"

"Too nearly, in fact."

"How did you escape?"

"God knows. I tumbled into the river, in its deepest part, while the tide was running like the wind, and on coming up, after three plunges and as many struggles, jumped into the boat. I can't tell how I did it."

The corporal, concerned for his misfortune, though inclined to carry the joke to its utmost limit, relented and relieved the boatman from suspense.

"There never was a cup of bitterness yet," said he, "but a little sugar was at hand to sweeten it. You need be under no apprehension. The packet was found, and brought to me!"

Beamer grasped the corporal's hands, and shook them till his bones rattled as far up as his elbows.

"That's glorious news! I wouldn't mind another plunge for such a result. The sugar to my bitters is not common brown, but lump. Mine is a fortunate star. It never yet beheld me in difficulty or danger, but it shielded me. God and my honor! it's better to be born lucky than rich!"

"A comforting adage, truly; but I wouldn't care who had the luck so long as I owned the coppers."

"We won't quarrel about that. Where's the packet, cor-

poral? Give it to me, and I'll push off to Woolwich, dark as it is."

"I've sent it away."

"No more bantering, Josh. Enough I've had in all conscience. My wife lost her shawl, I lost the packet, and nearly lost the number of my mess in trying to recover it. Then going to the place where I expected to find it, was disappointed; till tracing it at length to yourself, I seem to be within an ace of closing my fingers upon it, when, like a will-o'-the-wisp, it vanishes. Come, like a good fellow, let's have no more of this. Give me the sugar you promised, and I'll not make two sups of the gall."

"Believe me, I posted it at six o'clock."

"Have you really?"

"Yes."

"That's the hardest blow I've received since the morning."

"Why?"

"Because I fear, in your strictness, you have reported that the packet was picked up after you had given me orders to deliver it."

"Make yourself easy about that. I simply took off the water-stained envelope, and supplying a clean one, dispatched the papers without a word of observation."

"Well, that *is* lucky again. Although everything seems to be trying its best to criminate me, I'm not to get into a scrape—that's plain. Reassure me that what you've said is true."

"Honor bright!" exclaimed the corporal.

"Then I'm ready," returned the satisfied boatman, "to bear any amount of treat you may have the generosity to favor me with."

But Josh had no idea of taking the hint, and so Beamer made things remarkably comfortable at the inn—the corporal imbibing a modest quantity of liquid heat as the price of his indiscipline, and the boatman cultivating a judicious warmth within, to negative the effects of the damp without.

By the time the friends parted, the tide had turned. Beamer did not make his calculations relative to this phenomenon according to nautical rule, or derive assistance from any notions he possessed of the moon's influence. He guessed his period for returning to the stairs, and was as wide of the

mark as if he had not possessed an atom of experience. Here was a conjuncture. With the current dead against him; a head wind blowing fresh, and the night dark and cloudy, it would have been madness to venture the passage to Woolwich. Had he embarked in such folly, he would have been driven to sea, and either have had his bark broken on some rock, or stranded on a shoal. Content to wait, he thrust his hands into his wet pockets, paced the causeway in a hectoring mood, and swore, through all the long dark hours, with the fierceness of a dragoon.

At five o'clock in the morning, the tide being full swing in his favor, he again committed himself to the boat, and pushing into the channel with canvas set, plied the oar like a Styx ferryman, arriving at Woolwich—too late for the early parade!

Pitiable to add, after all his misfortunes, he was thrust into the guard-room!

Yet his star was in the ascendant. Brought before his commanding-officer to answer the charge against him of "absence without leave," he exculpated himself by narrating his luckless adventures. The recital so won the sympathy of the brigade-major—for usually the excuses of soldiers are shams—that Beamer, believed in every particular, was forthwith released, with the humorous reprehension, "Take care, and not let those things occur again."

Beamer returned home elated. Anna, made acquainted with the incidents of his voyage, shared, like a good wife, his joys and sorrows; and then, offering a plaster to heal his wounds, presented him with the missing shawl.

"Ha! ha!" cried Beamer, pleased and surprised. "Where did you find it, dear?"

"*On my shoulders!*" returned she, in hysterics of laughter.

WATCHES.—By all means let us have watches. How can it be expected that a senior sergeant, or indeed any military man, can hope to rise in his profession, or go to heaven, if he do not wear one for the benefit of the service? In olden times the respectability of a non-commissioned officer was judged by its presence. Young women always liked to see the indication, and so did commanding officers. The proof of the first is a fact of every-day experience; the proof of

the latter, as it was viewed in the first quarter of the present eventful century, will be learned from the following copy of an order issued by an officer of engineers, who possessed a national reputation, and was one of the best friends the corps of sappers ever had:—

"9, *Petit Montrouge*, 15*th November*, 1815.

"THE commanding officer is surprised that the senior non-commissioned officers of the company are without watches. It is quite impossible that a good non-commissioned officer can do his duty without one."

Brief, and to the point. The hint was seized. The wish for tickers became a mania, and then, by degrees, followed the rage for display. Some had watch-chains, thick and strong enough to bear a bower-anchor; others had gorgeous ribands—ladies' sashes, no less—as broad as cavalry standards, and fringed like them, besides being folded into geometrical fancies, glittering with bunches of polished cowries, striated nuts, lucky sixpences, and quarter-francs; while a few, with elongated ideas and expansive tastes, threw out a length of appendage that fell half-way, or thereabouts, between the fob and the knee. Small watches in those halcyon days—they were peaceful then, though the army was swearing in Flanders—were not compressed into the lilliputian dimensions of *bonâ fide* Genevas, but swelled out into the colossal proportions of something between a football and a prismatic compass.

To so ridiculous a pitch had the practice been carried, it became necessary, at length, to prohibit any but modest displays. The instruction was a wise one, but unkindly received. Ribands, curbs, and cables, at once were discontinued, and watches, losing that sort of exuberant fascination, disappeared from the parade, to be revived, some twenty-five years after, in an age when massive seals got out of fashion, and brequets and swivel-keys were all the fling.

TRYING IT ON.—Lieutenant M——, of the artillery, when on the survey about thirty years ago, was amusingly fidgety about the completeness of his indexes. Equally particular about orders, he had caused the inner portion of the door of his office to be covered with copies of them for general information. There was as much matter in them, spread out on stile and panel, as would have made a moderately-sized duodecimo. A sarcastic sapper, Dick Huthnance by name,

given to liberties from the circumstance of his having borne, without a squeak, the amputation of one of his big toes—a feat in surgery—itched to his fingers' ends to see how far the passion of his chief extended.

Speaking of the value of indexes, the sub one day took pains to show that the readiness of an office to be on a par with its requirements depended on its facility for reference. Indeed, it was a daily topic with him—as essential an item of his system as an honourable point in chivalry with a mediæval champion. But it had its limits. He went only as far as it was useful.

As he was passing from the office, full of injunctions about indexing, Huthnance followed him with a running fire of interruptions, gravely uttered, such as "Certainly," "Most proper," "What you say right's very true."

"And, sir," added he, pointing to the display of orders on the door, "I think it would be very desirable to *index the back of this door!*"

"Nonsense!" replied the sub. "All might be learned by any thick-head at a reading."

Huthnance was unprepared for so direct a negative: for, contrary to his expectation, the chief's mania for registration was not of a character to be ludicrous.

"You misunderstand me, sir," returned Huthnance, with a coolness all the more perfect because it was unstudied. "Now that I recollect myself, the door has already been catalogued."

"Where is it?"

"*On the inventory of fixtures, sir!*"

A QUEER MUSTER.—A detachment of the corps quitted Woolwich for Chatham in October 1847. Many of the men composing it had very odd names, which gave rise to the following bit of doggrel from the brain of an epigrammatic sergeant:—

Coles, *Wood*, and *Bones* will scarce digest,
Though *Jelly* you include;
And *Grubs* are dirty things we know
Which oftentimes intrude.
Brooms may sweep clean—an adage true,
And *Beards* are often mov'd;
But *Physic* is a nauseous draught,
Invariably *Rued*.

A SUCCESSFUL HIT.

IRISH TIM, during the railway mania of 1845, desirous of changing the color of his cloth, was driven to his wit's ends to "raise the wind" to do it. In his purposes, however, he was not easily mastered. A friend of his, a private of the corps, and a Baptist minister, used to hold forth on the Sabbath to many an unsophisticated audience in the rural districts of Yorkshire; and Tim on some of those occasions, after his friend had concluded the service, took the place of the military preacher, and denounced the drinking practices of the age. In this way he became an object of much interest, and was designated the "soldier teetotal lecturer."

One evening he was invited to give an address on total abstinence at York, where resided a wealthy quaker, anxious to hear him. Informed of the circumstance, Tim determined to go and make an effort, if possible, to effect, not so much a change in public opinion, as his own emancipation. He accordingly went, and "broadbrim" was present.

With all the ease and assurance of one accustomed to speak at meetings, Tim ascended the platform; and, after disposing of a graceful genuflexion to a crowded house, raised his voice. It told upon his audience, and he was cheered. His descriptions of character and his metaphors were received as something wonderful, but his apposite scriptural quotations took the quaker by storm. Observing this, Tim blazed away with added energy, employing metaphor less, scripture more. Never at a loss for a word, an idea, a striking simile, or a teetotal text, he fearlessly thundered against "King Alcohol," as he called the stimulant, and the corrupt practices of his generation. Captivated by his style and the newness of his argument, the quaker bent beneath the freshness and vigor of the military Demosthenes. Old gaiters was proud of the day that permitted him to see a red-coat engaged in the glorious cause of human amelioration. He smiled, he cheered, he clapped his hands, shouted "Hear, hear!" ever so many times, and poked the ribs of his neighbours with his

round elbows, whenever anything was uttered that struck him as remarkable. Tim saw how the mesmerism of his oration had operated on the man of money; and thinking, at length, he had sufficiently worked on the quaker's sensibilities, exclaimed, with an insidious modulation of his voice, and a tragic movement of his hand, "Behold the man of war preaching temperance; and lo! the man of peace hath come to hear him!"

This was Tim's climax. It had the effect he wished it to produce; for the man of drab, overpowered by the association, rushed to the platform, shook the soldier by the hand, and, under a shower of tears and a roar of applause from an enthusiastic audience, invited him to his house.

Tim, assuming the prettiest modesty, declined, knowing he would be pressed; and then, under the quaker's persuasive guidance, went. Like a prince, he was entertained, and coaxed to leave the army. Of course, it was extremely difficult to lessen his love for the profession; but old broad-brim's views of the wickedness of military service were in the end so irresistible, that Tim felt he had no option but to relinquish it. Offering the means, the quaker purchased Tim's discharge, put raiment on his back, and became his best friend.

Unstable as water, Tim in time returned to the drinking practices he had so eloquently condemned; and as might be anticipated from a trickster, rewarded the open-hearted quaker with the basest ingratitude.

A CURE FOR A FIT.—Belsey being absent one night, was apprehended by the picquet, and escorted home a prisoner. On the way he was seized with strong convulsions, that increased as he neared the barracks. When laid on the guard-bed, he foamed at the mouth, stared as if mad, and sent the picquet flying from his kicks. Sergeant-major Hilton looked at him for a minute or two, and believing that the prisoner was feigning epilepsy to evade punishment, took up a pail of water that was in the guard-room, and dashed it over him. As if electrified, the wily fellow jumped to his feet, and shaking the stream from his head and face, exclaimed, "Ah, sergeant-major, I didn't think you would have served me that way!"

A BATH AT ALL HAZARDS.

ALL men have got what are familiarly termed "hobby-horses," which from constant observance become characteristics of their lives. With many, these frivolities or pursuits turn out to be of advantage to science or society, but with by far the greater number they appear as so many scintillations to expose the imperfections of human conduct.

To the latter class belonged Willie Greenhill, a Perthshire man, who was styled "the famous corporal," from his prodigal employment of the adjective which formed the cream of his soubriquet. The measure of his intellect was said to be short a few pence of the shilling. Without offering a word to question this opinion, it is only fair to say that his conversation, though strange, was always worth hearing. Even by those who levelled him to the circle of insanity his society was much coveted; and not the least interesting feature of his piquant dialogues was, the happy way in which he mixed up with his incidents, quaint passages from the "Waverley Novels," "The Scottish Chieftains," "Don Quixote," and the historical chapters of the Bible.

A slave to his frailties, he was every day the hero of something new, strange, or ludicrous. His foibles became practices; his practices, passions; and his passions, necessities. No scheme to gratify them he left untried; but frequently, from the absence of maturity in his design, or a rational investigation of its practicability, he was arrested on the threshold of his undertaking or driven from it by an interruption he could not brave.

The want of uniformity between his countenance and figure threw him among the fry of human nondescripts. Tall, erect, muscular in structure, with square shoulders, his figure was such as even a handsome man might have envied; but that portion of his substance which pushed upwards from his long slim neck was anything but a match for the pride and manliness of his nether organization. That face of his was scarcely broader than the scale of a cavalry helmet,

and fully the length of a button-stick. His nose, chin, and forehead, all suited its peculiar elongation, while his mouth, not a line longer than the notch for a sight in a sporting rifle, fell inwards, as if to shorten the length of his face. Though but a young man, his head, which ran up to a cone, was frizzed over with hair as white as sea-spray; while his beard and whiskers, black as a raven's back and rigid as a mass of mourning pins, presented so extraordinary a combination of contrarieties, that few who knew him wondered at the extravagances to which his inclinations drove him. His clear hazel eyes, that sparkled like brilliants beneath a pair of silvery brows, and the constant indications of laughter that separated his small lips, throwing his ruddy cheeks into fulness, told of the gentleness of his temper and the kindness of his disposition.

Of all the practices of which "the famous corporal" was distinguished, none perhaps was so remarkable as his love of bathing. No season precluded him from that species of refreshment. In the depth of winter he has been seen to break the ice and plunge into the stream beneath. In summer, when free from duty, he almost lived in the water. Lake or bay, river or sea, whether calm or angry, whichever came in his way first, there he was sure to be immersed, and not to resign the pleasure till the threatenings of cramp compelled his retreat, or a wave dashed him to the beach.

About the year 1832, Willie was employed at an office in a suburban village, some ten miles perhaps from the Irish metropolis. There was no tidal current near, nor any sheet of water accessible. Of this he would hardly have cared, only that his close application to duty gave him no opportunity of visiting the Liffey. Whilst meditating, as he often did, on the absence of a luxury which he talked of as essential to his existence, his mind would revert to the Adamic liberty he enjoyed when roving over the mountains of Derry and Antrim with three Irish labourers at his command, and when every lake or stream, from Lough Neagh to Lough Mourne, was rolling in all its plenitude and freshness at his feet. The memory of the delightful dips it had been his bliss to enjoy, when the thermometer was several degrees below freezing-point, or when a hot summer's sun had changed the waters from a cold to a tepid bath, did not impair his desire to renew acquaintance with the element.

As nothing, therefore, but real immersion was calculated to appease the solicitude of our amphibium, he was determined, sooner or later, to avail himself of an expedient, irrational as it was, which had just occurred to his mind.

It happened that a barrel stood in a recess of the square for the use of the families in the locality. The weather had been sultry, rain had not been seen for weeks, everything was parched up, and the water-butt, held together by a few old hoops, was nearly dropping to pieces. At length, one night there was a thunder-storm, with heavy showers, which tightened the loosened staves and filled the vat to superfluity.

Two hours before the day broke the storm had ceased, and with the opening morning reappeared the sun. Heavy clouds, like immovable fixtures, hung in the air, too lazy to make an effort to encroach on the clear space of blue which encircled the newly-risen orb. Willie examined the phenomena like a meteorologist to see, if there was a probability of the storm immediately recurring. One was brewing, no doubt, but he calculated it would be a few hours before it would burst, and there could be no reason why, meanwhile, he should not do his poor body the little service it merited for its long abstinence.

All his comrades were asleep. None of the gentler community, he fancied, could at that early hour be astir. Fortified by this notion, he started from his bed, enclosing himself in a greatcoat, and moved to the door. Tremulously did he lift the latch, which rattled under his nervous thumb as if touched by the hand of a clumsy marauder.

"What's that? Good heavens! is any one up?" thought Willie.

It was only a yellow basin capsized by the cat, which, smelling about for morsels of savoury meat, had performed an awkward evolution with its tail, and whisked the vessel from the table to the floor.

To tremble was only natural. He pressed his lips as if that were likely to give him courage, and his prominent eyes nearly forced out on his cheeks. These physical freaks were momentary indications of mental apprehension, from which his usual elasticity of mind soon enabled him to recover.

"Hist!" aspirated the amphibium, and big Tom bounded

at the instant from the table, upsetting, in his furious leap, the gravity of another basin, which, rolling from table to form and floor, dashed against the fender and shivered into fragments.

"Confound that cat," muttered Greenhill, with a spasmodic action of the organs of speech. "Hist, will you? Don't you know the men are asleep, and don't want to be disturbed?"

Big Tom seemed to be aware of this, for he had gone about his burglarious vocation with unmitigated quietness till the noisy accident had scared him; and feeling, in all likelihood, he had given mortal offence to some one, he instinctively curled himself up behind a beer-can, (which had been repeatedly filled and emptied the over-night,) to avoid the castigation that the corporal would righteously have inflicted, had the hour been modest enough for the chastisement.

Willie stood by the door a minute or two to see if any ears had been penetrated by the smash; but the sleepers—what with hard work the past day and plenty of ale the over-night—were as heavy as if they had imbibed a little morphia with their potations, or their eyelids had been soldered down with caps of lead. The men moved not, but slept on, every nostril vocal with sounds, from the bass of the organ, but not so accordant and mellow, to the whine of the whistle, but not so shrill.

Passing out of the door, Greenhill closed it softly behind him. Approaching the square, appreciating to the full the hazards of the enterprise, he looked around with a newly-awakened dread of meeting the gaze of some peeping biped. Though quick, his glance was searching; but he saw nothing, save the gleams of the sun burnishing the walls of the establishment, and the white curtains closed in every window. All was still as midnight. Even the cock—nature's earliest trumpeter—had not risen to sound "the rouse," although the birds were quarrelling for grub on the tree-tops, while others, already breakfasted, were wildly warbling their matins.

As light as a hind he ran across the square, jamming his greatcoat into a corner, and vaulted to the boards which served as a lid to cover the water. Not calculating his chances with sufficient exactness, he expended more strength than was necessary to accomplish that gymnastic effort. As

a consequence, his head came in contact with the wall behind, and he fell to the pavement. Stunned by the blow, it must have been several minutes before he was erect again. To dwell on accidents, to take fright at a bruise, a bump, a little blood, or to magnify trifles into calamities, he had no faculty. So up he jumped again with a leap so heavy, that the rotten lid collapsed, and he dropped with the pieces into the butt, cutting, as, he expressed it, "into the core of the tree at once."

If he liked bathing so much, it was a wonder he did not try the effect of drowning. There was the experience of an eminent divine, who had been twenty minutes under water, to show that the sensation of dissolution was next thing to heavenly. To Greenhill it would have been eternal felicity, or something not very elegant to name. But Willie had sense enough to fall short of this extremity. Confined like a gold-fish in a tumbler, he could not turn summersets or perform any of the refined evolutions of a thorough water-gymnastic; and so, toning himself down to the sober details of rudimentary bathing, he bobbed several times beneath the water, remaining till the element, having gushed into his mouth and ears, forced him, as he sought relief from the external air, to snort and spurt like a walrus.

Leave the bather for a few minutes to his luxury, and take up another character that now enters on the scene.

When Greenhill went to the butt, not a curl of smoke ascended from the housetops to warn him of the early rising of any of the inmates. One, however, was astir, whom the calls of a large family had turned out at half-past three o'clock. This was Mrs. Taylor, who, after lighting her fire, walked across the square to fill her kettle. Her feet were shod with a pair of superannuated boots of her husband's, emblems of an economical wife. Her face, still unwashed—it was too soon for such an operation—graced with a full-bordered cap, was almost lost among a mass of crinkled frill and curl-papers. Over her shoulders was thrown a checked apron, to hide their bareness, while her ankles and legs, formed as if one of Holtzaffel's lathes had turned them out of hand according to the admired lines of high art, were exposed, save in those parts which the tail of a scanty gown concealed. These were but the incidents of industry—the personal liberties she ventured for the hour. Let not these details give

rise to an undue estimate of her appearance, for when tidied up for the day, she exhibited not a few items of prettiness, that made it a marvel how Taylor had captivated her. This Taylor was anything but a match for such a woman. Like ant-eaten teak, his face was honeycombed; his eyes bleared and streamed as if particles of bitumen were burning in them; his shoulders had the curve of a hoop; while that part of his body which completed his structure from the ribs to the hips fell inwards like the inside of a drum-case. There was an awkwardness, too, about his legs that was remarkable: leaning away to one side as if abhorring a perpendicular, they fitted one into the other like two spoons.

Willie fancied he heard some one approaching, and, turning his ear, heard the footfall distinctly.

"What a predicament!" he thought. "How shall I escape this exquisite misfortune?"

What to do for the best he knew not. Time was pressing; the soft feet pattered on the pavement with a nearer sound; now and then his quick ear recognised the clicking of a heel-tap, and he was puzzled to reconcile so masculine an indication with a tread so effeminate and gay.

"Who can it be?" he muttered to himself. "How provoking! I'd give the world—anything—feel consoled in Pandemonium itself—to be clear of this disagreeable scrape."

Chance of escape there was none without incurring the alternative of certain discovery. There was no help for him; remain he must and drown, if needs be; and so, resigning himself to a destiny which already possessed features of fatality, he lowered himself in the vat till his eaglet nose, touching the surface of the water, screened his sea-foam of a head from observation.

"The footsteps may pass the barrel and I'm safe," he thought. "Catch me here again if I slip through this difficulty. If I am to be found out, there's no harm in wishing I may be, like another America, discovered by a Columbus. Should my disturber be a woman nothing can save me. The tender creatures don't use their eyes for nothing, and I shall have to curse them yet, I fear, for their inquisitiveness."

So soliloquised the luckless Willie, scarcely daring to breathe, when Mrs. Taylor, having reached the recess, turned the tap, and out gushed the water into her kettle,

which was large enough to make tea for a detachment. Mrs. Taylor could sing very fairly; she was a sort of nursery Malibran; and while the stream was flowing into the family utensil she enlivened the morning with a few bars of "Norah Crena," curling her voice into what musical geniuses term a cadence. It was a graceful flourish of run-about notes, which the ignoble population of the pine-branches—a set of chattering sparrows and chaffinches—heard in silence.

Curiosity makes fools of us all at times, and so it did Greenhill. Had he been content with his patience not a soul would have been the wiser for his escapade.

"As I live," he mumbled, with an indefinable feeling of terror, "that's a woman's voice! It must be. It's too shrill for a man's. Who the devil can she be?"

With all his fears, a desire possessed him to ascertain the person who had occasioned him so much uneasiness. Whatever might be the issue of the venture, see her he would; and so he cautiously raised himself till his silvered head, as low as his eyes, appeared above the edge of the barrel. Like wires his hair bristled; his brows seemed like patches of snow-drift; and those orbits of his, large as the capsules of a couple of pickle-bottles, stared over the staves.

"As I thought," he said to himself. "That's Mrs. Taylor! God, if she sees me, I may as well drown at once as be jeered to death; for, as sure as fate, that's what I'll come to."

She was placing the lid on the kettle when Greenhill made his indiscreet appearance. Her song had ceased, all noises were hushed, when suddenly hearing a movement in the barrel as if a child's hand were passing through the water, she listened. It was still audible, though more subdued; and looking upwards, she observed a mass of snow, as Willie was shrinking to his limits, gradually sinking beneath the edges of the staves. Mrs. Taylor staggered, and then frantically clapping her hands and screaming, fell some yards away from the butt. Her paroxysms were something more than alarm, her face was as white as arrowroot, and tearing at the forest of curl-papers that fenced her visage, her hair spread wildly over her neck and shoulders.

Never was "the famous corporal" in such a fix. Embarrassed he had often been by his eccentricities, and had

passed through many grave difficulties, but never had he combatted with a dilemma as insane as this. He felt it to be disgraceful; but what could he do? He was powerless. How could he appease the affrighted woman? That was impossible. If ever a poor fellow's brain was in a whirl it was Greenhill's; and dreading to meet a disclosure he could not evade, he awaited, sick and shivering, the issue of his folly, caring only that no chaste eye should be near to witness the denouement.

In a few minutes, the shrieks of Mrs. Taylor had gathered the community of the suburb around her.

"What is the matter wid ye?" burst from every mouth. "Spake, in God's name, Misthress Taylor."

The affrighted woman panted and stared.

"Lift her up. Aisy now, Mrs. O'Grogan, i' ye plase. What's wrong wid the dear soul?" said an old stager, in tones of melancholy sympathy.

No answer. Too faint and weak to articulate, she simply pointed in the direction from whence originated her terror.

All eyes were turned as the finger indicated.

"Where! where!" was the inquiry from five or six hearty voices; but the finger still pointed towards the water-butt.

"Shure, Misthress Taylor," said Mrs. O'Grogan, consolingly, taking a firmer grip of her patient, "there's nothin' at all at all beyant, but the bare walls, the wather-butt, and yer ould kittle. Is it yer fancy that's asthray wid ye?"

The finger of the sufferer was again held in the original direction, and all eyes followed it as a marksman would a bull's eye. Seeing nothing more terrific than themselves, they agreed that the intimation had no meaning, and that their stricken sister, poor creature, was but a few doors from a madhouse.

So unpleasant an announcement was enough to resuscitate a mummy. It startled Mrs. Taylor; and, by superhuman effort, scaring the bystanders with her wildness, she shouted, "The divil's in the butt! I saw him plain enough. He's got a white head, an' his eyes glare like a furnace," and swooning again, she fell, cap, borders and all, into the arms of one of her fair comforters, who, assisted by a few other merciful women, carried the deluded woman to her domicile, where her husband was snoring his life away in a deep sleep.

A shrinking back from the infernal cask instantly took place

"The father ov sin in the wather-butt!" exclaimed Mrs. Tunny. "Be th' brightness o' th' mornin'—thank the Lord for sich a mornin'—I'll not touch a dhrap o' th' wather for my tay, iv there's not a spoonful to be had in the village."

"Whisht!" whispered Mrs. Hamilton; "why d'ye spake so plain an' th' divil so near?"

"Spake lower, honey," advised a woman with a high-crowned cap and luxuriant borders, "an' p'r'aps he'll not hear ye."

"Oh!" chimed in the old stager who had just left the supposed maniac to see how the affair would end, and who, from having passed between forty and fifty years in the world, was entitled to give an opinion, "I've niver seen the divil but in picthers, an' I'll ingage he's got ears long enough to hear ye iv ye *don't* spake. Shure a whisper's like a roar to him."

"Has he got a white head?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, with a sort of horrified wish to know as few of his attributes as possible, but evincing no objection to be enlightened with respect to his physical characteristics.

"Ov coorse," replied the old stager. "Shure isn't he ould enough in all conscience for it? Wasn't he born afore the Gardin ov Aden was built, an' didn't he introjuce hisself whin the rose, thistle, and shamrock was in blossom, an' th' apple-trees loaded wid fruit, in the form ov a cunnin' sarpint as he is? Ov coorse he did."

"Iv that's throot," whispered Mrs. Tunny, "an' no one can dany it, how can the damon ov avil have a white head? Sarpints hav'n't hair to their heads, have they?"

"Sartinly not," answered the old stager. "Th' divil can thransform hisself into a sarpint or an angil whiniver he has a mind. Shure he can put anny colored hair on his head. He can make it gray, like mine; ochre lookin', like yours; bald as plate glass, like your husband's; an' black an' straimin', like poor Misthress Taylor's, God help her."

"D'ye say so in airnest?" said Mrs. Hamilton, addressing the old stager. "Maybe th' childher's up an' cryin', an' stalin' the shugar. Let's be aff afore the divil sees us. Shure he don't know us anny how, an' that's a blissin'."

"Oh, be dad," replied the stager, "he knows us all, ye may take yer oath o' that. Th' divil not know us! Ay, does he, every inch of us. That throot's printed in black and white in every varse o' th' Bible, from Sint Ginisis to the two books of MacCabeus. Isn't it the powers ov darkness that timpts us? Shure ye know that. Th' praist's always mobbin' ye about him, an' afore now, I'll go bail, all our names is scratched on th' inside ov th' barrel, a fut long an' more, wid his claws."

"Holy Mary, save us!" ejaculated the mother, in the high-crowned cap, "Holy ——"

"What does th' avil one care for yer holies?" interrupted the old stager. "He's no more respict for the crass"—here she curtsied, and made the usual devotional signs on her forehead and bosom—"than a haythen. He's as deaf to yer holies as a thumb-latch, an' that's not very 'cute. Shure Newgate—that big gate ov Lundun, wid bolts like crowbars, an' as takes a scoore ov min to open thim—ud milt into tinderness afore th' divil ud whimper at disthriss."

"May the Lord save us from harm this blissed mornin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, with clasped hands and the blacks of her eyes displaced by the whites. "Holy Mary, keep the divil from us!"

"Amin!" said they all.

"May Father M'Gilligan come to our aid!" cried Mrs. O'Grogan, "to fight him wid the soord ov th' sperit, or wid his fists, iv that's what he wants, and give him a d——d good quiltin'."

"Amin!" was the general response.

Only three or four women participated in this conversation, which had the effect of relieving them from hysterical alarm. They had, nevertheless, some serious misgivings of what was to come to pass. Something demoniacal was evidently coming. Mrs. Taylor might have lost her reason, but the devil, unquestionably, was at the bottom of it. Such was their unanimous conviction, and not caring to witness the terrible things that were shortly to follow, they held on by one another's gown, uttering short but incoherent prayers, like women not over-pious at a Dorcas meeting, till, locking themselves in their several apartments they drew down the blinds.

"Once in, there's no knowing what devices they resorted to,

to fasten the doors and prevent supernatural ingress. One thing is pretty sure, that all the movables, such as chairs, tables, fire-irons, and cauldrons, were crowded against the doors and windows, so that, had the devil attempted to scale the barricades he would not have effected an entrance without a few broken shins and a broken head. The latter casualty was set down as something certain, for more than one timid lady, had collected about her an arsenal of brushes, broken cups and jugs, old boots and jars, ready to set in motion against any intruder, corporeal or spiritual.

With a clear field before them, the men conferred among themselves what was best to be done to fathom the mystery. To leave the matter in uncertainty would be an eternal reflection on their courage. Mrs. Taylor had been terrified either by a morbid fancy or a real appearance. All inclined to the opinion that flesh and blood was in the cask, seeing that one of their number was absent. Like Irishmen generally, they thought loudly, and made the square ring with their proposals.

"What shall be done?"

"Turn over the barrel," suggested one.

"Burn it," cried another.

"Throw a coping-stone from the roof of the house into it," bellowed a third.

"Bring out my firelock," shouted Bill Clavering, "and a ball cartridge, and if the divil is to be raised, a bullet through his body will more than do the business."

"That's the plan," exclaimed several. "Tare-an-ouns, but that's a lucky thought. We shall see our friend presently."

One of the bystanders, pleased at the idea, ran as though followed by a flash of lightning to prepare the musket for execution. He did not, however, see the necessity for loading it with ball, and so charged it with blank.

The loaded weapon was handed to Clavering.

"Ball or blank?" asked he, in a whisper.

"Blank," said the assistant, breathing the reply.

"That'll do," answered the musketeer.

Clavering moved towards the barrel, a red cap covering his head to his ears, and a blue shirt his back and shoulders. There was an air of wicked determination in his manner which his swarthy face, furrowed and sunken with the

harrows of time and the effects of varied climate, did not by any means soften.

Willie heard his approach. To die like a deserter, or drown like a suicide, he had no relish. To stick in the butt, with the chance of having a hole in his skin, that the art of the tailor could not mend nor his own ingenuity patch up, he had no intention; but knowing the mutability of men's threats and the bluster of people who, for want of a morsel of pure courage rush to extremes, he made up his mind to wait a little longer, hoping that the delay would disperse the assembly and screen his indiscretion. Ill could he bear the pain which then troubled him, for his flesh was drawn up in flexures like the cogs of a wheel, while the sinews of his legs, becoming rigid like bell-wires, threatened him with cramp.

"Are you ready?" cried some in the crowd.

"Yes," replied Clavering. "Shall I shoot?"

"Certainly," roared the garrison.

"If I kill him, as I surely will, the blame is yours, mind."

"All right; let fly at him."

And Clavering commenced the murderous preliminaries. Back went the cock, clicking like the spring of a man-trap; and the musketeer, lifting the piece to his shoulder, hesitated, then fired!

There was the stillness of night in the square. More quiet was it than a sombre parsonage, where the rector, averse to all kinds of cooking and pleasure-taking on a Sunday, spends the Sabbath, as he should do, in prayer and cold victuals. Strung up to the highest pitch of expectation, every one looked towards the infernal butt to see what would appear. Moment after moment rushed by, but nothing was seen save the little cloud of smoke from the musketeer's gun. Mrs. Taylor, it was obvious, had been dreaming, or was hopelessly mad, or, perhaps—it was possible—the occupant of the butt, scared with fright, had ceased to exist.

"How can this be ascertained?" asked one.

"Easy enough," answered another. "Capsize the barrel."

All felt that something must be done. That the devil was in the butt was almost unquestioned by the women; and to remove this impression and their fears, the men had no alternative but to join in any extravagance.

Three or four determined fellows now rushed to the barrel and commenced the Atlantian labor of overturning it.

"Good-morning," said Greenhill, blandly, pushing his head above the staves and looking at the operators, struggling like so many dynanometers to measure their strength and prove themselves Samsons. "Who was it that fired?" added he, playfully, thinking to arrest their resolution. "He's a disgraceful shot, and ought to make apology for his failure to the musket and ammunition he used."

"We'll show you the way we intind to make amends," replied Clavering, straining as he lifted.

"What the devil are you doing?" roared Greenhill, as he felt the barrel moving. "Try any other joke than this," added he, taking hold of one of the dynanometers as if to stay his exertion. "That's enough. Damn it, do you intend to kill me?"

It was too late; the barrel was already swinging, and the next moment it crashed on the pavement.

Out floundered "the famous corporal," as if shot from a cascade, sprawling and fuming like a sea-lion; and while the sun, which brilliantly shone on him, caught the water as it streamed from his body, and lit him up with sparkles, as if spangles had been showered on his shivering frame, he was inclosed in a greatcoat, and supported, half dead, to his bed.

EARNEST NEGOCIATION.—A recruit, named Demas Adams, while in hospital sometime in 1851, received a letter from home, which he handed to doctor A—— to read. Adams did not know at the time that the surgeon was an officer.

"Just look at this," said the recruit, brusquely.

"What for?" rejoined the doctor, imperiously, not at all complimented by Demas's familiarity.

"Why, I want to get out of this place. I'm more than sick of it."

"Foolish man, you are still very ill."

"Never mind; I'll chance it. Leave I must, or I shall lose my squad!"

"Go to bed," cried the surgeon, a little irate, adding a word or two about his position, and the way in which he should be approached.

"I'm sorry you should be angry with me," returned the simpleton, respectfully; "but I beg you will not divulge what has occurred to the sergeant-major!"

At this the doctor boiled over, and, had Demas been a healthy man, would perhaps have bolted him, cap, blue gown, slippers and all.

The recruit, reserving his strength for the last, fancied he knew a plan to cure the hectoring of the little surgeon.

"If," said he, with a bribing stress on his words, and augmenting their impressiveness by tapping his left hand with the fore-finger of his right, "you will let me out of this cursed hole, I'll not forget you when I take my bounty!"

An Atheist.—Owen Delany was questioned on joining the corps about his religion. He said he had been a Roman Catholic, but was nothing now. The Bible he had studied, and his reason rejected it. Still, he kept his views to himself, not wishing that others should adopt them. "I am, nevertheless," said he, "open to conviction, and should much prefer being a Christian to an atheist."

"Such is the character of the army," I returned, "no man can be allowed to absent himself from a church of some kind. Go to any you like. Where will you say?"

"Where I'm ordered."

"You must select a church: you cannot be ordered to any."

"If I must go, I'll take the Church of England, not, mind you, because I respect it, but as an act of discipline—the same as I would attend a punishment parade. All this seems very strange to me. I should have thought the corps would have been satisfied with my military services without bothering itself about my belief."

"Put him down Church of England."

And as Delany was going from the office, he observed, "I was under the impression that the army wanted men to fight, not to pray. Had saints been wanted, your recruiting-bills should have announced the fact."

After Delany's first appearance at church, I asked him if he had benefited by the service.

"No; I did not expect it," said he; "but tell me, if you please, what do the people look into their hats for when they enter the church? Surely they can find some other season for reading the makers' names than the particular one they select for the occasion."

OLD INFLEXIBLE.

About the year 1831, old corporal Churchill was sent, in charge of a party of sappers, from Castlebar to Ballymena. On route, he and his men were billeted for a night at Moneymore, and next morning early started for Cookstown, where they arrived at ten o'clock, and put up at a respectable house, a sort of inn, to breakfast.

After the repast was over, our corporal took his seat on a large stone outside the house, which had been placed there to assist equestrians to mount their horses.

Churchill's smoking machinery was soon in use. No man enjoyed his pipe better than he, nor smoked more ardently. It always formed the last course to his meals to rectify the irregularities of his stomach.

During the time he was thus engaged, puffing and fuming like a chimney on fire, the young fellows inside made love to some engaging girls, and, with the professional assistance of an ancient fiddler hard by, a sort of ball was got up in good spirit.

While matters were in this hilarious state, a gentleman, in the quiet habit of a country squire, pulled up in front of the corporal.

"Who are you?" asked the stranger, authoritatively, backing on his saddle.

Churchill, still deriving solace from his pipe, leered at the horseman, as if to measure his station and his impudence. The question he thought was impertinent, especially as it was asked in the presence of a number of civilians, who regarding the corporal as a sort of newly-arrived lion, had crowded round him to receive his smile and the shake of his hand.

"I like that," said Churchill, coolly, swinging his leg, and pressing down the tobacco in the bowl of his black pipe, which was dignified with the graceful accessories of a tin cap and brass chain. "And pray, sir," he added, resuming the pipe, "who may you be?"

"Sir!" returned the stranger, imperiously, "I want to know who you are?"

"What for?" rejoined the corporal, with a nasal twang, still maintaining his seat and his pipe. "What is there in me to excite your interest? Many farmers I know in this country, but you I do not."

Not approving of this reply, the chafed rider flogged his boot, and then shook his whip at the corporal. At such an insult, a more excitable man than Churchill would, in all probability, have closed with the horseman, but he consoled himself with the reflection, that manners could not be expected from blackguards. The stranger had scarcely finished the angry flourish of his whip, when he became acquainted with another little incident to awaken his concern. He saw a few red coats in the inn dancing the boots off their feet. All was merriment and laughter there. Churchill fancied that the gentleman either envied the terpsichorean troop their enjoyment, or intended to make one of the happy party. He was soon undeceived.

"Your party, sir, is behaving with gross irregularity."

"What if it is?"

"I give you to understand, sir, that I'm an officer—"

"Of the Excise," interrupted Churchill.

"Your conduct shall not go unpunished. Let me know this instant, who you are, and where you are going?"

The question, alarming as it might have appeared to others, did not move the corporal, who having finished his smoke, calmly withdrew the pipe from his jaw, and shook the "dottle" into the palm of his left hand.

"Now, young gentleman, I'm ready for you," said Churchill, making a great deal more use of his nose than was customary, and consigning the "dottle" and apparatus to a compartment in his pouch. "An entire stranger to me, you address me as though you had known me for half a century. What business have you to interfere with me or my party? And since you have had the impudence to demand my name without showing any reason for the inquiry, you cannot be surprised if I insist on knowing what your name is, sir?"

"Lieutenant Estell, royal engineers."

"Nonsense," said Churchill, smiling. "That's an assumed name. What's to hinder any civilian in the country telling

me the same thing? It's easy to see the counterfeit from the original; lead and silver are not more different. You must try the trick elsewhere."

"You refuse to tell me your name, then?" cried the stranger, impatiently.

"Decidedly."

"If you delay any longer, I'll have you tried by a court-martial."

"That's all fudge. An officer never blusters—never threatens. That's another proof you are only a sham."

"Where is your route?"

"In my cap."

"Show it to me."

"Just go and dress yourself in regimentals. If then you should really turn out to be an officer, which I very much doubt, you shall instantly know my name and my orders."

The subaltern looked angrily at the corporal, and did all sorts of things with his whip, except laying it about the shoulders of that immovable specimen of a British soldier. Without uttering another word, Mr. Estell turned his horse, and applying the spur, plunged, in no very amiable mood, through the streets of the town, to dress himself according to the corporal's bidding.

When the horse was in full trot, Churchill, suspecting that all was not exactly correct, jumped to his feet, and stopped the ball.

"Why is this?" asked the party.

"Never mind," replied the corporal. "Pay the landlord and the fiddler; kiss the girls, and buckle on your knapsacks. Be quick now, if you wish to save yourselves from a court-martial."

In a couple of minutes Churchill and his detachment were in full retreat, pushing ahead as if each were assisted by a pair of "seven-league boots."

In the course of half an hour lieutenant Estell appeared at the inn, dressed according to the rigour of the king's regulations; but to his surprise, the corporal and his men had decamped. Of the direction they had taken, and the time of starting, he could learn nothing. The landlord and his employés were as ignorant, through kindness, of this information as the sergeant-at-arms. There were three roads before the sub to choose from. Unless he could strike on

the right one, there was no hope of overtaking the insubordinate detachment; and so Mr. Estell, with a wise sacrifice of feeling, and a merciful wish to spare his horse, gave up the chase.

In time the party reached Ballymena, and, like a good soldier, the corporal reported his arrival to a captain of engineers long since deceased. To him Churchill detailed the singular interference of a stranger while the men were amusing themselves at the billet, and also the steps he had taken to rid himself of the annoyance. All of which the captain, who was as strange a man as the corporal, approved; and when inquiries into the matter had been driven so close as almost to identify "Old Inflexible," the captain came to the rescue, and threw the affair into an obscurity so deep, that Mr. Estell abandoned the inquiry, and pocketed the affront.

The only consolation the subaltern ever derived from the incident was, in after years, to tell the anecdote and laugh at it.

ALL FOR APPEARANCE.—In the autumn of 1826, lieutenant M——, of the artillery, arranged to perambulate, on a certain day, the boundaries of the parish of Killead, near Antrim. The party assembled at the appointed hour, but Sandy Lauder, a slothful surveyor, made his appearance two hours after the time. A simple reprimand was the result of his delinquency.

At the end of the week, Lauder, like the rest of the sappers, sent to lieutenant M—— a copy of his diary for the preceding six days, to be forwarded for the perusal of colonel Colby. Each day named in it showed the hour of beginning work; and an explanation was afforded to account for the delay on the day alluded to. In examining the journal, the subaltern found, to his astonishment, that the writer had impudently stated he was "detained two hours waiting for lieutenant M——!"

"Look here, sir," cried the indignant officer. "How is it you have stated in your journal you were waiting for me, when you know I was waiting two hours for you?"

"O! sir," replied Sandy, with stolid simplicity, "I ken that weel eneugh; but I thocht it wad luik better to show to the cornel!"

CABINETRY.

UNIQUE PICTURE-FRAMES.

SERGEANT ALEXANDER CALDER, whose name is noticed in the records of the corps[1] in connection with honorable employments, having been more than twenty years on the surveys of this country and the exploration survey for a railway in North America, took himself westwards, after receiving his discharge, and settled at Kingston. Wishing now to establish himself in a stationary home with his wife and family, and give up travelling, he declined lucrative offers which would have interfered with his purpose, and accepted an appointment in the Bank at Kingston; where, soon proving his worth, his salary was largely increased. Closely as he was employed at the office, he was not too worn by the monotony and irksomeness of its services to idle away his leisure in indolence; but as active as he was big, burly, and respectable, applied his hand to anything which promised to yield him fame and recompense.

So martial a fellow in bearing and intelligence was not likely to be lost sight of in the crowd of a bustling colonial city. Among a thousand, perhaps, he was the chief for manliness, height, proportion, and an open, well-looking countenance. When the Canadian highland rifles were organized, he was offered a lieutenantcy in the corps. Not, however, impressed with the advantage of its acceptance, the pay being small, and the expenses attending the position heavy, he declined the honor, but joined as sergeant-major, donning the highland costume (sans kilt and hose, those picturesque appendages being too cold for a northern climate), with an eagle's feather in his bonnet. Being wholly composed of Scotch emigrants, Calder was at home with his countrymen; and though not a good drill by previous training in the sappers, he managed in a little while, not only to deserve the name of one, but to present his regiment in a

[1] 'History of the Royal Sappers and Miners,' vol. i., pp. 465–469. 2nd Edit.

capitally drilled condition, for inspection and manœuvring. All this he did after being relieved from the duties of the Bank, which never suffered one stroke of the pen less for his connection with the rifles.

His banking avocations, and the superadded duty of sergeant-major, were enough to unstring the nerve and fibre of most men. Not so Calder, who, if we may judge of his zeal and labours, never tired. Time still he had to spare and to occupy. He felt it to be valuable, and he used it. Being an ingenious carpenter, working everything he took in hand, in this line, with geometrical exactness, he turned his attention, in moments of late leisure, to the fabrication of picture-frames, and odd and puzzling specimens of cabinetry. Ordinary frames did not suit his taste, and gilding, that enemy to true art, covering the defects of loose workmanship, he discarded with a feeling akin to disgust. Far out of the beaten track he purposed to go; to produce a novelty that would even surprise the trade. And he did so, sending his first attempt at ultra-cabinetry to an exhibition, which opened its doors, as a promenade, for provincial sight-seers. The print which it embellished was "The First Trial by Jury." The frame was of walnut wood, representing a flat archway with a lion's head in the keystone, resting on capped pilasters made out of a knot of ash, so cut and fitted, that they had all the appearance of marble or stone-work—the joints, to imitate plaster, being supplied by narrow veneers of white wood. The under-rail, or floor of the arch, was tessellated with white and black woods. This singular frame stood well the ordeal of criticism. "Who is this Calder, of Kingston? Who this strange man that gives us a picture-frame, usually a plain thing enough, if the gilder be not employed to enrich it with ornamentation, full of careful dovetailing, and as graceful as pleasing in its treatment?" Such were some of the inquiries in town. To his heart's content the work was appreciated; and for its merits, he was awarded a "first-class prize." At that exhibition he also submitted another piece of singular wood-work (made in a few hours), in the shape of a small box, which no one had the sagacity to open. The secret was Calder's, and he obtained for it an "extra prize."

Later, he presented an ingenious collecting-box to a fancy fair, got up for the benefit of the Kingston orphans. Connoisseurs of cabinetry, and others in quest of articles of quaint

workmanship, eyed and examined it inquisitively. To the charity it was a silver mine, and the promoters of the bazaar were fortunate in having so wonder-working a casket in their collection. It was, however, sealed to all hands but the pair that made it. To no strength or curiosity would it yield. This feat was reserved for Calder. At his touch it sprang open; and he was grateful to find, that the benevolence of visitors had enabled him to deliver to the charity nearly five pounds! The box was afterwards purchased by the manager of the Kingston Bank.

Unexpected success encouraged him to greater efforts of mechanical ingenuity and elaboration. This time his picture was the Falls of Niagara. For so great a subject his frame must be unique and unimitative. It consisted of three hundred and sixty-five pieces of one hundred and twenty varieties of wood, many costly, all pleasing in grain and color, arranged in geometrical figures, harmonious combinations, and marqueterie, with archway, forts, flags, devices, and mouldings. All the mitres, joinery, and mouldings were perfect; the proportions finely adjusted and truthful. To distinguish the Canadian from the United States' shore, a raised fort, in accurate perspective, was carved on either side of the frame, displaying the national flag unfurled, from a fully-rigged staff. Geometric figures were endless, and the carved projecting enrichments, all emblematic of Canadian life and prairie vicissitude, comprised a canoe, a gun, a wigwam, a snow-shoe, a scalping-knife, a tomahawk, &c. On the keystone of the arch was a beaver in bas-relief. From all parts of the globe the woods had been gathered. Some were interesting from their antiquity, and a few, even more so, from their historic and romantic associations. A fine carving of the royal arms, six by eight inches, surmounted the arch. The frame was three feet long by two feet five inches high. Though a foible, it possessed all the traits of a refined architectural mind, untrammelled by sterility in invention or unsteadiness in hand. As a specimen of cabinetry, of true industrial skill, it might have taken high rank among the samples of decorative art at the Great or Paris Exhibition. The frame was exhibited at the Horticultural Show at Kingston in July, 1858. The "Daily News"[1] of that city thus spoke of its merits:—

[1] Published at Kingston, July 2, 1858.

"The officers of the Society have taken great pains to make the Show agreeable and attractive; and among the novelties to be exhibited is 'The Emblematical and Geometrical Frame,' consisting of various geometrical figures and emblems, designed and executed by Mr. Alexander Calder, of this city, who spent some years, we believe, in the perfection of this wonderful specimen of industry, taste, and ingenuity. Mr. Calder has had printed a sheet explanatory of the various woods employed, their history, place of nativity, and situation on the frame. From this ingeniously-compiled sheet, which is, in fact, a key to the multiple figures on the frame, we learn that the number of pieces of wood in the frame and ornaments is 365, they are composed of 120 varieties. The picture represents the Falls of Niagara, showing part of the Canadian and American shores. To distinguish the two countries, a raised fort is shown on either side of the frame, and displays the national flags from the staffs—the British ensign on the Canadian side, and the stars and stripes on the American. We have not space for a minute description of this wonderful frame, but we may say that one piece of the wood employed is from a tree planted by the celebrated Rev. John Whitfield; another is from the *Royal George* man-of-war, sunk at Spithead in 1782; another is from the *St. Lawrence*, 112 gun-ship, built at Point Frederick, and launched in 1814; another is from a tree taken from the Bog of Allen, in Ireland; another is part of a stump of Irish oak, supposed to have been growing at the time of the deluge. This frame alone is a gem of art that should, and will, we are sure, draw crowds of admirers of the beautiful and ingenious of nature's and man's handiwork."

The "Canadian Tribune"[1] also bore testimony to the remarkable character of the frame, in this complimentary style:—

"At the same time will be exhibited a wonderful frame, designed and executed by Mr. Alexander Calder, of this city. It is composed of an infinite number of small pieces of wood, of different kinds and countries, many of them singular for romance and historical associations. The picture represents the Falls of Niagara, and the printed description conveys only the idea that it is a work of art on which a world of mechanical knowledge, patience, and perseverance, has been expended."

One journal might err in its estimation—so might two; but it is scarcely within the compass of probability that three independent periodicals would unite their efforts to applaud an obscure artist, presenting himself to the public less as a professional man than an amateur, if his capabilities were feeble and his qualities undeserving of appreciation. To place this beyond question; to prove that Calder's work was an elevated specimen of industrial skill, fully reaching the test of merit, and deserving the praise bestowed on it, another testimony is appended, not certainly greater in authority than the preceding records, but confirmatory of them:—

[1] July 2, 1859.

"The centre of attraction in the works of art at the Horticultural Show last week," says the journal we quote, "was a picture-frame, 36 by 30 inches, of a singular device—a contrariety throughout—designed and executed by Mr. Alexander Calder, of this city. There are 120 kinds of wood in it, and 365 pieces of various forms. Space will not admit of saying much about it; but we cannot pass over this wonderful work of art and industry without pointing out some of its prominent features. It is decidedly geometrical, as well as being emblematical of Canadian and of Indian life. The beaver stands out prominently on the top rail of the frame, over an archway, and in the corners of the same is a carved rifle on one side, and a snow-shoe on the other; underneath the arch are shown a scalping-knife on the left and a tomahawk on the right; on the under rail are a canoe and a wigwam (these are all carved and stand out in bold relief); on the two upright sides are Martello towers, such as those at Kingston. The tower on the right has the English ensign flying from its staff; on the left the American flag is also shown flying. The picture in the frame is the Falls of Niagara, with part of the American shore as well as the Canadian; this accounts for the flags of the two nations being shown. These flags are perfect in themselves: the many small pieces of wood composing these minute articles are so arranged that all the colours of the true flags are fully brought out.

"Since we last had the pleasure of seeing this piece of work, which was at the Horticultural exhibition last spring, Mr. Calder has put the climax on it, by surmounting the whole with the royal arms of England, a most elaborate piece of minutely-carved work, all in keeping with the rest of the ornaments. * * * This piece of work has been sent to the Exhibition at Toronto, where we are satisfied it will not be surpassed by anything of the kind in the mechanical arts."[1]

All extraneous articles in the Exhibition (not strictly illustrative of horticultural advancement and excellence), considered of unquestionable merit, were recommended for "discretionary prizes." Among the miscellanea occurred the name of Calder, his contributions being noted by the judges in this form:—[2]

"Picture-frame, 365 pieces of 120 kinds of wood, very beautiful—worthy of special mention.—Mr. Calder.

"Steel-pen picture-frame.—Special mention.—Mr. Calder."

The latter frame, the result of a capricious thought, was constructed out of eight hundred and eighty old steel pens and pen-knife blades, the refuse of the office in which he was employed, arranged so as to show pilasters, base, and capital, supporting a semi-circular arch. There was a play of shades from black to polished steel, which was not the least attractive feature of the frame. Though architectural in style, it possessed a military character to correspond with the woodcut it embellished. It was like the model of an

1 "Weekly British Whig," published at Kingston, Canada, Oct. 1, 1858.
2 "Daily News" of Kingston, July 6, 1858.

armoury, displaying coats of chain mail and fields of old bayonets and brilliant swords, complete in their processes, but subservient to the scientific design. The picture, protected by this brazen frame, was one taken from the "Illustrated London News," representing the uniform of the horse and foot artillery.

For each of those frames, developing so much industry and artistic capability, sergeant Calder received a "first class prize;" and if he think well of himself for his success, the pride is legitimate.

ARMORIAL TABLE.

Here is the proper place to mention a beautiful work in marqueterie, executed by corporal James Nichols, of the corps. About fourteen years ago he constructed for colonel, then brigade-major, Sandham, royal engineers, a small rectangular table of olive-wood from Corfu, resting on four plain scroll legs. The top of the table is inlaid with veneers of the same wood—voluptuous and eccentric in its marking, shade, and flourish. Within a plain margin, occurs a diamonded border, and in the centre is the coat of arms of the colonel, with quarterings and an escutcheon superadded, elaborate in symbol, scroll, and wreath, surmounted by the crest, a lion *passant, non regardant*, and based by the motto, on an ornamental label—"IN GOD IS MY TRUST."

To afford an idea of the emblazonry, and of the patience exerted in producing this tedious but tastefully-executed work, it will be sufficient to detail the coat of arms, with its quarterings, &c.

Quarter 1st.—Azure, on a chevron three cinque-foils gules, between three calthrops argent.
2nd.—Ermine, a fer de moulin azure.
3rd.—Gules, on a fess, vair, between three water-spaniels argent, each with a bird-bolt in his mouth, feathered argent, tipped or.
4th.—Azure, six annulets or, three, two, and one.
Centre, superimposed, encroaching on the four quarterings.
An escutcheon of pretence, bearing three quatre foils, on a fess noir, a displayed eagle between three quatre foils.

Of course the colors are not shown; but care has been taken, in the minuteness of treatment which the above particulars imply, to derive the greatest effects from the tints of the wood; so, while adapting veneers to represent, as nearly

as possible, the colors by shades, to give thorough prominence to the armorial blazonry.

Unquestionably this table is a high-class specimen of cabinetry. There is no claptrap in it to cover defects, nor has a single artifice, by graver or stain, been employed to fashion a device which might have appeared impossible for the hand to produce by cutting. The process of inlaying, difficult as it must have been, from the endless heraldic symbols, is nearly faultless. In every part the joinery is flush—almost beyond the reach of detection; the mitres are well cut, the curves graceful, and the finishing is all but perfect. In the top of the table there are between four hundred and five hundred pieces of wood from a dot to a diamond of two inches. The formation of the lion, where the most ingenuity and patience were required, is perhaps the most natural and successful bit of chiselling in the entire work.

SPONGING.—Tom Nuttall was fond of what soldiers call hard stuff, and a determined enemy to savings-banks. While at Corfu, liquor being cheap, and his pay ample, he indulged with the gayest excess in the stimulating staple of the island. One evening, when prodigally generous of his wine at Courage's store, a soldier of the 28th regiment got into Tom's good graces, and stuck to him like asphalte. Another sycophantic fellow of the same regiment, seeing the success of his comrade, tried to effect a similar ingratiation; but the first liner, not approving of any division of interest in a matter that would circumscribe his own pleasure, called the second leech aside, and said, "What are you sneaking here for? Go and get a sapper for yourself!"

THE PERTINACIOUS RECRUIT.—When Cotter had been a few days at drill as a recruit, the sergeant in charge of the squad had reason one morning to reprimand him for moving in the ranks.

"Put your hands down," he cried, "and keep them to your sides."

Cotter did so; but soon forgetting the order, was again checked for unsteadiness.

"You must not move, sir, or lift a finger while at drill. If I have occasion to warn you again, I'll cram you into the mill."

A sort of hornet now perched on Cotter's inflamed proboscis, which, in the course of its peregrinations, performed a variety of disagreeable evolutions that made the recruit uneasy. With the persecution of the little pest he bore up manfully, till his patience at last was exhausted; and not daring to move, rebuked as he had been for unsteadiness, he announced the inconvenience to the sergeant.

"Silence!" interrupted the drill-sergeant, losing temper, and shaking his cane. "You must neither speak nor move in the ranks. Do it but once again, and I'll take a plan to cure you."

"If I'm not to move or speak," roared Cotter, angrily, "come yourself then and knock this d—d fly off my nose!"

MEMORIALS OF THE BRAVE.

UNDER this head, we propose to make mention of a suite of models constructed by sapper Charles Parker, of the engineers, of the principal tombs and monuments erected in the Crimea and at Scutari, in memory of the brave who fell in the campaigns of 1854-5.[1]

The models, twenty-eight in number, were chiselled from Inkermann stone, of a soft but durable texture, easy to work and mould. The memorials selected for reproduction in miniature, were those which exhibited features of neatness in design, or recorded the deeds of warriors memorable for gallantry. In those models all ranks are represented—from the veteran chief of the army, with his "ancient valour," to the young subaltern of the trenches, with his modern daring. Directed by lieutenant (now captain) Brine, at whose sole expense they were modelled, and who personally shared in the work, Parker commenced the mementos on board H.M.S. "Dragon," on passage from the Crimea. No workshop was there, no bench, no appliance, or even a suitable tool to favor his dexterity, yet he chipped and scraped away, making,

[1] A lithograph of these models will be seen in the "Memorials of the Brave" (Plate XII.), by Captains Colborne and Brine, and also in the "Illustrated London News," 1858.

amid storm and gale and the constant rolling of the vessel, satisfactory progress. On his arrival at Chatham he completed them. His tools were manufactured from the hoop-iron that originally belted the commissariat liquor-casks, sharpened at the edges to serve the purpose of shaves. An old six-inch file, and a pair of ricketty compasses were also used. With those rude instruments—such as Robinson Crusoe, to meet his industrial exigencies, may have devised in his isolation—he turned out of hand a series of models (though involving no great intricacy in execution), as beautiful as skill and a just appreciation of his subjects could possibly fashion them. The designs, for the most part hastily conceived while the strife was still raging, gave but little time for elaborate monumental compositions. In some points of detail they are unlike tombs to be seen in English cemeteries and churchyards, but in the chief characteristics resemble them. The styles, therefore, are simple and various, yet in some instances handsome. Whatever their form, ornament, or detail, they have been reproduced, in model, truthfully. They are, moreover, chaste, pretty, and solemn. The interest they possess is almost sacred; and while awakening sad reminiscences of the fierce conflict so lately hushed, they evoke admiration. To the careful and ingenious executant great merit is due—merit the more deserved because the occupation of his life (that of an engineer) had scarcely fitted his hand for delicate manipulation, particularly in the symbols, mouldings, and carvings. To touch them off with becoming grace and finish required, indeed, the trained and earnest treatment of an accomplished worker in stone; and yet, it would take a keen eye to detect, that the heavy hand of an engineer, with coarse instruments, had constructed from stone, models of such beauty and dignity.

When completed, the collection was arranged in the best manner for effect on a table, taken as spoil from Sebastopol, and covered by a case of plate glass. In November, 1856, it was exhibited at the horse guards to his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, whose approbation of this "tribute to departed gallantry" was as warm as gracious. In May the following year captain Brine had the honor of presenting it to her majesty at Osborne, where it still remains among objects of Crimean interest—a melancholy souvenir of the terrible but glorious year of 1855.

The models executed by Parker are the following :—

		By whom Constructed.
1. Obelisk	*Balaklava*	10th company, royal sappers and miners, corporal Cameron, overseer.
2. Monument	*Royal Artillery*	Corporal Keyte and private Rich. S. Start of the sappers.
3. Tomb	*Sir R. Newman, Bart.*	Sent out from England.
4. Monument	*90th Light Infantry*	Artificers of the 90th regiment.
5. Obelisk	*Inkermann*	10th company of sappers—serg. McQuillan, overseer.
6. Tomb	*Brigadier-General Goldie, 57th Regiment*	
7. Monument	*30th Regiment*	Private David Thompson, of the sappers.
8. Monument	*18th Royal Irish*	Artificers of the 18th regiment.
9. Monument	*Royal Sappers and Miners*	Corporal Keyte of the sappers. (See note p. 261.)
10. Column	*Lieutenant Somerville, R.E.*	
11. Monumental Cross	*Lieut.-General Sir George Cathcart, K.C.B.*	Lance-corporal Simon Williams, sappers.
12. Colossal Cross	*Erected by Miss Nightingale*	Came from Constantinople.
13. Tomb	*Field-Marshal Lord Raglan*	Private David Thompson, sappers.
14. Column	*British German Legion*	
15. Monument	*Royal Marines, Light Infantry*	
16. Monument	*44th Regiment*	Lance-corporal Simon Williams, sappers.
17. Monument	*Land Transport and Army Works' Corps*	
18. Tomb	*Brigadier-General Strangways, R.A.*	
19. Tomb	*Lieutenant Tryon, Rifle Brigade*	
20. Obelisk	*23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers*	Private David Thompson, sappers.
21. Obelisk	*1st Battalion, Rifle Brigade*	Masons of the sappers.
22. Tomb	*Major-General Sir John Campbell, Bart.*	Lance-corporal Simon Williams, sappers.
23. Obelisk	*Redan*	Masons of the sappers, corporal John Ross, overseer.
24. Monumental Cross	*1st Brigade, Light Division*	Masons of the sappers.
25. Tomb	*Eight Officers, Coldstream Guards*	Artificers of the guards.
26. Monument	*Non-com. Officers and Men, Brigade of Guards*	
27. Tomb	*Captain Viscount Chewton*	Sent out from England.
28. Tomb	*2nd Brigade, Light Division*	Masons of the sappers.

Of the modeller a few particulars may not be out of place in these pages. He was of good family, as may be inferred from the fact of his brother possessing a respectable business as a stationer in the Strand. When a civilian, Parker worked at Mordaunt's, and, it is believed, at Lancaster's gun-factory. The years he had passed in those establishments gave efficiency to his hand and a scientific turn to his mind. Thus he was a good engineer, free and clean with his file, ingenious and somewhat inventive, and looked and spoke as if observation and study had given him cultivated ideas of iron-art and machinery.

It was natural to expect that such a man would care for little beyond his craft; that he would settle to its drudgery in the hope of achieving the highest excellences attainable at the anvil. So, probably, he would have done but for the Russian war. This unsettled him. With his labor he mixed up reflections on gunnery, missiles, and the whole range of destructives, and longed to see them in play. So, carried away by his mood, both loyal and combative, he left the sweating routine of furnace and vice for the profession of arms.

When asked by an officer, who saw something above the common stamp in the recruit, why he had enlisted, he replied, in the most artless manner possible, that "he wished to see projectiles in the air!"

An odd fancy, truly, to leave good employment and good

Note.—The Sappers' monument was erected in the Engineers' burial-ground, Windmill ravine, right attack. It had a pedestal, surmounted by a Greek cross, inscribed with the sacred initials I. H. S., resting on a platform, approached by four wide steps. From base to point of cross it was twelve feet in height. The pedestal had four panels with mouldings and cap. One panel was inscribed "To the Brave who fell at the siege of Sebastopol," and contained the names of two sergeants, thirteen corporals, and thirty-nine privates, killed and died of wounds. The other three panels gave a mournful registry of five sergeants, twenty-two corporals, and one hundred and seventeen privates, who "died serving their queen and country before Sebastopol." See "Memorials of the Brave," by captains Colborne and Brine, 2nd Ed., p. 17.

Corporal, afterwards sergeant Keyte, who executed the monument, was a stonemason of first-class talent, and performed the work in his best and most solid style. To mark the satisfaction of his comrades, he was presented with a case of handsome drawing instruments, bearing, on a silver plate, the following inscription.—"1856. Presented to Corporal George Keyte, Royal Sappers and Miners, by the non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 8th, 9th, and 10th companies of Royal Sappers and Miners, in consideration of his having designed and executed a monument to their comrades who fell before Sebastopol."

wages for the restless fatigues and dangers incident to military life, and the limited pay of a common soldier. Had not his reserve withheld it, he might have added another motive for his enlistment. Next to appeasing his spirit, which was *on flame* for adventure, and seeing the Russians knocked over, he desired to understand, practically, something of the nature and powers of war-engines, and then to try and produce a projectile, that would answer the purpose better than any known expedient. His great idea was (excuse exaggeration), that anything to be effective, should possess the power of destroying an army at a stroke, or sending to the four winds, at a blow, the proudest fortress.

We will not speculate, at present, on what he considered should be that power. Though he had taken to arms, he was anything but a robust soldier or a smart one. He was too studious to grow stout or strong. His stature was so low, it invariably threw him into the centre of the rear rank. In his shoes, with hair brushed up like a clerk in a lawyer's office, he barely reached the stunted altitude of five feet five inches. For large clothes he had a wonderful affection. He always appeared as if he had stepped by mistake into a suit made for a fellow over six feet in height. What matter? Superfluity was of no consequence. He liked it, to give play to his narrow chest, and unrestrained freedom to his slim limbs. To misfits he accommodated himself with blissful indifference, shearing off the surplus as a tailor would a strip of selvage. Not, however, being able to resort to the same simple expedient with regard to the width of his garments, he wore them in all their fulness, depending on the mercy of a soaking shower to favor him with the necessary shrinkage. Still, when the rain had done its most, there was ample room left in his jacket to furnish wind, on moving his arm, for a Highland piper to play on that sweetest of instruments, the bagpipe, any national ditty at least a score times through without lacking air for the performance.

In no profession in the world are there so many adjuncts for improving a lean or defective figure as in the army; but Parker had no taste for extraneous embellishment. Padding he abhorred. It lay like a nightmare on his chest; and he quietly smiled, as he rejected those exquisite elaborations employed by smart soldiers to constitute themselves swells. He would have the real thing. If the service were not

ashamed to see him in one of its own suits, he was not above wearing it. So dressed up, he had about as much shape and slack as a suit of clothes hanging from a peg in an outfitter's shop. Ultra as it was, it became his appearance and build. He was not handsome, certainly not; nor was his anatomy sufficiently covered by flesh to hide the osseous details of his slim structure. His eye had a tinge of gloom in it, and his cheeks fell inwards among his teeth, leaving nothing on which to gaze but an infinity of angles, as if his face were a little block of granite, chipped like ashlar masonry. What colour nature had endowed him with had departed in the hot work of the forge and vice, so that his complexion was as sallow as the leaves of the Valor Ecclesiasticus. For his looks he cared as little as for his clothes, and, like a farmer, who heeds not the rank flowers in the hedges of his fields, he let both take their chance. Nevertheless, he had an extraordinary fancy for military show and glory, although apparently little adapted for either; and strange to add, unless duty prevented, was never absent from parade, or missed a review.

Contrary to his hopes he joined the light division of the army in the Crimea, after the fall of Sebastopol. To find that he was too late to knock over a few Russians chafed his spirit somewhat. Yet he accommodated himself to the disappointment, with the same placid unconcern, as he did the fit of his costume. As from his loose appearance and want of energy, he seemed to be no ornament to the parade, he was taken by an officer for his servant. It was a drop down from Mordaunt's and Lancaster's to become a boot-cleaner, and responsible for the performance of an endless round of domestic exactions; but he set to the work with a will, and did it well. From his care-worn countenance and unimpressive habits, a stranger might have given him small credit for intelligence, reckoning him indeed a little deficient in the cerebral region. Discrimination often errs. It did in Parker's case. His master soon found the man he had to deal with. He was well-informed and of fair address; and in carrying out the menial office of a "bone polisher," it was a point with him, even in the trifles of servitude, to be as neat as if he were filing and burnishing a pin to fit a microscopic hole in a chronometer.

One day, when his master was at the docks, an officer

seeing Parker in a reeling condition, confined him. Lieutenant —— could scarcely believe that the reserved man had so far forgot himself. A few words of explanation, however, convinced him. Parker, it appears, had been seen taking it easy in his master's arm-chair, and then, fatigued with an excess of comfort there, throwing himself, as if the liberty were an obvious compliment, on the subaltern's camp-couch for a long and glorious snooze. Without acknowledging that he was drunk, he accounted for his conduct by saying he must have been half asleep (no doubt), and under the circumstances, hardly accountable for his actions. A bad plea is better than none; but it revealed a clumsy untruth, and he was dismissed to military duty.

He was not sorry for this, for he wanted to see some life in the front. Daily he was employed in the demolition of the docks, labouring through bitter weather, in mine and shaft, with an occasional grape-shot scattering its fiery fragments around, to remind him of the uncertain tenure of life. With all this danger and exposure, much to his chagrin, he never got a medal. By Sir William Codrington's order, only those were to receive decorations who had *slept* in Sebastopol. On being informed of this, he remarked, it was the first time he had heard, that a soldier was to be distinguished for sleeping! His idea was, that medals were due to men for *doing*, not *sleeping*.

In the early part of 1856, he took much interest in the movements of the photographers who went about the camp. To see if he could pick up a few odd wrinkles among them, he obtained frequent leave, and followed in the wake of the dark box and tripod. His relish to acquire information in the art must have been very keen, for he lost by his absence a shilling a day working pay—no mean sacrifice to a man with excessively slender means. In giving effect to this new idea, he visited the Russian works, town, &c., and his first sketches in photography, though not brilliant, fastened in him a resolution to make the art a set study on his return to England.

He likewise devised a queer-looking shell of the elongated type, to be fired from any sized gun into anything. In rear it had a sort of wing or fan to steady its flight, and make it revolve in the air. He may have taken the notion from the arrow or a lobster's tail, though very unlike either. In its cavity was a volatile acid communicating with a glass tube.

This, in all probability, he derived from the Russian infernal machines. On being fired from the gun, the shell was to explode by the concussion breaking the tube. Like all inventors, Parker was sanguine of its powers, and would almost stake his life, on its reaching the mark, it would enter point foremost, worm itself into earth, wood, iron, or stone, and burst at the right time to a second. Submitted to the authorities in the Crimea, it was ordered to stand over till he should return home. Soon after reaching England, the infernal missile was again submitted; but the fate which has attended many a contrivance followed—it was lost! Never mind. He would make another. Imperturbable men never take fright at failure or accident. Accordingly, his skill gave shape to a second winged shell. Through an officer it was forwarded to the ordnance select committee, which Greener and everybody so lustily abuses. A glance at the strange bullet was enough to condemn it. If not as a chimera, it was rejected as next to useless. An engineer officer—a lover of fair-play—interested himself in the matter, offering to bear all the expenses of its trial; but he had appealed to hard heads with hard opinions, who were just as likely to favour it with a series of experiments as to commend the inventor for his ingenuity. So the winged projectile, to see which in the air was the grand object of Parker's enlistment, was thrown aside with as much indifference as if it were a lump of scrap-iron.

"Why," said an unsuccessful inventor to sergeant Ormrod of the artillery, who was an excellent practical gunner, and connected for years with experiments to test the suggestions of projectors, "why do you not invent something?"

"That's easily answered," rejoined the sergeant, in his own brusque way.

"Is it a secret?"

"Bless you, no."

"Why then?"

"Because I'm not a leeftenant-colonel."

Parker was what is pleasantly styled "green." His expectations were verdant. He had nothing like the experience of the antique "Marsh sergeant," or he would never have submitted his diabolical bullet to the contumely of the select committee. A lesson once well learned is not

soon forgotten. A burnt child dreads the fire. In his lesson Parker was well grounded, and he had been sufficiently scotched to fight shy of scientific coteries. Give him life to the full years of an antediluvian, and any one may take his oath, that the reserved man will never again submit any of his tender creations for the consideration of that proverbially impartial coalition.

If there was no hope for him in the service, there was a chance, provided he could hit upon a startling scheme, of making head with the public. Steam, rail, and machinery were stocked with inventions; and still, every one was trying his hardest to produce something to improve everything in those departments, utterly neglecting the concerns of social and domestic necessity. Here was a field for action—to be made his own—if he could master sufficient genius. Lieutenant-colonels had no prerogative here, and accident must yield to merit. Nothing could be better; so he would try.

It was a universal custom, and is still, in purchasing effervescing liquids, either to drink off the dose, doing violence to the functions by excessive acidity, or leaving the half of it for the waiter to enjoy at your expense. Now, he thought this was a social cruelty, particularly in his own case; and turning it over in his mind, dropped on a neat contrivance to put an end to the hardship, no less than a stopper to supersede corks for all kinds of phizzing compounds. By its use, the purchaser could make want and supply accord. He need not, perforce, swell himself to bursting with an overdose, or play the extravagant by leaving or wasting it; but, when he felt his appetite keen for a taste of the cooling beverage, sip his lemonade or his pop at any moment without deterioration. If a traveller, he could slip a few bottles into his pocket, consult them at pleasure, and throw the empty cases on the road to macadamize it, or tear and bleed the feet of plethoric children. It was a simple but effective contrivance; and hoping, no doubt, to realize an honourable competence by it, he applied to Bewley and Evans, the great chemists and soda-water manufacturers of Sackville-street, Dublin, to purchase the stopper from him. These princely merchants gazed at it with a species of negative wonder. It was just the thing—a remarkable invention that would well and truly do its work. But Bewley and Evans declined to negociate for the invention, regarding it as a

stopper to the trade. They would have no objection to treat for something that would increase the consumption of aërated waters, but not for any project that would diminish the demand for their stores and perhaps close their shops. "No," said one of the partners, as mildly as he could find it in his heart, in the presence of so ruinous an invention, "we do not wish to use the stopper."

And so Parker quietly placed the stopper—where he had already consigned the winged shell—in the deepest corner of his havresack.

When there was some talk of appointing a modeller to the Hibernian school, in Phœnix Park, colonel, now major-general, Colomb, asked for a candidate from the engineers. Captain Brine, happening to be at the Curragh, was requested to name a fit person to fill it. The inventor of the winged shell and pop-bottle stopper was recommended for the situation; but, on learning that he was named for it, Parker begged, as a favour that he might be allowed to remain with the company. It was a sacrifice to remain; but he preferred to enjoy the sympathies which his services had awakened, to beginning a life of quiet monotony, incapable of yielding the pleasures which hard military vicissitude, shared with comrades cordial in heart, in spirit and friendship, genuinely elicits.

Our inventor and modeller was not the man to become gloomy at discomfiture, or to faint because his hopes—warm with bloom and promise—faded and withered. He could build other hopes on those already defunct, rearing the gentle structure of expectation on a foundation that would not disappear at a sneer or a breath. Of select committees and soda-water manufacturers he had had enough. He would open up another field, applying his attention to a less speculative pursuit, and, if it did not yield him a mine of wealth, it would, at least, return for his toil an adequate recompence. Following the photographers at Sebastopol, had given him an insight into the mysteries of sun-portraiture. Having some spare time at his command, he determined to astonish the soldiers with his pictures and his prices. He was stationed at the Curragh when the idea struck him; but there was one difficulty in the way—he had no money with which to make a start. If he was reserved, he was not without assurance. He, therefore,

applied to his late Crimean commanding officer, captain Brine, to set him up in business; and with a generosity—of which the sappers had had many proofs—he immediately supplied him with an instrument. Quickly he launched into this sphere of usefulness, took portraits for the soldiers in camp, and did his work so well, he was handsomely patronized. He was a sort of military Mayall, with this difference—he did not ruin you by excessive charges. His photographs were delivered, frames included, and no common frames either, for one shilling each! just enough to remunerate the operator, and make the recipient value his likeness. Even at this low price he was coining money. It was a mint to him; but, like a gold-hunter at the diggings, who finds, by the intersection of a stubborn vein of rock, the source of his wealth dammed up, so Parker was arrested in his success by an order removing him from his pet field at the Curragh, to see again "projectiles in the air" in China.

AN INTERPRETER.—"Sapper!" cried the skipper of a British merchantman who had been endeavouring to come to terms with a Portuguese for the purchase of a mast, but which he could not effect on account of his ignorance of the language; "can you speak Portuguese?"

"*I* should think so," responded the linguist, with a knowing leer.

"Come along with me then, and ask that fellow, how long he will take to make that stick into a mainmast."

"Certainly; shall be most happy."

"Johnny?" said the sapper to the owner of the timber; "Roundum cum squarum quanto mainmasto forum Angletarum?"

"Non intende!" replied the ship-builder, with a shake of the head and a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"What does he say?" asked the skipper impatiently.

"He'll not have it done for *ten* days!"

"He be d——d!" roared the captain, walking away; "I must be in England by that time."

All attempt at negociation was at once abandoned, and private John Hunter, the interpreter, was rewarded by the skipper for his prompt settlement of the question. This incident occurred at Lisbon in 1811.

MODEL OF SEBASTOPOL.

In the united service institution is a fine model of Sebastopol and the adjacent country. When first admitted, the military and other journals spoke of its merits with praise, and named colonel Hamilton of the grenadier guards as its constructor. No mention whatever was made of his working staff, to whose exertions the delineation is chiefly indebted for form and finish. All that is publicly known of the model is, that one pair of hands constructed it, and those hands the colonel's. This is a mistake—possibly an oversight.

Were it a stupendous project, the embodiment of a startling creation, such as a bridge, a lighthouse, a subaqueous tunnel, or a crystal palace, the force of suppressing all names, but that of the master originating it, can be understood; but in a model, which is less a display of great thought than of industrial skill, (a beautiful achievement beyond all question,) no propriety is served by exalting the prime mover on a pedestal, and crushing the workers beneath it.

Whatever may have been the source from which the information was derived for the military journals, and for the "card" descriptive of the model, it is only fair to the public, that the omission should be supplied; and that the humble artists who, through months of niggling and ill-requited toil, turned a mass of plaster and canvas into a vivid representation of a country, now memorable in history, should bind about their brows the wreaths they have won, and wear their honours, as Ben Jonson has it, "like a brooch in their hats."

First, it would be proper to say something of the model itself. The "Naval and Military Gazette," June 26, 1858, thus speaks of it:—

"The extent of country represented is upwards of sixteen miles and a half in length by fourteen in breadth, and sketched from the Chersonese Lighthouse to the Mackenzie Heights on the one side, and on the other from the river Bella to Balaklava. The model is constructed on a scale of eleven inches to the mile, and is based upon surveys made by the

officers of the Royal Engineers and the Quartermaster-General's department, as well as upon the plans of the Sardinian and Russian authorities. The positions of the allied and hostile armies are the same that they respectively occupied at the raising of the siege: but to enable the visitors to understand the various manœuvres of the contending forces, models of the engaging battalions are appropriately disposed, and every means taken to elucidate the points as well as the plans of attack. By this means, the spectator may trace the route of the allied armies towards Balaklava, after the battle of the Alma; the desperate attack of the British cavalry, notwithstanding front and double flank fires; the plan of operations adopted by the Russians in their unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the English from the heights opposite Inkermann, on Nov. 5, 1854; and also the attack of the Russian forces upon the Traktir Bridge. The movements of the British, French, and Sardinian forces are all distinctly indicated, as well as the various parallels constructed to facilitate the advance of the allied armies upon Sebastopol."

To colonel Hamilton belongs the merit of collecting data for the model. His was the mind that set it going, and conducted it through all its stages to completion. The immediate direction of the work was his also, and on him rested the responsibility of its success or failure. At times he laboured with his own hands; but the bulk of his aid, in genuine tool-work, was nominal compared to the great area executed by his sappers.

After the materials had been methodized by the colonel, the first step was to combine the various surveys into one general plan. One was accordingly made, on a scale of eleven inches to a mile, by corporal Frederick Jacob and sapper Patrick Connell, both fair draftsmen. The former also was an experienced surveyor, and the latter a tolerable sketcher, and by profession a sculptor and wood-carver. The plan was on eight sheets, all of the same width, three feet four inches; but, in length, four were seven feet six inches, and four eight feet. Each sheet was a counterpart of a portion of the model, and the eight portions, when combined into one whole, gave a superficial area of more than two hundred and six feet. From the large plan, a reduced one of two inches to a mile was beautifully drawn and coloured by the sappers above-named. The plans were commenced on the 17th May, 1857, and finished in three months.

The model has two scales—one horizontal of eleven inches to the mile, the other vertical of twenty-two inches. It was moulded in clay, on tables, the exact size of the eight sheets composing the general plan, by corporal Jacob and sapper Connell. Colonel Hamilton worked at portions of it,

as already stated. The elevations and contours were modelled from the same sources as those employed to produce the general plan, colonel Hamilton supplying features from his own personal knowledge of the ground.

When the matrices or blocks were completed, they were modelled and cast in plaster of Paris, by an ingenious artificer—second-corporal Henry Waterman, aided by those useful men, Jacob and Connell. The casts were made of a combination of plaster and canvas, the latter being stretched into the required shapes by hidden rods of iron, and covered by the former. Had plaster only been employed, the weight of the united tables would have amounted to several tons. By using the canvas framework, the model is reduced to a minimum weight, of between 70 and 80 lbs. each table.

The towns of Sebastopol and Balaklava, also the towers, forts, redoubts, and military buildings, were carved and cut out of Inkermann stone, by sapper William J. Damper, a statuary mason. With a neat hand and an unerring chisel, he not only gave a rugged excellence to his structures, but a stormy animation to the demolitions by bombardment and mine. Shattered roofs, broken arches, smashed windows and doorways, cantles of wall, and groups of ruin, mark with grave picturesqueness the desolating grandeur of the memorable siege.

An old shipwright, named Palmer, of Pembroke dockyard, modelled the fleets at sea and in harbour. The legions of troops are represented by strips of cardboard, cut and placed behind each other, to form columns. Corporal Jacob, adapting himself to every requirement, turned carpenter and made the wooden huts. The tents of ivory were worked by some neat-fingered mechanic, whose name has not reached the writer. The painting was partly done by colonel Hamilton and corporal Jacob, but the scenic portions are indebted for effect to the brush of Mr. M'Cullum, a gentleman of some celebrity connected with the society of arts.

As a military model, this of Sebastopol ranks next to that of Waterloo by captain Siborne. In so useful and finished a specimen of art, the sappers' share in it was more than a passive adoption of superior dictates. Their judgment and views, as it progressed, may have been improved by the guidance of a more accomplished and experienced intellect;

but skill, talent, and appreciation could not come by command. The faculty to invent, combine, and make a harmonious whole, was theirs; and to construct a work, with credit to themselves and to the distinguished officer whose name it bears, they gave their best thought, will, and dexterity, through ten irksome months of applied labour. How far they have succeeded, the model itself indubitably attests.

THE RETORT-AMIABLE.—Dick Barron was one of those unfortunate men who could never keep a shirt on his back, or anything in his knapsack. Something was always occurring to take his neccssaries from him. If he wanted a drop, away went his shirt; if a friend called in to see him, his flannels provided the means for entertaining him. If he wanted a pen'orth o' butter, a red-herring, a bit of cheese, a rasher of bacon, or a box of blacking, something was bartered to obtain the little requisite; and so he went on, getting and selling, regarding himself as the sole sovereign of his kit, till he was sent from an out-of-the-way duty to head-quarters, in the very natural hope, that under strict discipline, the habits in which he had indulged would perish with his removal.

In due time oily Dick arrived at Woolwich, as dirty and oleaginous as if he had spent his life in a scullery. A good scraping of his carcase would have yielded grease enough to re-establish the fortunes of a bankrupt tallow-chandler.

"Show your kit, sir," said the adjutant, retiring a few paces, as if the new arrival were contagion itself; "and let me see if your necessaries are as clean and sweet as your person."

Off went the knapsack; the flaps were opened, and the contents exposed. It was an easy matter to take an inventory of the contents, for all that was husbanded in that useful receptacle was a lump of loam-clotted iron, which he had picked up in a ploughed field as he journeyed to Woolwich!

One of his comrades, named Millin, reasoned with him on the disgrace of selling his things; but finding him indifferent to advice, closed on him with stronger evidences of his disgust.

"You're no man," said Millin, waiting for an instant, to

cull from his laboratory of abuse the heaviest epithet he could contain in his small head without splitting it. "Barron," added he, with much force, "you're a ragamuffin!"

"Oh! in God's name, corporal Allen, did ye iver hear sich abuse?" cried Barron, at the top of a squeaking voice. "Y'er another mother Moriarty, so ye are; and," added he, raising his fist in the air and forcing the weight of his body on his ten toes, "be the just Moses, Millin, y'er a mug-o'-milk!"

PATRIOTIC BENEVOLENCE.—Jenkins, when at the siege of Sebastopol, was, like an indispensable man, always in the trenches. Everything that he took in hand was zealously, valiantly, and cheerfully done. In this way he became a great favourite with every one; so much so, that officers joked with him on equal terms.

"Well, Jenkins," said an officer of the rifles, playfully, "how do the sappers get on for presents from the patriotic fund?"

"Badly, sir," replied he. "We get a bit of salt beef and hard biscuit now and then."

"Surely," returned the officer, "you receive something better than those poor comforts? To our men they behave very well indeed."

"So I believe, for I observed your colonel the other morning serving out *back* rations to his men."

"What do you mean, Jenkins?"

"Only the *warm* application, this cold weather, of the usual patriotic twenty-five!"

"Oh! that's it, aye?"

"Strangely enough," rejoined Jenkins, "the fund and the flogging go hand in hand, like cause and effect. You say you are well treated by the former. I can vouch for the liberal dispensation of the latter. We, on the contrary, share but little in the fund, and, consequently, experience but little of the flogging. There is, perhaps, as much logic as reason in what I say; but the association of charity and cruelty, as we find it in the rifles, *is* odd, isn't it?"

The officer laughed handsomely, and stumped away.

A NIGHT ON SCA FELL.

DURING the period that the sappers have been employed on the ordnance trigonometrical survey, now thirty-four years, it is singular that, among them, so few accidents have occurred involving loss of life.

This immunity from casualty has not arisen because there have been no difficulties and hardships to contend with, no trials and mischances to overcome, no perils by flood and field to brave. All these were the customary incidents of the service—at times on the very point of culminating with disaster. Elevated on rocking steeples, cradled on turrets, or towers, traversing moorland and waste, venturing hazardous boat journeys, climbing mountains, and toiling on the summits of the fells, the bens, the slieves, and the caders of the four divisions of the kingdom, were situations pregnant with peril; and yet those thirty-four years have passed, luckily, with only the bare record of two or three untimely deaths.

Due regard being paid to the season for operations and the safety of the surveyors, as far as human foresight could penetrate the future, every spot, whether islet or mainland, on which it was desirable to erect a beacon, or carry out trigonometrical or other observations, has, so far, despite obstacles and storms, been visited, and the service discharged.

Nearly all the duties of the survey have been performed by many small parties of twos and threes dispersed over an extensive area of country. The surveyor had his chainmen, the observer his booker and assistants, and so on. In cases of accident, therefore, mutual help was rendered, and many a life saved, that, in all probability, would, if alone, have been sacrificed. Wanting this help, poor Pemble, who in a worn and feeble state, after a hard day's work, sat himself down by the side of a mountain stream, perished.

The Reflecting branch did not admit of this genial association, at least, there was no industrial advantage to be derived

from detaching men in couples. So each one was deputed to a mountain, a church steeple, the turret of a cathedral, or the battlemented tower of a castle, to interflash with a distant operator, uncheered by a second presence.

The best times for attending to this particular duty were at sunrise and sunset. In Scotland, the mountain station was usually between seven and fifteen miles distant from the nearest hovel where the sapper ordinarily rusticated himself. In England and elsewhere, it may have been less. To be at the station when the sun began to show his red-hot disc above the horizon, necessitated a dreary midnight tramp; and a like dark journey, after the luminary had sunk beneath our hemisphere, to take the solitary sapper to his village home.

Of itself, this was hard enough, performed as it frequently was under drowning rain or heavy snow. But this was a luxury compared with the misery sometimes encountered on high elevations. A true impersonation of solitude, the reflector had no alternative but to oppose a manly front to the elements, to hold up against tempests, whether of rain, hail, or snow, and to stand or pick his way as best he could down the hill's side, when the mist suddenly rested like a mass of fleece on its top. To think that a frail unit of mortality—the only speck of humanity for miles round—was on the rough crest of a fog-pressed hill, unable to move the length of himself without danger of losing his way; or, bending beneath the storm-blast, quivering, as the lightning shot across his path and browned the rock at his feet, has something terrible in it. From all this exposure, however, not one instance is known of violence happening to a sapper on a mountain altitude; and but few, which have traced any but ordinary suffering to the rigours and vicissitudes of mountain life.

When the reflector ascended the hill for the first time, his main object was to erect several small piles of stones to guide him the nearest and easiest way up or down the height. In a clear day, the beacons served the purpose admirably; but, in a mist, (being p aced at intervals widely apart,) they were next to useless. A dense fog seemed to metamorphose everything. This was due, perhaps, more to the illusions of the eye, worked on by an excited mind, than to any power the fog possessed of changing the physical

traits of nature. Be this as it may, things near and familiar assumed gigantic aspects. A protuberance or a swelling was like a mountain top; a beacon appeared to push up through the mist like a towering pillar; a bush spread out into the dimensions of a tree; and a gully, or break, was an abyss, from which the terrified wanderer recoiled with a creeping sensation of horror. Strain his eyes as he would; calm himself as he could, all was confusion and misdirection. Perhaps he travelled miles in a small compass, even within a stone's throw of the spot he was searching for. So often he fell; it was a trouble to count the accidents he met with. If, in his endeavour to make way, he gained a stream and followed it, which was the safest course, in all likelihood, when the gloom dispersed, he found himself some twenty miles away from the place of his abode. Cruel as this was, there was mercy in it, for he was alive and scarcely injured; whereas, had he continued to struggle through the fog, insisting on making a short cut by the beacons he had erected, but which he could not find, fancying moreover he knew where he was, when he was miles away from the point of his reckoning, he might, unexpectedly, have toppled over a cliff, and added one more fate to the records of calamity.

Nothing so bothered a reflector or an observer as the mist. A storm or a hurricane he could weather, but the fog weathered him. To make this manifest, and take from it all appearance of fiction, one incident will suffice. Others of a similar nature, differing only in features and circumstances, will be found among these anecdotes.

On a cold bracing morning, in the winter of 1841, Charles M'Belquer, a huge sapper, formed one of a party which started from Ambleside, to explore the hill district some distance beyond, for the purpose of facilitating the execution of a particular survey. Charley was every inch a Highlander, stalwart in limb, inured to labour, and capable of vast endurance. For these attributes he was indebted to his hardy rearing at Daviot Dunlichty, in Inverness-shire, where he was born. Loose in joint he travelled heavily, but plodded on smartly, ascending hills, unchecked in speed, without wearing his breath. No small quantity of earth he covered with his giant foot. Had he taken a place in the rear rank of his company, that enlarged formation would have driven the front rank man out of the line. Gaelic he

spoke well. English was muttered by him with a quick and grating enunciation. Little he cared to join in conversation, for silence was his habit. Nature may have been indulgent in fashioning his countenance after approved models of human beauty, but affliction had sadly marred its image. At the time we speak of, his face was in keeping with the robust characteristics of his person. It was one that admiration could not flatter, nor friendship extol. Dark it was and full of wells, as if a grave accident had tumbled him from a mountain height into a heap of comminuted rock at its base, and gouged his features into a thousand holes. With all this roughness, however—all this adaptation to wild travel and severe employment—he had a kindly disposition, though sometimes mercurial and impetuous, a gray shooting eye with a merry twinkle, and a lip that, when his mood allowed of a little gaiety, twirled in humour and laughter.

The party had traversed many miles of dismal moorland covered by a film of crackling ice, lightly sprinkled with snow, when, arriving at the roots of a range of lofty summits, they determined to ascend them, in order to obtain an enlarged view of the country, and then pursue their journey. Laying himself out for distinct employment, M'Belquer, separated from his comrades, and striding up one of the heights, with field glass dangling at his side, and a map under his arm, gained the peak with pulse unquickened. Accomplishing the few observations he considered it desirable to make, and duly reducing the telescope to its most compressible dimensions, he commenced the descent on a slope of the mountain, which he calculated would enable him to overtake the party; but he found it much more difficult than he bargained for. Broad-breasted precipices, with ice extending to their very brinks, checked his speed, but not his ardour. To avoid a wearying detour, these must be past. Despite the peril, it was worth a trial, and he crept down their faces as sure-footed as a goat.

To the leeward of the cliffs, he wended on through snow, ten feet deep in some places, every pace forward being an operation. Well was it that his foot was large, for at times it supported him like a snow-shoe. Once however, in a treacherous place, where the snow was without solidity, he sank some seven feet beneath the surface. To escape from this pit was a struggle. In a situation so critical many a

man would have given himself up for lost. Not so M'Belquer. Manfully he set to work; and after much exertion, hotly abusing the mishap all the while, succeeded in extricating himself from the dilemma, ruffled, certainly, in fig and feather, but not in spirit.

Lower down he found himself in a singular glen, which, whatever might be its aspect in summer, was anything but attractive in winter. It was just the place to turn a weak mind melancholy. In that *vale of the mount*—far too mild a name for so repulsive a ravine—he discovered on the snow the track of an individual who had apparently suffered from accident or hardship. There was the print of a boot, and of a bare foot, as far as he could see. For miles the snow was stained with blood, colouring it where it fell, a bright crimson. The drops were at intervals of a few yards, as if the current had oozed indolently from a small artery. M'Belquer fancied the boot was of a military shape, in all probability, belonging to one of his own party. Guided by the track, he went on and on, and at last came on his friend Kenneth, whom he clearly identified with the prints. Having a blistered foot, Kenneth thought to walk easier with it bare, and so exposed, the snow eating into the wound, drew the blood from it in lazy drops.

Charley could not wait. Much was to be done, and but little time to do it in. For Kenneth there was no fear, or he would have borne him company and nursed him. If night should shadow him in the mountain pass, and necessity compel a bivouac, he knew that Kenneth could dispose his limbs on the snow like an Esquimaux, rest as soundly, and rise as refreshed as from a bed in the "Red Lion," at Ambleside. Clouds, too, were gathering in the distance, stealing upwards towards the hills, and the wind had a humid feel in its blast. Experience had made him aware of what was likely to follow if he delayed; and so he left the hardy mountaineer—a spare, unplethoric man, to whom a drop of blood seemed a positive loss, yet thrived on the flow—to see what further he could effect in the way of observation.

Again pressing up those tiring heights, M'Belquer in time stood on the top of the Sca Fell range—that monarch of English mountains, whose height is 3229 feet above the level of the sea. Before him rose a wilderness of sharp, conical hills, rugged, scraggy, and picturesque, robed in

snow, conveying an impression less of sublimity than grandeur. From the peak, the farthest land view is Slieve Donard, in the county of Down, distant about 120 miles, which, on a bright, clear day, is visible without the aid of a field-glass. The peak itself presents an extraordinary combination, so says my informant, of compact whinstone and quartz, which, when struck, has a clear, ringing sound like that of bell-metal. Harmonious stones, chipped from the rock, have been exhibited as a wonder in the realm of music for many years. Over that *Cumberland Alp,* his comrades must have proceeded at an accelerated pace. Charley judged this from seeing their track in the snow about forty chains E.N.E. of the trigonometrical beacon. In those prints there was attraction. Fain would he have trodden in them; but duty pressing its claims, and having faith in his own resources, he stood for a while at the trigonometrical station, taking a surveyor's view of the surrounding mountains and scenery, noting in his memory, and marking on his map, points of obvious importance to assist his future service. Ere long the horizon seemed to come nearer, the field-glass to grow dim, and clouds of accumulated blackness, driving onwards from the west, were spreading in large fields over the summits of the Sca. To escape from the anticipated storm, Charley moved from the station, passing through what, in local phraseology, is termed *the great doorway.* With prodigious strides he bounded forward, crossing knolls of drift, forcing down steeps, and over beds of loose rock and boulders, cherishing a reasonable hope that he would be clear of the mountains before the clouds broke in tempest and thunder. No storm, however, occurred; no thunder boomed nor lightning flashed; but what he dreaded most and least expected was in his wake. Suddenly the atmosphere thickened about him, and he was closely veiled in fog.

Thus cooped up, in a wild region, sheeted here and there with ice, elsewhere deep in snow, and abounding in abrupt and slippery slopes and frowning precipices, was as cheerless a prospect as a gloomy imagination could picture it; yet Charley, that rough-chisselled specimen of humanity, tough, powerful, and colossal—an ill-fashioned rock in himself—was cool and fearless. For being so, he had the best reason. Had he not a magnetic compass, which would stand his friend in difficulty, and by its bearing shape his course from

danger? He thought so; but to his astonishment, when searching for it, he found that that little indispensable companion formed no part of his personal equipment. To anger about its absence would not restore it, nor alarm assist him. No matter, he would go on without it, using care, a keen eye, and a cautious step to preserve him from accident. For a while he went on well, without fall or slip, with a clear head and a strong unwavering pulse. Yet creep, and grope as he would, there was peril before him, nearer than he contemplated. Within a foot or two he approached the edge of a crag, over which another step would have hurled him to his death. Above that dark cleft he balanced himself on his firm foot, springing, by some providential instinct, backwards on the sloping snow.

Progress in that direction was impossible. Where next to journey was a question that required a speedy and explicit resolution. To proceed, unaided by some certain data, was a venture such as folly would recklessly catch at. Rules for guidance quickly occurred to him. To regain the trigonometrical beacon, it being a known point, was absolutely necessary to make a beginning with any chance of success. The wind had not changed its direction; the bearing of the peak he knew; and, when once reached, by forming a line of piles or objects, heaped up from such fragments of rock as he could disembowel from the snow, and placing them in sight of one another, he felt tolerably certain, with such aids, that he could extricate himself from the intricacies that environed him, descending by the same track by which he had scaled the height.

To regain the station, he had to clamber up a shelving rock overlaid with ice, polished like glass. Impossible as it seemed, M'Belquer attempted to climb it. Not far had he gone when his foot gave way, and he slid down till his fall was broken by a fortunate obstruction, shooting out at a convenient angle from the declivity. It shook him well, rattling his teeth in his jaws, and deprived him of his map, which fell among the cliffs beneath. At whatever cost to himself, in labour, injury, or hazard, it must be found. Accordingly, he crept on to a slippery ledge, almost inaccessible to human foot. He could see a few yards about him, and his full gray eye was greedily at work staring in every direction. Holding on by whatever offered itself to

his grip, he shuffled along the projection, and, by a stroke of rare luck, recovered the roll. Grateful he was, but not so as to upset his calmness, and, with a good deal of grinning and grasping, picked his steps back again to less treacherous ground.

Reflection and delay were not allowed to divert him from his purpose. He had resolved on a plan which he would endeavour to follow. Safe it was, even if it failed; but before he could apply it he had some distance to travel. In his descent from the peak he had taken a tortuous course to avoid impediments and personal risk. That course he could not retrace. He might as well strike out another route as guess the one he would like to take; and he did so, pushing up to the summit by a direct cut, though the strain on his energies almost wasted them. In time he reached it, but it was not the trigonometrical peak, at least so he suspected. On this summit was a level plot of rock, about ten yards square, covered by more than a foot of snow. He could not see its extent, for the shades of evening had fallen on the mountain and densified the fog with darkness.

One mishap having rapidly succeeded another, was anything but assuring to M'Belquer. To say the least, he was disturbed, though not in dread. As he could not find the trigonometrical pile—the point from whence to start as the key to his progress—his chance of achieving a successful descent was hopeless. Two alternatives were before him, both pregnant with hard and relentless disadvantages. Remain or venture! If he died at leisure, the former gave him a sure footing; the latter threatened, by one false step, by one quiver in his balance, to dash him over the cliffs. With the former was the weight of safety, such as it was; and preferring an inconvenience that he knew, to a peril that he did not, he resolved, though dressed in light apparel, without even an over-coat to protect him from the growing inclemency, to walk a long night on the bare summit of the beclouded Sca.

Those were dreary hours in which to perform a protracted march, going to-and-fro, and round and round, on a crown of rock scarcely the length of an oar. Penetrating sleet, made cold by refrigerating blasts, wet him to the skin, and chilled him to the bone. Keenly he felt the wretchedness of his situation. Breathing the thick and humid air,

rendered him heavy, languid, and somnolent. Fain would he have rolled himself in the snow, and shut his eyes on his misery. The idea that he would probably be compelled to succumb to such an influence made him shudder. To avert this craving of nature, he tried to recall to memory any stirring episodes of romance associated with the Fell. Nothing, however, could he remember but those physical traits which left the mountain without a rival in England for solemn grandeur and altitude.

The darkness now was almost total, and the fog, still sinking on the peak, seemed to have substance. The air was clammy, and the wind, though not fierce, was biting. To impart warmth to his benumbed limbs, he resorted to violent exercises; but the fear of stepping beyond the circle, and plunging into an unknown depth, counteracted, in part, the benefit he would otherwise have experienced. Worn out by a long day's journey, and oppressed by the knowledge that for nine hours at least he must bear up against rigours that increased as he grew less strong in heart, gave him an enlarged, but bitter comprehension, of the virtue of resignation. Patience was not his forte. His nature was opposed to it; but now that an invincible strait encompassed him, he was open to its influence, and it toned down his spirit, restless to escape from its trammels, to bear with uncomplaining submission what rashness could not mitigate nor alter.

Midnight still found him walking, ready to drop from fatigue and exhaustion. To keep his eyes unclosed and his legs in motion, required an immense effort of strength and will. This he felt to be the most dangerous hour of his existence. Nature whispered rest; and he gazed upon the rock, now bare and black by his ceaseless tramp, as if to yield to the solicitation; but his better sense counselled endurance and watchfulness. Never, perhaps, did he appreciate the necessity of resisting the approach of sleep as on this occasion. Manfully he opposed it, struggling with it as an enemy, and conquering only by efforts supermortal. "Consent but for three minutes," thought he, "and those eyes, once shut, will open in eternity. From life to extinction the stages are rapid. First, the disposition of the worn frame, and dropping the drowsy lids; secondly, 'the lethargy that creeps through all the senses;' thirdly, 'oblivion to all care;' and lastly, perchance, 'the sleep of death.'"

M'Belquer had no pipe from which to derive excitement; but, luckily, he had his spleuchan. From that he drew a little of the weed, and cramming it into his jaw, sucked it as he would a jujube. Bite or sup he had not enjoyed since the hour of breakfast the previous morning; but this atomic chew, as sweet to him as a jumbol to a child, in great part quelled the riot of a mutinous stomach and revived for a while his languid energies.

One o'clock arrived, at which time he had withstood wind and sleet for six hours. Two o'clock came round, and he felt exceedingly heavy. His paces were seconds, and so many turns, minutes. In this way, three o'clock was at hand, and with it the despairing impression that he could not wear on for another hour. By some dynamic power his legs seemed to be goaded onwards, and he swayed as he walked. Sleep was never so beguiling as now. Under the accumulated disadvantages of exposure, of cold, snow, and ceaseless mizzle, he could have rested without a break in his slumbers. He was even about to bend to the fascination, to stretch himself on that bleak, imperious height, and chance the peril; but the monitor was still alive within him. Though feeble, her whisperings were heard; and raising himself up in his stature, he walked on hour after hour—walked miles and miles within the compass of a few yards—till the first rays of the breaking day pierced the haze, and threw a light on his path. Judge, however, of his surprise, when, looking about him, he found he had passed that weary night of exquisite suspense, langour, and temptation, within a couple of chains of the trigonometrical beacon.

With renewed life, he quitted the peak, scampering down its hard, rough sides, as if toil were sweet and peril at an end. Some distance he had descended when he was startled at seeing a dark and bulky object cross his path. As the fog was still dense, and the sudden and strange appearance shot past him with the swiftness of an arrow, he could not trace its delineation. Some goat-herd, some outlaw perhaps, held desolate residence on the Sca. For a shaggy-visaged hermit, or a son of crime eluding justice, it was a likely haunt. Maybe the appearance was that of a wild man of the mountain estranged from society, or an apparition. Of course M'Belquer strode onwards to avoid an unpleasant meeting with the mysterious object, and he succeeded. What that

dark moving shadow in the fog was he never could make out. One of his comrades suggested that, in all probability, it was a goat. What Charley saw of its dim outline did not strike him as taking that form. His belief was, and, perhaps, still, is, that it was more biped than quadruped. It made an impression on his mind which seventeen years of subsequent toil and travel have not worn away.

After he had gained a lower region, tumbling over mamelons of snow and broken rock, he at length reached the river Esk, then much swollen by mountain streams and thaws. At a distance, he saw a light flickering through the mist. The locality gave no promise of a bridge, nor was there any appearance of shallowness in the water by which to ford it. The current had set in briskly and was whirling in eddies near the bank. Unscared by these difficulties, M'Belquer resolved to cross the stream. He was already cold and wet, and a plunge into the river could not materially add to his trials and discomfort. With field-glass, map, spleuchan and all, he dashed into the flood, and swam diagonally to the opposite bank, introducing himself at a farm-house, where the busy servants were getting ready for an early journey. The landlord, a fine, florid-cheeked specimen of agricultural industry and competence, made him cordially welcome. Soon the table was spread, and Charley, wet as he was, went to work. It was quite a sight to see the energy of his elbows, the animation of his teeth, and the rapidity with which the viands vanished. That meal was a precious hearty one, for he was hungry. A few minutes were more than enough for the operation. Shown to his chamber, he nestled in a bed, far above the quality of a camp paillasse, and almost before he pressed the coaxing pillow, was fast asleep. On awaking, he found his apparel well dried, stretched, and brushed, awaiting his pleasure. As duty was exacting, and he had to account for time by actual labour, as for money by positive expenditure, he threw himself into his clothes, and parted with the hospitable farmer of Eskdale, never to forget his unpriced generosity and disinterested goodwill.

OLD SPINNING-JENNY.

JAMES HARGRAVES, a skilful artizan living near Blackburn, was the inventor of the spinning-jenny. He constructed it in 1767 to facilitate the work of his daughters. It first had spindles for eight threads, then for twenty or thirty. With less foresight than trust he showed it, next year, under a pledge of secrecy, to a shrewd fellow named Peel, of Blackburn, who, struck by its promise of usefulness, availed himself of its powers, and like most men who feel burdened with a friend's confidence, relieved his mind by revealing the secret. This brought on poor Hargraves the violence of a mad mob of distaff-spinners, who demolished his house.

Exposed to the fury of men who saw in the rise of this simple machine the doom of hand-labour, he was obliged to fly from Lancashire, taking refuge in Nottingham, where he became a partner of the celebrated Arkwright. For want of steam power, Hargraves invented the water-frame and doffer-crank; but wanting capital to push these machines effectually, the partners separated in 1771. Fortune, however, smiled on Arkwright, who rose as the other fell. In 1773, Arkwright took out a patent for the water-frame, the same that Hargraves had invented, only somewhat modified. This Arkwright admitted, with more frankness than generosity, for the inventor was never one shilling the richer for its marvellous success. Hargraves was also the first who erected a carding-machine with cylinders; and it is believed, not without reason, that he originated what is known as "the thumb and finger principle;" but who again lost the advantages which followed its application, by the unlucky disclosures made to the faithless "Master Peel." Unable at length to bear up against a plot formed to ruin him, Hargraves abandoned the prosecution of his object, and died in 1774, in obscurity and distress. By the water-spinning machine Arkwright realized fabulous profits, but on the

evidence of Hargraves' widow and son, the patent was eventually set aside.[1]

When misfortune had set its hard and irreversible frown on the family, his grandson William enlisted into the sappers and miners. This was in 1812. The war then was in full swing, and as soon as he had gone through the course of practical instruction at Chatham, he was sent to France. At the battles of the Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse, he was present, behaving gallantly in the last action. He was afterwards in the assault on New Orleans; and returning again to this country, at the close of the American war, was too late for Waterloo, but served three years in Holland and France. A long station afterwards at Gibraltar completed his service abroad. Like his grandfather, he was a fine and inventive mechanic. Few carpenters in the corps equalled him; but he never obtained promotion, because he was an habitual, though harmless, grumbler. Disaffection was an ingredient of his nature—inherited from a grandsire who had ample cause for being at enmity with the world. Still, in other respects, he was an exemplary man, and was discharged in January, 1839, with a pension of one shilling and twopence a day.

The daughter of old "Spinning-jenny," Hargraves' mother, was living in Wickham-street, Salford, in December, 1822. She appears to have married a second time with one Burgess, who also had died, and threw her again into the weeds of widowhood. When past seventy, being in very reduced circumstances, and unable from accumulated infirmity to labour, she appealed, in a memorial to the Duke of York, for the discharge of her son, so that he might be in a position to assist her through the few declining years of her hard existence. In that petition, thinking to influence the sympathies of his royal highness, she stated that through her father's inventions, he had been the means of making many a man rich, leaving his own family poor; but the duke, who knew nothing of the spinning-jenny, and quite as little of the unfortunate inventor, declined (or his subordinates did for him) the solicited favour. Domestic urgency was not a sufficiently strong ground for depriving the corps of the services of so useful and good a soldier. He was therefore retained, and widow Burgess died, like her husband, unknown and in poverty.

[1] Phillips's "Million of Facts." Craik's "Pursuit of Knowledge."

In 1829, Sir Richard Phillips went in search of the family of old "Spinning-jenny." At Salford he found his last surviving daughter—she who had worked the first jenny. The fate of the father was hers also—indigence and obscurity; but through the kindly intercession of Joseph Brotherton, M.P., she was saved from starvation, by the gift, from some charitable source, of three shillings a week.[1]

The sapper grandson was living in Bloom-street, Salford, in August, 1847. He was then out of work, seeking hopelessly for some employment, not requiring strength and exertion. But for his pension, he too would have been without support, and if now alive, must be a doubled-up old man, with broad, humped shoulders, wearing on his breast a war-medal with three clasps.

In all this we see how falsely fortune and appreciation play with merit. Humble originators sink; usurpers swim; and high men, who can afford to devise, without expecting extraneous endowments, are absolutely borne down with consideration. Is not this a fact? Take a case. The power-loom, invented by the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, gained for him a parliamentary grant of 10,000*l.*; but the inventor of the spinning-jenny, which, in the manufacture of cotton, "had yielded to Britain one thousand millions sterling,"[2] and who, by the destruction of his house, deserved a handsome recompence from the government, was suffered to struggle against crushing hostility, and bear on through privation and hardship, without the slightest pecuniary acknowledgment; while parties, who audaciously applied his powers without license, acquired untold wealth, dying "the greatest capitalists and richest subjects of any age."[3] The golden harvest they reaped, their families now enjoy, with honors added; but the survivors of poor old "Spinning-jenny" pine for notice, seek imploringly to fill the humblest situations, and breathe feebly in the place where, perhaps, they have lived for a half-century, for want of sustenance.

Hargraves, the sapper (if he be dead), has left a family—great-grandchildren of the inventor. Let, then, the millionaires, whose opulence took its rise from the adoption of old Jemmy's spinning-jenny, do their duty, and succour his indigent descendants.

[1] Phillips's "Million of Facts." [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

LITTLE JOHN, THE HOME MISSIONARY.

A FEW years less than a half-century ago, we had in the corps a spare little man, rising some three inches above five feet. He had a small, colourless face, a sharp eye, and a nose somewhat larger, but not much wider than a tin-tack. When this attenuated morsel of humanity was taken into the ranks, the times were exigent; but if his height were objectionable (and it certainly was, for had he been dressed in petticoats, he would not have reached the stature of a big girl,) it was more than counterbalanced by his excellent qualities as a Christian.

Of his martial characteristics there is no occasion to speak, except to say, that he had courage enough to stand, if he died for it, before a cuirassier in mortal combat. To show off was not his nature. His way was quiet and unpretending, exhibiting about the same amount of dash as he would in the tranquil operation of smearing a blister for a malingerer. He had identity, it is true (dwarfs usually have more than their share); but the prevailing wildness of his comrades, ardent for drink, enterprise, and adventure, cramped his inobtrusive individuality, and eclipsed his placid virtues.

In the ranks it was not easy to find a man with acquirements sufficiently feminine to fill the post of hospital-orderly and nurse. A little discrimination, however, fixed on John Tertem for this duty. Throughout his sojourn of three years in the Netherlands and France, he fulfilled its double functions, hard and wearying as they were, with the energy, tenderness, and intrepidity of a sister of mercy. To minister to suffering was seemingly his sphere, and many a stricken soldier, raised from a bed of pain, has acknowledged, with gushing thankfulness, that to his diligent care a life, once despaired of, was restored.

With the return of peace came a reduction in the army. When hostility does not insist on exceptional enlistments, the service cultivates elegance. Its first concern, when a chance is afforded, is to get rid alike of giants and pigmies.

To see a fine rank, such as a curve would sweep gracefully from the flanks to the centre, is a piece of commendable military pride. Men are none the worse soldiers for being small; still there exists an incurable abhorrence to the retention of dwarfs, and they are turned adrift on all available opportunities with even more alacrity than bad characters. Indeed, the latter are preferred, if they bear a masculine and soldierly aspect. As it was impossible by any known process —hydraulic or otherwise—to stretch John Tertem, so as to make him, even with the topmost tip of his feather, touch the graceful curve before spoken of, he was, despite his moral worth, discharged.

There was wisdom in the step, and John saw it. As one without hope he did not repine, but accepted his dismissal gratefully. At the political horizon he looked with philosophic calmness. Peace was established; war had commenced its forty years' sleep, and his occupation, as a brother of mercy, was completely gone. Infinitely better adapted to exemplify the milk of human kindness than the stern attributes of a soldier, he doubted not, that in civil life, he would find, in the scope it gives for individual energy, some respectable employment, that would more than make amends for quitting a corps in which his best sympathies were centred. Towards home he turned, ending his march in the neighbourhood of Launceston, where first he drew breath; and as nothing better offered, for his heart and hand to engage in, he established a school. How he succeeded as a teacher of youth does not appear. It is, however, presumed that he fared profitably, as, in 1820, he married.

Shortly after taking this important step—a proof of singular courage on his part—another field was opened to him. To that he was introduced by publishing, in 1819, a discourse "on love." His printer was T. Eyre, of Launceston, who ushered the unpretending firstling before the religious public. A tolerable run it had, taking root in quarters where, coming from an obscure layman, it was least likely to make an impression. In this new direction his enthusiasm was fairly set, and possessing the requisite attainments and virtues, he was called to undertake the toils and responsibilities of a Home Missionary. His district was in the north of Devon, not the circumscribed boundaries of a parish such as a rector would cure, but a sort of semi-diocese, in which he preached for

about seventeen years, taking his stand mostly in remote and poor villages, never honored by episcopal presence, and seldom by vicarial visitation.

Various circumstances assisted to conduct the missionary, in 1837, from Devon to a suburban district near the metropolis. Age, rubbing the hair off his head, had made him graver, and imparted to his narrow face, scarcely larger than a good-sized brooch, the lines of toil and experience. Labour had given him stamina and suppleness, though, from tenuity, he was like an old oxidized wire, about to snap at a touch. Many tough years of exertion and zeal were in him yet. His voice was so strong, many wondered where it came from. The east wind, with its booming growl, was hardly a match for it; and his endurance of trying vicissitude, of storm and torrent, was a feature of his habit that stronger men dared not stand against.

Into his new vocation he entered, fully alive to its difficulties. He was, however, equal to them. With his new acquaintances, chiefly brickmakers, rough, heavy, self-willed fellows, of great stature, he formed a picturesque contrast. Like a David among Goliaths, his selection for the work, as far as appearance was concerned, seemed not to have been guided by judicious considerations; but the little missionary made up for an impoverished organization by an uncommon display of spirit and fervour, which had more effect on the people than a commanding exterior. By his simplicity, vigour, and gentleness, he accomplished much good in the place. Festivals of intoxication had fewer votaries; homes were reformed and rendered happy; and the open misbehaviour of those rude, broad-chested sons of toil, underwent Christian change. In achieving these moral feats difficulty and opposition frequently thwarted him, but he braved obstacles, effrontery, and stigma with unvarying intrepidity and meekness, fighting with weapons that turned every point from its thrust, every poisoned shaft from its direction, and so defeated antagonism. The uplifted hand, intended to fall on his little head, he shackled by a word or a fearless smile; and that same hand ever after was ready, if needed, with a brickmaker's power, to protect him from violence.

Though the soldier-missionary never allowed the sun to hide his warm countenance in the west, without fully occu-

pying the day, be it foul or fair, in ministering to the moral necessities of his wide-spread charge, he nevertheless found many spare opportunities of making himself pretty much of a general reader, and somewhat of a close thinker. In the religious literature of the day he was well read, and was no less conversant with the ever-shifting phases of education and theological polemics. As a missionary, he found it of the last importance to stock himself with information of this nature, to enable him to answer the numberless inquiries of men, who constantly beset him with all sorts of questions, as knotty and gnarled as an old manorial elm. Still it cannot be said of John Tertem, any more than of most men, that he ever set "the Thames on fire;" although he did his best, with that object, to worry a few torches into flame. If the rising tide, in sweeping over them, extinguished his lights, it was not his fault. In failing, he fared no worse than a king, who, despite his haughty command, saw the heedless waves approach his royal feet.

John, as may be inferred from what has just been said, was a scribbler. The style of his calligraphy was quaint and ancient. Every stroke was like a twig from a birch-broom, notchy, horny, and stiff. You would not have expected this heaviness from a hand scarcely larger than a lady's card. Light itself, it imprinted its strokes with precious force and thickness, and tumbled them one on another with clumsy indelicacy. A first sight at a completed page would impress you with the idea that some wearied creature, to shake off a killing ennui, had disposed of her time, for want of better employment, in arranging on its surface, in irregular rows, a mass of small mourning pins. John's matter was equally quaint; his style of thought and style of writing were as like each other as the mental faculty and the mechanical operation could be. The resemblance was striking; yet the form of his thoughts, as seen in print, was simple, but close, brusque, and plucky.

Genius, like murder, will out, whether it come from brains that might be pressed into an egg-cup, or a head as big as a Flanders' kettle. John's head, as you may readily believe, was not much larger than a cricket-ball; yet the organs it contained, not squandered about in pulpy superfluity, as might be the case in a large skull, were compact, intensified, and vigorous. This was the secret of John's genius. The

seat from whence it came was small, and what there was of it, though little, was good. Genius, too, is rash, ever struggling to give its elaborations, right or wrong, publicity. This also was the case with our little missionary. Write he would, and print too, if he lost by it; but he never produced anything to cause his friends and admirers to deify him, though he did a few things with his pen to answer the ends for which he scribbled.

Already we have seen, that in 1819 he published a discourse on love. It was about that time that he became intimate with the sweet young woman, whom afterwards he made his wife, and whose limited patrimony, with his own not over-generous stipend, made them hold a place in the world, of comfort and respectability. Some of the more tender touches in that discourse, no doubt, took their rise from impulses and feelings which traced their origin to the sweet young woman. Between that year and 1846, as the humour happened to suit, he sent articles on various topics, chiefly suggestive and controversial, to different newspapers and periodicals, in which they invariably appeared unabridged. For a principle, he would fight a dean; for truth, a bishop. He did not care who entered the lists against him. With those simple weapons of his, not spear and battle-axe, he laid about him manfully; and if he never unhorsed a giant in theology, it was, perhaps, because his antagonist, cased in an invulnerable doublet, was proof against blows, opinions, and convictions.

Sometime during this period he acquired an antipathy to the use of meats. Somewhere, we are told, that life exists by the destruction of life. Without being so told, a common observer might daily see the truth for himself. One class of animals preys on another instinctively and without remorse; but John Tertem would neither accept the theory nor the fact. Though warranted by divine permission, he would not live on any such terms: he would rather die sucking hard-bake, or chewing indigestible carrots. If he could extend the measure of his days without patronizing sacrifice, he saw no manly reason against dispensing with the cruelty. Right or wrong he would not countenance the serving of a meat dinner in his house, nor allow the flesh of any animal which once had breath and blood in it, of the air, land, or water, to come within sight of his door-posts. Of course, herrings—a

great luxury with some people at breakfast—were interdicted; but it is not said that he entertained a repugnance for new-laid eggs; probably he declined to partake of those delicacies, on the supposition that the germs of cacklers were within the shells. What could have been the character of his breakfast without a rasher, a chop, a cutlet, or a steak? What sort of a dinner could his have been, when every one who could afford it, was pitching into lamb and green peas, while he was spooning himself with the latter only? The vagaries of some tastes are mysteries. Many palates have very odd likings and sensations; and if the effects are ridiculous, we need not wonder at the exceptions, but study, if it be worth the while, the causes which give diversity to human relish.

With John, the propriety of abstaining from meats was an unchangeable conviction; and as far as he could deal with the subject, tried to prove its advantages in an essay, called, "Strictures on Animal and Vegetable Diet, as opposed to that of Vegetable alone." This curious *brochure*—an outspoken, argumentative, and unmincing disquisition—first saw the light at Uxbridge, in 1846; but it does not appear to have gained more than a local circulation. (A copy is not in the library of the British Museum—more's the pity.) In proclaiming the excellence of potatoes and greens *versus* John Bull and roast beef, the aged missionary showed himself a champion in the cause; more so, as in presenting himself a living example of the truth of the regimen, every one saw that the advocate, in appearance, was daily cheating the bills of mortality, and demonstrating the decaying effects of unmixed vegetarianism. As observed in himself, vegetarianism was only another name for atrophy, and this induced an enemy of the system, who saw little John in a surplice one day, to remark, with disparaging vulgarity, that its promoter "looked like a breast of mutton in long clothes."

In 1848, he was engaged in a conflict with somebody without a name, and perhaps without a shirt. It was a sort of passage of arms in the dark with one whom no challenge could unmask. While it lasted, the skirmish was brisk. The case was this.—In a local paper there appeared a letter from a nameless traducer, censuring the brickmakers in the neighbourhood for their depravity. Some of them had been seen by the writer in a condition of intoxication; and concluding,

from a few isolated instances, that the leaven of dissipation had inoculated the whole craft, fell on the English "bricks" with measureless severity. So unfair was the attack considered, that with the advice of a highly-influential party, the little missionary picked up the gauntlet of the calumniator. To allow his people to be held up to public reprobation without leading the defence with banner unfurled he regarded as an ignominious surrender of truth to the falsehoods of a scandal-gatherer. Sooner than stand by and witness the attack, he would part with the apple of his eye, or permit his choice nectarines to be stolen without offering to stay the marauder's hand. For a vegetarian this would have been no small sacrifice. By the morals and the merits of the English "bricks," he could swear as by his own, and defend them he would against all comers. This he did in four strong but not peppery letters. Two appeared in the paper in which the attack occurred; but the other two, carrying on the siege with overpowering closeness, were rejected. For this the reason was not readily apparent; but it leaked out after, that the editor and the invisible were hand-in-glove coworkers; and so, to save his friend from disgrace, gave him sanctuary, permitting no arrow to touch, or whip to scourge him.

As the columns of the local journal were still accessible to the invisible, the contest became unequal. No matter—little John would fight on any terms. He was not too meek to be spiritless, nor too mild to be irresolute. Undeserved rebuke he was determined should not rest with the brickmakers; so the little man published the correspondence (his own four letters and the scandal-caterer's three), and left the question to the decision of the general judgment. With that judgment the brickmakers' advocate was not displeased, nor were the brickmakers. From all sides he was compelled to learn that his was the victory, and that his adversary, despite the shield that screened him, was not only hors-de-combat, but prostrate under a load of shame.

Sometime ago there was an agitation (my informant states it originated in the House of Commons) about a new translation of the Bible. Minds of the largest theological calibre, employed in the work, have died without seeing their labours respected, or, if respected, only tolerated with a stolidity tantamount to rejection. Nothing, it seems, but an

Act of Parliament (strange interference!) is likely to effect the revision wanted. But there is a wide, deep-seated prejudice against the slightest alteration in our Scriptures—a prejudice shared by many earnest divines, who throw the weight of their years, learning, experience, and piety, against legislative intermeddling with the question. John, the Home Missionary, was not of this way of thinking. He itched to see everything upon which Christian principle is based severely tested by primitive standards. Though neither a Latin nor a Greek scholar, so as to translate either with the accuracy of a schoolman, he was able to do a little in that way, and fancied, on closely reviewing the ancient texts, there were many anomalies in our version, and numerous queer and erroneous passages that required to be pruned, enlarged, or rectified. To attempt the parade of acquirements he did not possess, John was not the man; nor, indeed, had he any ambition to speak on any point in which he did not feel himself a master. To lead public opinion he knew to be something beyond his capacity; but he had an idea he could say a few things to show, at least, that in this great age of accumulated knowledge and research, a thorough apprehension of the original Scriptures, and of making ours correspond, where obvious departures from them were discovered, was no less a duty than a necessity. With this biblical agitation, therefore, he identified himself, writing three long letters (as much as would make a good-sized pamphlet), in defence of a revision of the Bible, to the "Wesleyan Times," under the signature of "A Plain Man"—truly a very applicable pseudonym. In that journal these essays appeared in 1856; and next year, with his own honest name appended, they were given, with added arguments, in the columns of a provincial paper, published by Mr. W. Broadbent, of Amersham. Of little John few souls ever knew anything beyond the haunts of the suburban brickmakers; and none else cared a jot for his opinions. Notwithstanding his three long learned letters, the question of revision is as far advanced as if he had been as silent as the tomb. They *may*, however, at a future day be of service; they *may* help to weight the blow that drives in the wedge, or load the lever to uproot the old Bible with its errors, and bring in the new with its perfections. Such was, and may be still, John Tertem's enthusiastic hope.

We will just add another incident in his literary career, and close with the Home Missionary. It may have been six years since that a prize of fifty pounds was offered for the best treatise on the "Social, Physical, and Moral Condition of the Working Classes of England." John had had much experience among the brickmakers, and was a fair witness on the several phases of the working man's life, and what was essential to improve it. It does not require that a man should be a Colossus to be courageous. This short sketch of the ways and doings of John Tertem amply proves that a stunted organization has both the will and the spirit to confront a phalanx, if need be. Take this as you will, little John dared enter the lists, sidling up to literary giants competing for the honor and the reward. He was in the humour then for writing. Possibly the douceur gave vigour to his stiff hand, and sharpened the rowels of his spurs. Away he went on his Pegasus, making its old flanks tingle with an occasional stab from his heel; and dashing off about a hundred and fifty pages of matter in his own peculiar hand, committed his manuscript to the judgment of the venerable censors. What their views of its worth were it is scarcely reasonable to inquire. All that John was permitted to know was, that his creditable treatise, did not attain the mark of a reverend gentleman at Taunton, who earned the prize against forty-seven disappointed rivals.

Well done, John! In your day you have done more, perhaps, than most people. It is creditable to your pluck and perseverance. Few men with a frame as frail as yours and a brain as small would have defended the poor against literary assassins—have gone to the goal in company with intellectual wonders, treatise in hand, to show the best means of effecting amelioration among the working classes; or have ventured into the more solid arena of controversy, touching the curiosities of food and biblical revision. With a pinched-in structure, sustained on the vegetarian régime of diversified greens, unable to permit a friendly pressure with safety (a brickmaker's hug would have driven vitality out of him), it was a marvel that your spirit impelled you to such perilous exploits. To the rule of life you stand as a praiseworthy exception, and for your extraordinary daring and ceaseless exertions your old corps and the brickmakers are proud of you.

When last seen, the little old man cut short, verging on

his seventy-fifth year, was still toiling in the neighbourhood of London, erect as a hop-pole, and walking with an electrical pace, telling of vigor and a well-spent life. Beneath his broad-brimmed beaver, at once a shade and an umbrella, was a small pleasant visage, sharp with angles, intelligence, and health. His eyes had a spark of meek fire in them, and his bald, burnished head, with a fringe of hair flowing in silver locks over his coat-collar made him, taking all things into consideration, a venerable specimen of a happy and contented pastor. Like a good man, believing that great things are packed up in small parcels, he took care to confirm the truth of the adage. So, to save his throat from catching cold, or being afflicted with diphtheria, he covered his neck with yards of white tie, as far up as the ears, and wrapped up the rest of his person in garments purely clerical, throwing over all a closely-buttoned greatcoat, also black, which reached to his heels. In this antique habit, any one who had been to Dr. Pettigrew's lectures and seen the unwrapping of an embalmed Egyptian, might, without being caustically unkind, have taken the little missionary for an animated mummy.

SALMON FISHING.—Private William Reid, in endeavouring to ascertain the width of a river in Leitrim, lost two survey-chains, which had been tied together for the purpose. One end he threw across to a sapper stationed on the opposite bank; but dropping short of the shore, the measures rattled into a salmon-hole about thirty feet deep. Every effort was made by using poles, drags, hooks, &c., to recover the property, but all proving of no avail, Reid was directed to replace both chains.

Some three weeks after, a farmer's son laid a line and hook at the spot where the chains had disappeared; and in the morning went to try his luck. The haul was difficult, for the weight on the line was heavy. Many a salmon had he taken before, but never one to come within fifty pounds of the load he was then pulling from the stream. This piscatorial marvel so occupied his mind, that even thunder and lightning were put into the shade by it. Every pore of his body was bursting with perspiration, and the seams of his breeches cracked like an old sheet being torn up for dusters. Never mind. Much ought to be borne for

such a conquest. It was the largest salmon in all Ireland; and have it the youthful angler was determined. Resting for a few moments to renew his strength and mop up the moisture, which, streaming over his forehead, nearly blinded him, he resumed the haul. Inch by inch the huge fish was gradually nearing the surface, when another violent tug or two got the prize on shore.

"What the devil's that?" he asked, as if a thousand voices were ready to answer him.

He soon found out.

Instead of a salmon of huge dimensions, it was a leviathan conger-eel, dragging in one of its rigid whorls, the ordnance-chains which Reid had lost!

EXCUSABLE ASSUMPTION.—After returning from the Crimea, Jenkins was one of four sappers sent to Boudroum to collect the remains of the wondrous tomb of Mausolus and other archæological relics for the British Museum. Having an antique build and a commanding appearance, being, moreover, robust and over six feet in height, he was just the man for the duty. His chest was as broad as that of an Egyptian sphinx, and his stride colossal. Plant his feet on two rocks in the sea, and a boat might sail between his legs without abrasing its sides. His massiveness awed the Turks, and his orders were obeyed as promptly as if he were a seraskier. It was amusing to hear him speak Turkish. He had caught up a vast number of words, which he jumbled together in odd connections, mixed with foreign idioms and wild adjuncts. How he contrived to be understood was as puzzling as remarkable. Yet he was understood, and readily too; but his workmen seemed to elicit his wishes, less by his rugged patois than the expression of his fierce eye and the stern cut of his gib. As an overseer his services were found invaluable. His strength and energy were equal to any manual enterprise, and the Turks, taking the cue from his unsparing exertions, worked well. To maintain a position that should place him above disrespect, and insure his orders being zealously enforced, he introduced himself to the Boudroum authorities as a captain! Accordingly, he paid constant visits to the Turkish captain in the fort as his equal, and the Turkish subaltern brought him his chibouk to smoke, and treated him with the respect due to a superior.

YOUNG CONINGTON.

Do not smile if it be asserted that many gentlemen have joined the ranks of the engineers as private soldiers. Look steadily at the faces of the men as you pass them in review on parade, and the fact is at once apparent. If you ask them the reasons for taking to a service so much beneath their proper position, they will tell you, with few exceptions, that domestic disagreements, or an excess of gaiety beyond their means, compelled them to break with the one or strike with the other.

Young Conington was one of these. He was well educated, handsome, and solid, carrying years, as indicated by a heavy crop of black, bushy whisker, and a sly thinness on the crown of his head, threatening baldness, that placed him beyond the limit of the oldest recruit. He was so attractive a candidate that the recruiting-officer was glad to relax the rule to admit him. Had he worn an old sword, a slouched hat and waving plume, open-mouthed boots, and long rattling spurs, he would, on account of his military bearing and manly frankness, and his round, jolly face and sturdy build, have presented a faithful portrait of a young, well-fed cavalier of the Cromwellian era.

Much of his early life was passed on the continent. At Bonn he was a student of philosophy, and there matriculated. When the Sleswig-Holstein dispute was raging, he held a commission—as major, I think—in one of the contending armies, and during a signal campaign, was trained to the hardships of bivouac and war, and fought at the battle of Idstedt.

While abroad, it was his misfortune, from pure good-nature, to accept bills to a large amount for the accommodation of fellow English travellers. Of course, as young Conington could not take up these liabilities, his uncle, to save him from arrest and preserve his credit, had to discharge them. This led to an estrangement, the old gentleman first warning his nephew that, if he continued to indulge in a pursuit so

foolish and ruinous, he would leave him to meet the results of his folly as best he could. A proud fellow was Conington —more spirited than prudent. Irritated by the rebuke, administered with patriarchal justice, he left the country, and as soon as he put foot on English soil offered himself for the ranks, and accordingly was enlisted at Southampton in January, 1852.

For more than a year Conington remained with us, when the death of his uncle necessitated his discharge, which he received on paying thirty-five pounds. During that time Conington showed uncommon zeal in his duties, and high moral and intellectual qualities for command. Before he was dismissed drill, he received a step of promotion. His own conduct was excellent, and the men of his room behaved themselves with uniform regularity, evincing, in a striking manner, their appreciation of his interest in their welfare. It was remarked, that no man who had had the benefit of his advice subjected himself, as long as he was near to influence him, to the slightest censure for any impropriety.

While at Chatham, going through the field-duties of the corps, he was the centre of a circle of joyous fellows, who drew their inspiration chiefly from his burly liveliness. By nature he was merry and elastic, and his comrades, inoculated by his free spirit, became jovial without coarseness, and gay without, in a remote degree, approaching sensuality. All felt the value of his influence as at Woolwich, and the general conduct of the men of his room was commendable.

Prompted by the suggestions of some non-commissioned officers with whom he was intimate, he wrote three or four smart but humorous letters to the "United Service Gazette" about increasing the pay of lance-corporals. That was Conington's rank, and of course his sympathies were with the grade. His last missive, signed "Gabion," appeared in February, 1853—the month in which he was discharged. Some writer, assuming wonderful accuracy in his knowledge of the classics, tried to castigate "Gabion" for misquoting Latin in his letters; but Conington ran full tilt at his antagonist, and in a vein of sportive causticity demolished both the writer and his Latin, proving his own to be correct.

It was a few weeks before this that some amateur players, who had big souls for the stage, laid their heads together to

produce in their own persons "The Honeymoon," and "How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress." Nothing could succeed without young Conington, and so he was induced to join the "dramatic society." Heart and soul he entered into the work, and at the proper time, asked permission of the commanding officer, for the sapper amateurs to appear at the Theatre Royal, Rochester, to astonish, by their performances, the natives of "the three towns." His characteristic request ran thus—

WINTER OPERATIONS, 1852-53.

"It is proposed during the ensuing winter campaign to carry out a series of siege operations for the purpose of dislodging 'dull care,' who, during that inclement season of the year, may be expected to take up a strong position on the heights of Brompton Barracks.

"Mines will be driven to explore the inexhaustible vein of humour known to exist in that neighbourhood, without making use of the shafts of ridicule, so that explosions of laughter may succeed with most killing effect.

"Though due attention must be paid to all exposed points the enemy may afford us, the principal attack will be directed against the sides of his victims, which we hope to be enabled to crack by repeated discharges of fun and merriment. The only breach that will not be made, will be that of good manners; and to the astonishment of the engineering world, the arrangements when completed, will, we trust, be found without a parallel."

The request concluded with the signatures of the non-commissioned officers and privates who had "volunteered for the forlorn hope." Though a great mind direct, the best concocted schemes often come to nought, and such was the fate of this.

By the will of his uncle, N—— L——, Esq., a gentleman of high standing in the county of Durham, corporal young Conington came in for extensive property, and it is believed is now the lord and master of W—— Hall, at Witton-le-Wear.

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—An old paymaster of the 70th regiment, who had himself been a private in the sappers, speaking of sergeant Robert Creighton, said he was a remarkably fine soldier, and well and variously informed. You had only to see him lift his cap from his head, or use his pocket-handkerchief, to know, despite his common garb and the humble marks on his arm, that he was well born and well

bred. He was the son of a rich doctor at Newcastle, who at his death willed him ample means and possessions to retire from the service as a gentleman, wholly independent of the necessity for seeking aid by overreaching strokes of commercial luck or successful speculation. Having, however, imbibed a thorough love for the corps, in which he had risen rapidly to the rank of sergeant, he chose to remain and share its services. Shortly after, he was sent to Flushing, participated in its siege, and was carried off by the marsh fever in 1809. To his son he left all his property, which was considerable; but he was a wild youth, rushing headlong to ruin. In costly drinks and high gambling, in blood horses and fancy dogs he spent his all, and at last enlisted into the royal artillery.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—"Good-morning, old chap," cried a mounted horse-artillery-man to colonel ——, as he passed, expecting to receive a hearty salutation in return.

The colonel smiled, but moved on at his usual leisurely pace of one mile in three hours.

The trooper turned in his saddle to scan the unmannerly fellow who had the grossness to decline his civility, when, observing two sergeants of the corps paying him the military compliment, he inquired, "Who is that old bloke?"

"Old bloke! It's well he didn't hear you. That's colonel —— !"

"You don't say so! Hang me, if I didn't take him for the landlord of the Shakspeare!"

ANYTHING BUT COMPLIMENTARY.—An order was issued at Woolwich, sometime in 1828, relative to a new mode of tying the sash. Major Rice Jones, anxious to see how it looked, desired the sergeant-major to bring before him a sergeant in uniform, with the sash tied on according to order. Davie was the only sergeant in barracks at the time. His back was rounded like the arch of a cross-bow, and his breast flattened like a pane of glass. The moment major Jones caught sight of him, he shouted, "Sergeant-major, what the devil do you bring a thing like that for? He's not the man on whom to try the effect of an improvement. Had his big head been turned the other way, he would have made a full-chested soldier."

THE ANTIPODES.

SINCE 1854 there have been six men of the corps at Victoria, employed on duties of an important nature, under captain Andrew Clarke, of the royal engineers. The station being so remote, it was not possible, when the second edition of the "History of the Sappers" was published, to make more than a passing allusion to their services. The omission, with great reason, can now be supplied, as their employments, being less of a military than a civil character, have, in their variety, a shade of romance about them.

The captain, who has recently returned to England, and his men, were well matched. With the kindness of a friend he treated them, blending with his direction the gentlemanly firmness of an officer. To the limits of professional routine he did not confine their labours; but, regarding them in the broad light of scientific pioneers to a new settlement, he held them available for diversified service. This he did, as well for colonial advantage as to raise his men in general respect and esteem.

While he controlled their efforts (sergeant Thomas Forbes, a talented and energetic non-commissioned officer controls them now) the services of the little party were chiefly those which arose out of trigonometrical surveying (involving much toil in the field, extending to places barely known even to explorers), and close sedentary work at the plans in the office. In addition to this, they have been put through a course of practical astronomy, to enable them, at an early date, to undertake the survey and marking the parallels of latitude, and meridians of longitude, in that far-stretching country.

In 1855, their habits of order and industry occasioned a request for their assistance, in carrying out the arrangements for the Melbourne Exhibition of colonial art and manufactures. The usefulness of their comrades at the Great Exhibition in London had given the promoters of the scheme high hopes of benefit from military co-operation. Captain

Clarke, wisely relaxing the official bounds of their employment, placed them at the disposal of the provincial commissioners, and their aid came fully up to colonial expectation. In numberless ways their zeal was conspicuous, and their adaptation to every purpose of that great undertaking not only contributed to its success, but enhanced their own position as a body and their personal standing as citizens.

Under Mr. Brough Smyth, they have likewise conducted the meteorological observations at Melbourne, which, from their extensive and minute information, have attracted the attention of European *savants*, especially of Signor Zechy, the great observer of the Roman college.

One excellent sapper—Owen Egan—sank from the effects of his zeal on that and kindred work. He conducted a tedious and laborious exploration of the summit of one of the seven ranges of the Australian Alps, where it was desired to fix a trigonometrical station. He had with him a staff of labourers, strong hearty fellows, capable, apparently, of any amount of exertion; but the fatigues incident to its preparation having mastered their strength and endurance, they deserted the work, and left the sapper to his shifts. To supply the places of the renegades was a difficult matter; but few had the hardihood to venture the service; and sooner than abandon it, Egan determined to labour on with a reduced number of assistants. This he did, at a sacrifice of energy, increased by privation, which told only too fatally on a frame constitutionally feeble. The privations he suffered arose from the severity of the weather, sometimes intercepting the supplies, and as often from the great difficulty of carrying them up the mountain, covered with primitive bush stubbornly tangled. Most men in his situation, with no stimulus to urge their progress, save that derived from their own enterprise, would have given up the undertaking, without imparing their character; but reasonable as would have been the renunciation of an almost impossible service, Egan preferred, at whatever risk, to continue it. With an unflinching will, he persevered in the exhausting work, and at last completed it, returning to Melbourne—to die.

Of the service of Egan the above is no exaggerated view; and if proof be wanted to show how, under great hardships and wearying trials, he honorably fulfilled his task, the following extract from the third annual report of the obser-

vatory established at Melbourne by captain Clarke, will more than suffice.

"The observations on Mount Macedon were taken by the late private Owen Egan, royal engineers, who had charge of the men clearing the top of the mountain, to render it available as a trigonometrical station. No praise would be excessive in speaking of the conduct of that soldier. While bestowing all proper attention on his more immediate duties, he spontaneously undertook the care of a set of thermometers and acted as meteorological observer. The severity of the weather (he was at an altitude of 3400 feet, and distant thirty-five miles from the sea) may be judged from the statement, that in January, February, and March, a dense fog enveloped the mount on thirty-seven days; fog was present on nine days in April, twenty days in May, fifteen in June, fifteen in July, and fourteen days in August. Snow fell occasionally from May till August, and on the 30th June it fell to the depth of five inches. With but such slight protection as a tent could give, and with little accommodation for such work, his meteorological reports were yet kept with the utmost care and neatness, and during the whole period, there is scarcely one observation omitted. Science may indeed honor the men who, like this brave soldier, work humbly and earnestly, without reward, in her most laborious paths."

Such was the testimony of the meteorological director—such the report presented to both houses of the Victoria Parliament in October 1858. Fact here seems to beggar fiction; and romance, which always speaks with an irresponsible warmth about its hero, could hardly have made a record more glowing than that of Mr. Brough Smyth about the inobtrusive yet intrepid sapper. Egan's death was felt as a public loss, so much so, that it is satisfactory to add, the colonial government has constituted itself the guardian of his orphan family.

While Egan's case is adduced to show the nature of the employments to which the six sappers at Victoria devote their talents and zeal, it also illustrates of what manner of men the corps is composed.

THE SPEAKING INFANT.

In a corps which admits, by its peculiar constitution, of unlimited development in occupation and skill, it may be expected to meet with some in its ranks, who in addition to carrying out the original idea of their enlistment, show themselves expert in other departments of human dexterity.

No corps in the service, perhaps, has such a range for encountering these characters as in the engineers, because, taking intelligence in the abstract, or the possession of a craft in the abstract, as the basis of an engagement, we accept men who, from their information, acquirements, and habit of travelling, are better acquainted with the ever-shifting phases of industrial life, and have a deeper insight into its social incidents and amusements.

I do not now allude to what a carpenter can do as a man of science—a surveyor, or a draughtsman; what a mason can turn out of hand as a modeller; a blacksmith accomplish as a mathematician; a tailor effect as a photographer; or a coal-miner as a telegraphist. All these combinations of talent, and more to a vast extent, are characteristic of the non-commissioned ranks of the engineers. Nor do I hint at what a musician has had the audacity to do as a magician, or what other men can effect as playactors; but I allude particularly to what artisans, who had earned their living by mechanical labour, till accident compelled them to enlist, have done as ventriloquists.

In the engineers we had two of these remarkable fellows—very well behaved men—who were as perfect in legerdemain and eccentric vocalization as that celebrated polyphonist, who to apprise the world of his extraordinary powers, his movements, and his successes, spends, may be, some twenty thousand pounds a year in advertisements.

Our ventriloquists were John Carmichael, a Scotchman, and James Vyse, a wheeler from Diss, in Norfolk—both

well-looking fellows, who remained a few years in the corps, and then purchased their discharge; the former, in 1826, paying twenty pounds; the latter, in 1836, on payment of thirty-five pounds. Vyse had intelligence so available and variable, that for two or three years he was employed in Ireland as a surveyor and draughtsman. On leaving the corps, Carmichael set up as a professional ventriloquist, and is mentioned in a witty work called "The Laird of Logan," dying, after he had established a fair reputation for himself in that singular art. Vyse, having other ends in view, never publicly exhibited himself for profit, but preferred to merit respect and acquire competence by following pursuits requiring mechanical and scientific skill.

Both I have seen perform and heard ventriloquize. Carmichael, many years after his discharge, paid a visit to Woolwich to shake hands with his old comrades. At the "Barrack Tavern," he provided them with an entertainment, charging a nominal sum to pay for the room, the lights, and arrangements. He gave us a treat of two hours, during which, amid laughter, only mitigated to gain strength for the succeeding burst, he introduced us to many odd characters, and imitated all sorts of voices, varying them according to distance. He also amused us with interesting dialogues between himself and some myths, in every form of temper, from furious anger to the gentle whispers of a pair of creatures nearly burnt up in the quenchless flames of love and hope. Then we had the chimney colloquy between the master-sweep and his choked climbing-boy; and the soliloquy of an asthmatic traveller, who, in too great a hurry to wait the opening of the door by his servant who was in the stable grooming certain offensive compounds from his shoes and gaiters, made an attempt to vault through the window, but, from an accident invented by the cruel ventriloquist, fell from the sill, sticking in his descent, on the spikes of the area railing. All animals he imitated, from the weak mewing of a kitten before its eyes were opened, to the vehement braying of an ass in its paddock; and, moreover, we were forced to believe ourselves in a workshop, where every tool and engine was in operation, from the shriek of the plane to the grating of the steam-saw, splitting into beams the stout old oak; and where every noise, calculated to do violence to the ear, was common, such as the clattering of sledges on ringing anvils, the driving of

bolts in sonorous boilers, the boring of cannon groaning and growling on the spit, and the restless clanking motion of ponderous steam machinery. In addition to these, his conjurings were endless.

Of two or three anecdotes he told us, I remember one. He was travelling by coach, having his seat in the dickey. A young woman was there also, carrying a plump urchin with a head as big as a side-drum. The weather was sharp, and the clouds that hung above, moving inertly, had a keen obstinate look of their own which the sun could neither warm nor cheer. The streets were dull, everything was dull, and Carmichael was dull, more so because there was a restraint imposed on him by silence, which it did not occur to him he could prudently break without subjecting himself to the charge of rudeness. Patiently he waited, to see whether the maternal traveller was disposed to suggest a question. He did not care what; he was ready when the ball was opened to give the fullest scope to his tongue. She was not dumb evidently, for she talked exaggerated nonsense to the lump in her lap with a volubility that few women, he was certain, could ever hope to vie with. Vexatiously indifferent to his presence, she never once seemed to wish to exchange a single word with him. She could not have been more unsocial, had he been a sack of sand. Carmichael could bear it no longer. He would speak and chance the result. So courteously addressing her, he struck on a subject of all others the most pleasant (for a while) to a mother's sympathies.

"A very fine baby this, ma'am," said he, winningly, touching it under the chin, and patting its fat cheeks, which rolled inwards from its ears in volumes of flesh, almost smothering its nose, and converting its blinkers into flashing eyelet holes.

"You are not its first admirer, sir," replied the lady, elevating her head, and disengaging her chin from the mock-ermine round her neck.

"Oh! you cherub!" exclaimed Carmichael, chirping to it. "It's really a sweet duck," added he, turning to the lady and nodding approvingly. "You ought to be proud of it, ma'am."

"So I am, sir. So I am."

"A very proper feeling," observed Carmichael, looking

askance at her through the corner of his left eye, "very proper; especially if you are its mother."

"Can you possibly mistake the relationship," rejoined she with prolonged but subdued emphasis, rising in tone as she proceeded. "Look at it, sir, and then at me," (shaping her features in their most enchanting aspect,) "and convince yourself, if you have sufficient discrimination, that the resemblance, making allowance for difference of years and growth, is a reality."

Carmichael ventured to con the lady's countenance, set off to the best advantage, with the gentleness of one accustomed to critical examinations of this delicate nature, and motioning his head, as if he saw many points of agreement that proved the lady's estimate to be faultless, said:—

"Very; very striking—you to the model, to the very line, to the life. How odd that the likeness should be so scrupulously exact! Excessively pleased I am to think, in complimenting that exquisite lapful of beauty, I was, at the same time, innocently, but with great reason, eulogizing its fair mother."

"Oh!" cried she, dropping her head on one side among the mock-ermine; and blushing through an array of pretty airs and smiles; "you men are *such* flatterers. You *do* praise *us* poor women so."

"Only where personal accomplishments deserve it. Otherwise I could not do, without belying a conscience as honest as a bishop's, and doing violence to a taste as correct, if I may be permitted to take an elevated standard, as that of Sir Joshua Reynolds."

"You do me much honour," replied she, reddening with a grateful appreciation of the tribute paid to her charms. "Less just, I am certain, you are, than well-intentioned."

"Perhaps so," replied Carmichael, moodily. "If I err, and who does not, you must blame my will as much as my civility. But," continued he, stooping with engrossing attention to the infant, and fondling with its gross cheeks, "this is a noble thing—such an armful—such a weight to tear one's heart's strings. Is it a boy or girl?"

"A boy, sir; a dear fellow he is, too; but a heavy load to carry. Were I walking, in five minutes he would exhaust me, and make me feel as if my arms were taken away to an hospital for exhibition as anatomical curiosities."

"Very likely. That's the natural penalty for having such amazing big children—burdened with fat and attractions. Well, now, and how old is the little man?"

"Four months!"

"Surely older? That glorious inflation only four months? He seems to have the limbs and dimensions of a sturdy masculine shoot of four years old."

"Do you think so?"

"Fact. Look at him yourself. Here's development," said he, measuring with his hands the calf of the infant's extraordinary leg, and then spreading out his forefinger and thumb to take the guage of his round cheek. "Does not his hugeness warrant one in saying so? All this arises from his mother's excellent disposition, and good nursing. Look! look at the morsel smiling and kicking through his infancy—the true type of innocence and virtue. Ha! ha! ha! There's a display of ruddy joy as if he felt it. Watch the twinkle of his eyes, and the play of his knowing laugh. He appears to be cognizant of everything we say, and to be roaring in his little sleeve at the bare idea that any one should be dull enough to think he don't understand what we say."

"Oh, sir! how curiously you talk! Against experience itself, you will compel me to believe that my Tommy speaks already." And the mother laughed heartily.

"Speak! so he can," returned Carmichael seriously, as if it were a reflection on the powers of the infant to doubt it. "'Pon my conscience, you are ungenerous to your son. Not only can he speak, but I fear can swear a good round—ahem! if put on his mettle."

"Why, sir," observed she, with a burst of laughter so healthy that the tears forced into her eyes, "he can no more articulate than an old tree."

"That's an unhappy simile, ma'am," said Carmichael philosophically, extending the forefinger of his right hand about half way between his own nose and that of the lady's, which there and then reminded him that its shape was like the neck of a wine bottle. "Trees *do* speak. What'll you lay they don't?"

"Ladies never wager—except old duchesses, who win titles and importance as they win stakes."

"Nevertheless, trees *do* speak. Don't, my dear woman,

shake your head, and so imply a doubt of a great fact. Do not they tell you in their own imposing language, when the leaves rustle and the boughs shake and moan, that the wind is blowing? Call you not that speaking?"

"I call it action—motion, sir," said she, with captivating assurance, thrusting one of her hands under her son's short coats, to ascertain whether his belly band was too tight. "That's a vagary of yours—what is called a poetical fancy. You might as well say, when my dear Tommy shakes his leg and waves his arm, without knowing the wherefore for so demonstrating his young vigour, that he speaks."

"If, as I believe," returned Carmichael, sagely, "and I can credit anything you might say of that prize darling—that dear duck of a fellow, too big ever to bear the confinement of a cradle, and whose shadow would darken a street; if, as you say, your sturdy son can shake his leg and wave his arm, efforts which indicate more sense than an infant usually possesses, he *can* speak. You do it immense injustice, to lead any one to suppose that human sounds cannot proceed from that little hill of intelligence."

"Sounds!" exclaimed she, opening her eyes. "I admit this; but they are of a nature not to make strangers feel any extraordinary delight at hearing them. Only you step in when he takes his bath in the morning, and you will have testimony enough to corroborate what I say."

"Oh! the young hippopotamus! He cries, does he? Let me hear him, that's all. Wouldn't I turn him up, and let the keen air phlebotomize him? Ay, would I, and, perhaps, enable him to form an acquaintance with a sharp little agent that would stimulate his pulse and astonish his feelings. Yet," proceeded Carmichael, turning to the mother, "I do not mean cries, when I speak of sounds, but that grander faculty called speech."

"What a droll man you are!" said she, faintly approaching the satirical. "Surely you never saw a baby in your life before?"

"Five of my own, at least—the youngest being about the age of your chubby Tommy."

"And can *he* speak?"

"No—having about as dense a head as his stupid father," and Carmichael touched his forehead with the tip of his forefinger, as much as to say it was cracked, and which the lady

was very much inclined to believe. "My child, ma'am," continued he, "is not as forward as yours, or anything like it. He's so small, you might drop him easily into a cocoa-nut shell. Beyond all question, yours is a marvellous child, *in bulk*—a veritable speaking child."

"Why, then, has not my Tommy spoken since we began the journey?"

"Because you have not treated him as though he could. You have regarded him not as a young man, but simply as a silly delight of four months old."

"Come then, sweet," said she lifting up the lump and smothering it with kisses that the coachman could hear above the tramp of the horses and the noisy rumble of the wheels. "Put on your best looks—show yourself not a babe, but a *man*, as this obstinate gentleman persists in calling you, and convince him that you are as mute in speech as a gravestone."

And the mother, holding him high in the air, a spectacle for men and angels, gazed intently at her fat son. His eyes sparkled again, and his lips widening into a smile, threw his round cheeks into motion, like two waves bearing on the surface between them the small end of a candle, which represented Tommy's little blanched nose.

"Now, can you speak, my cherub?"

"*To be sure I can*," said Carmichael, as if he were in Tommy's place, imitating an infant's voice in its weakest tones.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed she, struggling with astonishment and fright, dropping the child into her lap as if she had been shot. "How is this, sir? I did not see his lips move. Oh! sir; you might knock me down with a pipe-light! This cannot be natural!"

"Isn't it, by Jove," rejoined Carmichael, appearing to scrutinize the infant with absorbing interest. "Why, it's a marvel to have such a child, and how proud its happy mother should be. But didn't the little baggage speak pertly? Don't take on so, ma'am," added he, looking full into the eyes of the mother, and touching her arm politely with the ends of his fingers. "Wasn't he decisive and bold, as if he challenged you with telling an untruth? Well, I never—did you, now?"

"Never, sir," replied she, timidly. "I cannot under-

stand it. It pains me to think of it," she added, as scant tears gathering in her eyes, diffused the drops among their sweeping lashes. "It's scarcely human," sobbed she, concealing her face in her hand, while the lively mass was cooing and kicking up its burly limbs in unmeaning delight, contemptuous alike of decency and the cold. "It *cannot* be human."

"It's more than that, ma'am," remarked Carmichael, with assuring composure. "It's human nature improved, going ahead like steam, as art does now-a-days. Oh! he's a precious dumpling of a dog—taking speech by the forelock, as some cunning people do old Time. At this rate he'll save you no end of expense for toys and toggery. Jumping at once from infancy to manhood, he'll leave his first breeches to be worn by his brothers to come. To have such a son can you seriously weep? Because he is endowed with a power that places him first among infants—far above those thick-headed drivellers we so constantly see in mothers' arms—before he has relieved you from the entertaining toil of washing his napkins, is this a reason why you should be sad, and hardly think him human? You should be glad—delighted—laughing so that the people on both sides of the Borders might hear you. To me the little fellow is a miracle—an astounding fact—though a puzzle to psychologists, who might be forced to the conclusion, that the little wonder, all in his fat and beauty, had a double soul! Now, do not take on so. Don't; there's a good lady; and ask intelligent Tommy another question, to test the faculty he possesses in such pert richness, a little further."

"How can I ask him?" inquired she, half afraid to prolong the subject. "It distresses me to know he has said as much as he has. I know no more than a child how to appeal to a brain over which the scalp has not yet closed. See here, sir; the top of his head is quite open. The pressure of a feather on it would kill him."

She was about taking off the infant's hat to show the vacancy, when Carmichael interposed, begging, with a tranquil tinge of sarcasm, she would not be rash, as the cold might have even a worse effect on the brain than pressure. "It's too much to expect," added he, "that one so *tender* could bear the exposure this trying weather without danger."

"That's thoughtful of you, sir, very," observed the mother, drawing the mock ermine closer to her neck, and arranging the clothes of the infant which had become disordered in his senseless hilarity. "But what dare I ask?"

"Anything that's uppermost—a leading question, but a very easy one."

"When were you born, my chick-a-biddy?"

No response.

"That's too hard a question. Many a grown-up man couldn't tell you his age; and we cannot hope that a babe should be wiser than one having sixty winters, perhaps, to learn the lesson. Ladies, you know, never mention their ages unless under protest, and then only by making a generous deduction from the reality. The older they are in fact, the younger they are by assertion. Is it reasonable, then, that this infant should know anything about the date of his birth? Certainly not. So vary the question a little, and let it be so simple that his young mind can at once comprehend it."

"How old are you, my duck?"

"*Four months,*" squeaked the ventriloquist, throwing his voice in an attenuated form into the child's mouth. "*Four months, mamma,*" he doggedly repeated.

"Won—der—ful!" shouted Carmichael, balancing himself at least four seconds on each syllable.

"Oh! sir; this quite alarms me," ejaculated the mother, who was going to faint, but thought better of it, waving her pocket-handkerchief before her face to cool her kindled cheeks, whereon sat drops of perspiration like early dew on a couple of damask dahlias. "I hardly know how it is. I did not see his lips move, nor did his eyes seem to be an index to his understanding. How is this? What can it all mean? Do, pray, say something to relieve me from this fright!"

"Why, he's an infant prodigy!" rejoined Carmichael, chopping the baby's chin and pinching his button nose. "Is not that a relief to you? *I* should think so. Such an instance of vocal talent, from one not yet a summer old, is as rare as an unicorn. Did I not hear chubby Tommy for myself, I could not believe that he existed, even in fable."

"Then, do you think he is a monster?" asked the mother, nervously anxious to elicit the opinion, but trusting to hear it in the negative, which she hinted would be most pleasing to her.

"Certainly not; but he's *very* bulky. He's not a cockle-shell, ma'am, is he? No—that he isn't. Were he thrown into the water—"

"Thrown into the water!" repeated she, interrupting, evincing a slight desire to faint.

"I only used the words," returned Carmichael, soothingly, "to illustrate my view of the dear little fellow. Yes; were he thrown into the water, he would displace as much of the element as a small barge—at least, I think so. In this sense—that of mass (a pleasing mass, certainly), he *is* not a monster, but a young Lambert. You see how he's spread out. The largest share of the dickey is his; and were it not that you haul on his immensity from the outside, it would be difficult to prevent him rolling over your knees among the litter on the floor, purposely strewn there to keep *our* feet warm."

"What is all this," she replied, "but saying he is not as other children?"

"In the matter of speech only," said Carmichael, cautiously, shaking his head. "I wish particularly to guard myself against being understood in any other sense."

"No one ever heard him speak," returned the mother, irefully, tugging at the mock ermine, while with the left hand she grasped Tommy round the middle to save him from falling. "There's something beneath this I cannot fathom."

"Heave the lead, ma'am, and try."

"What use would it be? What should I gain by the attempt?"

"Vexation and defeat. If you heave at all, it must be upwards, as a boy throws a ball. Help must come from above; the source from whence your fat son gets his enlightenment."

"Nonsense, sir. I tell you nothing would avail, for I never heard him speak."

"*What a lie, mamma!*" exclaimed Carmichael, assuming the voice and distance of the infant.

"Oh! how rude," remarked the ventriloquist, chidingly.

"You are not aware, evidently, that such graceless language may affect your mother's tender nerves."

"*What do I care?*" screamed the baby, petulantly.

"Fie! fie! you naughty lump of intelligence: you forget the commandment—'Honor thy father and thy mother.'"

"*No I don't.*"

"Don't you? Then shame of you not to abide by it. Where *do* you expect to go to?"

"*To a warm place with mamma,*" replied the infant, the ventriloquist, of course, being the spokesman.

"What a saucebox," remarked Carmichael; "what a fiery furnace he is—isn't he? Why, he's as sharp and impertinent as a cabman, and as peppery as a fighting general tortured with the gout."

"He can't be mine, sir," cried the mother, distractedly, as if some calamity had overtaken her, at the same time glancing fitfully itno every corner of the dickey to discover the cause of the mystery. "What have I done that he should be singled out in this extraordinary manner—sent here, perhaps, to curse me?"

"That cannot be," returned Carmichael, assuringly, touching the tips of his fingers and the tips of his thumbs, and so forming them into a triangle. "What ills we bear in this life," added he, pressing his elbows on his knees, and gazing with rectoral gravity at the mother, "do not come in this objectionable way. What we dread does not spring from a wise interposition. No, let this belief calm you. Our fears are of our own creation; we fashion them, as coiners make money."

"It relieves me to hear you speak so. To take on this way I own is wicked. When the child has got its true shape and make, and his functions in healthy order, I *ought* to be happy."

"You ought, indeed," interposed Carmichael, rising and sticking his hat firmly on the side of his head.

"How much worse," continued the mother, "would have been my lot had Tommy been an infant gazing at me like a Cyclop from the middle of his forehead, or poking my breast with two superfluous arms."

"Four in all, you mean," said Carmichael, slyly, and smiling placidly.

"Yes, certainly."

"Just so. That is a consolation," rejoined Carmichael. "Now, give young chubby-chops the coral that hangs round his neck, and see if he is man enough to acknowledge your kindness."

The mother did so, turning the face of the baby from her towards Carmichael, not caring to witness the arrangement of his features, in framing, as she expected, a taut reply.

There was no answer, however, during which the heedless thing, trying to thrust the coral into his mouth, forced it under his chin, then up to his nostrils, and then among the borders of his cap, laying bare, meanwhile, his big thigh with deep seams across the bulging fat, as high up as the hip, and exposing his round, rolling calf as low as the ankle, from which his white sock curled downwards on his bronze shoe, bearing a pink rosette.

"You should say 'Tah!' my dear," suggested Carmichael.

"*No, I shouldn't,*" screamed the ventriloquist, throwing his voice into the child.

"Oh, yes, you should!" whispered Carmichael, with an instructional air. "Manners become a speaking infant quite as much as a gentleman."

"*Thankee, if you like,*" said the ventriloquist, in stifled tones, for the four months old had now got the coral into his mouth, and the snuffles besides. "*Thankee,*" added he, "*is proper, not 'Tar!' for that's what people daub their palings with.*"

"Astounding!" exclaimed Carmichael, raising both his hands and lowering them again.

"Good heavens! what does this mean?" shouted the bewildered mother. "I can't bear it. Oh! do explain it, sir. Make it out somehow. How has all this come to pass? I could, perhaps, bring myself to believe in what hitherto has been a standing impossibility, were it not associated with mature impudence. Is it not base that one so young should abuse his mother?"

"*Serve you right, mamma, for embracing that gentleman,*' chirped young Tommy, as the ventriloquist moved him.

Carmichael buried his face in his hands, seeming perfectly shocked.

"*I—I* embracing the gentleman!" cried the mother, in mixed rage and trepidation, shaking the infant by both his

shoulders, which operation was further prevented by the persuasive interference of Carmichael. "Why, you wretch!" continued she, "you have commenced to lie as soon as you speak! You *wish* me to do it, do you? so that you may have something to tell your father!"

"*No, I don't!*" returned the ventriloquist, on Tommy's part.

"Yes, you do!" exclaimed the mother, tauntingly. "Are you an imp, that you speak so? Now do, sir," added she, relaxing her temper, and passing a few truant hairs from her forehead to the backs of her ears, "do, for Heaven's sake, tell me all about this mysterious business. You are a family man—five of them you have, you say, and a good wife, I hope. You have heard of phenomena in human nature, as singular as this, I'm sure. What can I do? Should I consult a physician to curb his genius, if that's what it's called, and cut his tongue out?"

"Certainly not; it's horrible to think of," said Carmichael, parenthetically, shuddering.

"Can you, then, offer any suggestion that I can safely follow, to be rid of this torment? You cannot conceive how unhappy the discovery has made me. I could cry my eyes out."

"*And well you might, for you want to kiss the strange gentleman,*" cried the ventriloquist, gauging the infant's voice to a nicety.

"Oh! for shame, Tommy—for shame!" observed Carmichael, manufacturing a pale blush; "your conduct is libellous; and were it known, you would be blackballed by society. You may have made that gross charge against your mamma, in a lark, to tease her; but it's no lark, I assure you. Your mother is the wife of one husband—an honest woman, so I conclude, and as like to kiss me as a chimpanzee."

"*That's what you are,*" squeaked the ventriloquist, the voice seeming to come direct from the infant.

"I'm not surprised, Tommy, at that," said Carmichael, with something of sadness in his manner. "Abusing your amiable mamma as you have done, I could not expect better treatment. If you wish to be admired, you must cultivate a higher standard of excellence than what it seems you have unfortunately acquired. What is beauty without civility?

It's like a tart with bitters in it—like a rattle with too much noise in its bells. After such a display of impudence, after so many falsehoods, even inveighing against the virtue of your dear mamma, I shouldn't wonder if, as a punishment, your jaws became locked at the joints—that is, till you are no longer a wonder, as probably you would have remained, had there been as much truth in your little heart as scurrility in your grievous tongue. The fact is," continued Carmichael, addressing the uneasy mother, "I may say it's an acknowledged fact," added he, rectifying the position of his hat, which, taking a fancy lean to the left, encroached on the limits of his ear, "that, under *peculiar* circumstances, such as *I* am aware of, infants have been known to speak, not only in simple sentences, but in sustained expressions of insolence or pathos, to the gaping amazement of those who heard them. Then, all at once, when removed from those circumstances, they have subsided into their own infant natures, and have not again spoken, unless the peculiar influence I speak of recurs to prompt it—till childhood begins, when, as you know, the thriving urchin first toddles, breaking everything that comes within the sweep of his hands, and next essays its simplest accents. Of those circumstances I need not speak. To explain them in all their fullness would take more time than I can well spare, as I am near the end of my journey. Console yourself, however, that the child does not speak, nor has spoken."

"No!—not spoken!" exclaimed the mother, gratefully surprised.

Carmichael nodded confirmatively.

"Did I not hear him?"

"No. Excuse a denial so bluntly expressed," replied Carmichael, buttoning the lower part of his overcoat, and making ready to descend the dickey when the coach should draw up: "it was his proxy you heard. Though a mystery in itself, yet there is nothing dark or deep in finding that an infant, by an unseen agency can speak. For aught I know, the power that moved in little Tommy, if it possessed him at all, may be in the coach, or mounted on the box, or sitting in this dickey."

As Carmichael was concluding his observations, the vehicle stopped to let him out. He, of course, rose, gave an additional turn to the comforter round his neck, buttoned

his gloves at the wrists, and tapped his hat smartly on his head, as much as to say—"that for you." Then taking his tasselled stick with its silver top in his right hand, and a book of the black art in his left, bade the maternal traveller be of good cheer, and kissed the lively lump wriggling in her arms. By this time the dickey-door was swung back on its hinges, and the steps let down. As he was about to plant his foot on the first step, the lady, rising to her full height, accosted him.

"I think I see it all, sir," cried she, with a sneering curl on her lip, meant to be a compromise between assumed gratitude and suppressed exasperation. "I see it all—all, sir: you imitate voices?"

"Professionally," returned Carmichael, not wishing to embitter her existence by longer dwelling on the recent scene, which had already distressed her more than he bargained for.

"Then you spoke through my child?"

"For your amusement, and so was the unintentional cause of more unhappiness than I hope you will ever suffer again. Think of the affair only to laugh at it. Good-bye, ma'am, good-bye," and Carmichael gracefully raised his hat, and replaced it as he unbent himself from a graceful bow.

The mother was indignant, opening her lips in a scornful grin, and standing well on her firm legs, as if nothing, even a hurricane, could shift her an inch. To improve her strength and her gravity she huddled the infant high up in her arms. At that moment Carmichael turned his back so that he might effect the descent from his seat without peril. Then it was that the mother, lifting her right foot, which had a strong travelling-shoe on it, planted it with a charming absence of hesitation in a quarter where, from experience or traditional information, she knew it would take substantial effect, and kicking him with tremendous force from the dickey, sprawled him on the road.

"That's a slight instalment of a woman's revenge," shouted the mother, at the top of her voice. "Could I clutch you, you villain, I would tear your tongue out for making my son speak before God willed."

Well was it that Carmichael was thoroughly known. In any other locality he would have been soundly mobbed, and would probably have met with little mercy in this, only the

groups around the coach had learned he had been "trying it on professionally with the infant,"—that being the way he earned his bread and a shakedown.

Picking himself up as unostentatiously as possible, and taking off his hat to the pugnacious lady, in approval of her meek chastisement, and then echoing the boisterous laugh of those who witnessed the delicate ejectment, Carmichael limped away in pain, grieved, nevertheless, that he had permitted his humour to tamper with the feelings and trouble the comfort of a mother so fair, with a son so big.

A LARK AFTER OUT-LIGHTS.

VYSE was Carmichael's equal in tricks, gammon, and magic. No less was he accomplished at imitation. He could produce every sound, from the chirp of the sparrow to the rumble of distant thunder, or something like it, and give you the entire series of noises, without a miss, from the moaning of a gouge to the shrieks of a steam-lathe, shearing the skin from a newly-founded gun.

One of the cleverest things I saw him perform, was with a number of pasteboard figures—those grotesque puppets which children buy at fairs, with legs and arms flying in all directions as pulled by a string. He had twelve of them lying on the floor, with intervals between each, to allow them full command over their functions, free also from interruption. They seemed to have no connection with Vyse; and yet, as he sat on the end of a form, a few feet from his little wonders, simply looking at them as they laughed with an unchangeable grimace at the ceiling, he moved them as he willed, now standing upright, as if they had no joints, and now playing antics with comical delight. Not the least remarkable feature of this *corps d'élastique* was the spirit and regularity with which they acquitted themselves. They seemed to be as well in hand, and as sensitive in their members, if it be permitted to liken puppets to artistes, as the "Christy minstrels."

Hearing of his ability with respect to these pasteboard images, Major —— and his daughters, with all the families in the barracks, paid Vyse a visit after roll-call, to see him marshal his little troupe. It being known that the major was coming, everything was in holiday array for his reception. That night Vyse more than astonished his audience. All the figures he made stand at attention, as though they were pinned by stakes in position, and salute the guests with the formality of recruits. Then, as if in gratitude for the visit, they footed it most joyously to the tune of "Merrily Danced the Quaker's Wife," as Vyse whistled it, till, from

seeming fatigue, they fell, reposing on the scene of their exploits.

Nothing did Vyse omit to make the evening an entertaining one. His ventriloquism was exemplified in various humorous situations, all happily conceived and excellently performed. The chimney dialogue—a stock piece at this period—with some new features of interest, was introduced. He also personated a few well-known military characters, which were received with rib-breaking applause. As, moreover, there was nothing to pay, the treat of course was intensely rich.

Before it was known that Vyse possessed this strange power, the fit being on him so that he could not suppress it, he determined, one dark night, to see how a display of the art would succeed in a barrack-room. He prudently held his counsel, popped into bed after out-lights, and then discussing with his next neighbour some trifling matter in which neither of them had the slightest personal concern, it gradually died off for want of excitement, and the comrade resolved soundly into his first sleep. Such, too, was the fate of the sapper on Vyse's left; but to be certain that he was genuinely unconscious of surrounding objects and of the chances of starting at a noise, he turned himself over, and bidding his comrade "good-night" in a rather high key, was answered by a long, heavy breath, that apparently worked itself upwards from his very toes, and a vulgar, uproarious snore, as if he had taken a supper of oyster-shells and old locks.

Vyse's bed was midway between the door and the further wall on the window side. The corporal's was in the distant corner near the cupboard, by the side of a mass of brickwork, stretching about eight feet into the room, and forming a clumsy arch to a flight of steps leading from the outside to the vaults. Above this encroachment to the ceiling was a vacant space railed in, used as a lumber-store for dirty boots, pieces of boxes, accoutrements, and other odds and ends. All round the room beds were arranged, to the number of twenty and more, and the occupants were in them, some snoring, some smoking, and some talking over the incidents of the day, while the corporal, now and then, as if disturbed in a dream, called them to "silence," without any attention being paid to his orders, or any attempt on his part of insist-

ing on obedience. While this hubbub continued, Vyse could not conveniently proceed; and since his comrades, whom he had tried to keep awake, had covered themselves up on their hard beds in luxurious repose, he could only wait patiently till the moment came, as yet still distant, to begin the fun he purposed to engage in, and enjoy in secret his triumph.

Gradually the voices began to weaken; the red ashes in the several pipes to become invisible; the humming and whistling of amateur musicians to hush, and speech itself to cease. Beyond a few coughs, and the first slow breathings of incipient sleep, all was still.

"Corporal!" shouted Vyse, throwing his voice into the lumber-store close to the railing, and making it appear as if coming from a very friendly party. "Corporal! get up instantly, for there is a row brewing."

"A what?" roared the corporal, easily aroused, rising on his elbows.

"A row," returned the voice in the lumber-store.

"Where? I hear nothing," said the corporal, unruffled by apprehension. "It's a false alarm. Who's up there? How on earth did you get into the store? Is it robbing me you are?"

"How big you talk," replied the voice; "one would fancy by the way you speak you had a jeweller's shop up here, instead of a store of rags for cleaning windows and buggy bedsteads."

"Come down this instant," commanded corporal Manley, irefully, shifting himself so that one leg hung out of the bed.

"That's what I want," replied the voice; "but you must be civil, or I'll see you in flames first. It's not so easy to descend as you think."

"Why not?" inquired the corporal, gazing steadily at the dark openings of the railing.

"I'm locked in," laughed the voice; "it's a fine joke, isn't it, corporal?"

"It's strange how you effected an entrance, and the key at my girdle. There's a false key somewhere; a knave to use it, and a treacherous accomplice to play the rogue a scurvy trick: but I'll put an end to *your* sport, however, and introduce you sooner than'll meet with your approbation to the weak terrors of a genial cell, where you'll enjoy

as much light as you can get through an iron brick with five holes in it, and where you'll find ample occupation in stopping rat-holes and studying the architecture of clustering and festooning cobwebs."

So saying, corporal Manley scrambled out of bed. Finding the key, he mounted a small ladder, and opening the wicket, called the intruder to come forth. Not making his appearance with the celerity he expected, Manley vaulted into the lumber-store, searched among the pieces of boxes, old boots, and fragments of wearing apparel, and also in the corners, but no one was present to capture and confine.

"And did you think you'd find me?" asked the ventriloquist, shifting his voice to the centre of the room. "Why, you stupid fellow, it would be as easy to catch a sunbeam as me."

The corporal was puzzled, and bit his lips vexatiously. He could not make it out; it was inexplicable: but suddenly he assigned a reason for the escape. It was not his zeal that was at fault, but his hearing. To prevent the fleas from leaping into his ears and worrying him to death, he had crammed into the passages of those intricate convolutions as much wool as would fill a piccolo. It was not to be wondered at, then, that the thief crept away in silence, and bounded from the latter unheard.

"Very likely," replied Manley, removing the wool from his ears. "Clever rogues like you," continued he, locking the wicket and descending the ladder, "though eluding one's hold like water, and defying one's grasp like a gleam of sunshine on the wall, are caught sometimes, as our full gaols too painfully prove. I'll trap you, however, and let justice do the rest."

"Don't be so sure of that," hinted the ventriloquist, tranquilly, directing his voice nearer to Manley, who was disposing of the lumber-store key and the wool: but what further was said by Vyse was lost in the noise occasioned by the impetuous corporal springing in the dark about five yards after a something invisible to human recognition, and striking violently against a table. Down it went with a clatter, trestles and all, besides a score of basins and plates, which rolled and smashed in all directions. While Manley, who was much hurt, was lifting himself up and limping towards his bed, a hearty laugh, seemingly ringing from one close to his shoulder,

made him reel sharply round. Out went his arms at the moment, ploughing the air in sweeps to seize the disturber; but they only closed on himself: then running in pursuit of a phantom of his own creation, which he fancied was the hero of the lumber-store, he beat the darkness with needless courage, and finally dashing against one of the posts supporting the ceiling, down he went on the broad of his back, stunned and bleeding. On the floor he lay fully a minute, blowing hard and kicking, till renewed laughter pealing in his ears restored him to consciousness.

This was the first act, Vyse desisting to take breath and permit the corporal of the room to gather himself up and recover some of his lost strength. Manley retired to his bed again, not to sleep, but to nurse his nose, the bleeding from which he soon stopped by applying the blade of the cold shovel to the nape of his neck, and a large cold key to the injured organ itself. This done, he slipped to the foot of his bed, sitting on the corner edge, to be ready, should the interloper renew his pranks, to pounce on him.

Time being up, the ventriloquist turned on his right side, effected a short cough to clear away some obstruction in the vocal tubes, and began the second act.

"Sentry!" shouted Vyse, pitching his voice towards the bed by the door; "sentry!"

"What do you want?" bellowed the duty-man, slowly measuring his post, huddled up to the eyes with coat collar and comforter to keep out the nipping cold.

"Tell the corporal of the guard to come to No. 4 with a file of men instantly," directed Vyse, assuming Parkins's voice.

"By whose order?" returned the sentry, in a loud but muffled tone.

"Corporal Manley's," returned the ventriloquist.

"Corporal of the guard!" roared the sentry without, as if it were necessary to burst every vein in his body to make himself heard. It required a strong summons to reach that functionary, for the sentry who had received the order was in the rear square, and the guard-room was in the front one, embowered among trees with low spreading branches. The bell-ringers at the church a mile off might have heard him had not the wind just then set up a howling of its own.

"'Pon my life that's cool," said Manley, dropping his legs into his trousers and securing the waistbands: "very cool. You won't be still, then, Master Parkins? I've found you out, have I? No one can mistake that voice, and my head'll not be cold till you answer for it. Why the devil did *you* call for the corporal of the guard? Who ordered you; eh? What cause was there for it? Are you drunk or mad that you behave so?"

No answer, for Parkins was as dead to outward sense as an arm-chest. The corporal would see for himself; and striding towards the door, striking at the faint shadows thrown in his way by the dim oil-flame over the gate at the rear entrance, began to shake that obstinately somnolent individual, who was as ignorant of the stir as if he were in his grave. This was evident to the corporal, who, feeling as if he could not be reasonable under any circumstances, was nevertheless indisposed to call for explanations that would lead to no certain result.

While creeping to his bed again, his eyes opened to their widest to take in a glance of the mischievous fellow who had caused him so much pain and uneasiness. As a dull, shadowy object seemed to pass lazily before him, he crouched down for an instant and watched it. Still it moved; it was no illusion; and as he was about to strike at it, Vyse, changing the position of his voice to a bed near the fireplace, again called for the "sentry" with exasperated energy. "Bring the guard instantly," added he, "or we shall have murder."

"A mutiny, by Heaven!" exclaimed the corporal, with indignant earnestness. "That's a precious sharp tool to use, Carter. I know you, sir. Old birds don't usually stand to have salt put on their tails, nor to be caught with chaff. Who do you think *I* am? Less than they, of course, or you would not try to deceive me. Play with the tool a little longer, Carter, and you'll cut your legs from under you. Do you mean to say it wasn't you that spoke?" proceeded the corporal, advancing cautiously over the broken basins and plates towards his bed. "I know it was."

"I know it wasn't," replied Vyse, imitating Carter's voice.

"You must prove that to the major," returned Manley. "Get up this moment, sir, and come with me to the guard-room."

But Carter lay still, stretched on his back, with his mouth open and a pipe in his fist, the shank resting on a tooth in the lower jaw, from which it seemingly could not move, as the elbow of the smoking-arm was supported by his right hand.

"You are mistaken, corporal," said the voice, which Vyse this time pitched under the only standing table. "If you confine Carter, I shall volunteer evidence that will place you, perhaps, with old Hawkes in the lunatic asylum at Hoxton."

"Thank you for nothing," rejoined Manley, satirically, walking over to the table. "*You* are not only not mischievous, but merciful. Hawkes and I comrades at Hoxton! that's rich!—kind! How you'll exult to see me there, won't you?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the voice from under the table, as before.

"Oh! you're there are you, Emmet?" asked Manley, sneeringly. "*You* are my lumber-store friend, after all, aye?" continued he, upsetting the table, in hopes of striking the rascal in the ribs with one of its iron-bound edges. "Now, where are you?"

"Here, sound in wind and limb, feeling a large measure of delight that the snare to bind me has not yet been masterly set," rejoined the restless, chuckling voice, in a distant corner, varying it, as if he were gliding about the room. "Well," continued the ventriloquist, "to say the best of you, you're a clumsy hand at the business. If sense is to be tested by the tact it evinces, you haven't enough to circumvent a tomtit. Poor fellow, I pity you. Never mind, though you haven't as much brain as would fill a walnut-shell, I bear no animosity. So come, let's have a hearty shake over the matter, if you can bear it, and make friends once more."

"I ought, certainly, after *such* compliments," replied Manley; "but I know nothing of compromise. Surrender first, and then talk of terms."

"Don't you wish you may get it?" said the voice, and Vyse turned over again, clearing his throat by a scarcely audible effort.

"Hang the fellow, where is he?" returned Manley, angrily striking the post, and so evincing a ferocity of manner unusual to his nature. "I'm sure it's Carter. Speak, I say, is it you, Carter?"

"No!" shouted the person addressed, who had heard the row from the beginning, and was puzzled what to think of it. Indeed, it took him so much by surprise he was petrified, and this accounts for his inability to remove the half-finished pipe from his mouth, which remained lying on a worn grinder when Manley examined the presumed disturber. "How could I speak at the post," added he, "and be lying here at the same time? How can you reconcile that? You are mistaken."

"And I can corroborate it," chimed in the ventriloquist, again sending his voice from the post against which Manley was leaning. "Ha! ha!" laughed the voice, "the corporal's bewildered! He's like a straw in a storm—everywhere and nowhere; carried by a breath whither he knows not, and cannot understand."

This remark was delivered with taunting emphasis, and seemed to come from an open mouth near Manley's startled ear. Gently the corporal moved about, so as not to be heard; and then, diving round the post, threw out his arms with the earnest intention of capturing some one, but simply clutched the darkness.

"Well," said he, musingly, "this puts my pipe out. A disturber to be so long at large, and no one to catch him. Will no one help me? You see how it is, men; it's as much for your comfort as mine; and every one should lend a hand. In defying me, he defies you. Do not be thwarted. Come, turn out some volunteers; and if we follow him sturdily, however artful his windings, he cannot escape our united efforts."

No one was disposed to move, but several advised him to return to his bed, believing that the disturbance would die out for want of notice, if he would be still and go to sleep.

"This row must be stopped," observed Vyse, throwing his voice near the window furthest from the door. "It's disgraceful. Sentry!" shouted he, hoarsely, "is the guard coming?"

"Yes," roared the sentry from without.

"Well," mumbled the corporal, moodily, pacing up and down the room with his arms folded, "I've been in many a queer plight, but this bangs all. I shall now wait till the escort arrives, and then we may discover something of this mystery."

This concluded the second act. Now for the third.

The corporal of the guard and two men appeared, wrapped up in greatcoats, with chacoes on their heads, and stout coloured handkerchiefs tied over the collars of their coats to keep the cold air from affecting their throats. Their bayonets were drawn. One carried a lantern which, apparently, had been cleaned in the year when the treaty of Amiens was signed, or thereabouts. Thus the lantern was of little use; but to make it available to the utmost extent of its limited power, its creaking door was opened, and the illuminator (which was the end of a sickly dip, eight to the pound) was held high overhead and humored by the hand that bore it. The object of this was to diffuse the light, and render the shadows less deep than would have been the case had the lantern been held as one would carry a man's dinner to the guard-house. The other sentry followed, using his eyes, just peering over the edge of his coat-collar, with detective vigilance.

"What's the matter here?" asked the corporal of the guard, authoritatively. "Who called me?"

"Heaven knows," replied Manley, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking as if he had been severely punished in a hard fight. "I did not call you; but one of the men did. For five minutes and more, with no end of injury to myself and a cold to boot, I've been endeavouring to track the fellow."

"Search the room," commanded the corporal of the guard, with the vigour of a functionary not to be trifled with. "Play the light, Orme, under every bed, and you, Meldrum, probe with your bayonet. You take post at the door, corporal Manley, and I'll keep watch on the corners. If the delinquent's to be found, this is the plan to ferret him out."

"You'll find him in the moon," suggested the ventriloquist, as if he occupied a bed under the store.

"That's Jamieson's voice," shouted Manley, pointing out his bed to the guard.

"Ascertain whether he's asleep," ordered the corporal of the guard; and the escort, with lantern and drawn bayonets, went in that direction.

"He's fast," exclaimed Meldrum, satisfying himself of the fact by a close examination of the sleeper's features. "You

might drive the parade roller over him and then not wake him."

"I'll vouch for that," said Vyse, sending his voice a few beds from the fireplace.

"Tupper spoke then," cried Manley. "There's his bed" (pointing to it), "two from the fireplace. Perhaps he's the fellow after all."

Away went the escort. Tupper was awake and smiling, with his knees drawn up, forming his bed-clothes into a tent for the cold air to enter and warm itself.

"So you're the man, aye?" demanded Orme. "Bundle out now and come with us."

"Dress yourself Tupper, and bring your greatcoat," commanded the corporal of the guard.

"What for?" inquired Tupper, straightening his knees and releasing the cold air, at the same time composing his head on his hands, which he had just calmly placed on the bolster. "Tell me what I've done," added he, with a jocose grin, "and if the charge be true I'm not the man to give you trouble."

"He can't tell you," cried Vyse, speaking as if he were in Aplin's bed. "Both Meldrum and Orme can see you are innocent. *I'm* the man, and catch me if you can. You'll tire in this race, corporal, so you may as well take the guard away. The fact is, in looking for me you are searching for something that has no identity" (the escort was stealing towards Aplin's bed, and to conceal the movement, Orme closed the door of the lantern, and put the light under the tails of his greatcoat). "The real cause of the mischief, however, has identity; the tables on the floor, the forms and trestles capsized, and the basins and plates smashed to smithereens prove this" (the escort was close to Aplin's bed, and, gently pressing back the sleeper's clothes, played the light on his face). The voice continued. "Did you ever see such havoc?"

"Aplin's the man!" cried Meldrum, astonished; "but he's so dead asleep, a dash of thunder in his ears wouldn't wake him."

"Who did it, I ask? Who did it?" inquired the voice, imitating that of Aplin.

"We have it at last," remarked Orme.

"Aplin's the man," said the corporal of the guard! "but he's evidently dreaming."

"No doubt of it," rejoined Manley, glad to find a solution for the mystery.

"Who did it, I ask?" inquired Vyse, shouting from Stafford's bed, near the door. "It was the corporal! It was Manley!"

"Was it?" questioned the corporal of the guard; "but who are you?"

"Stafford," said the corporal of the room.

"You're wrong again. *I'm* the fellow to tell you off," returned the voice, carelessly. "It was the corporal who made the row, and frightened the most of us into a sleep from which the half of us will never recover."

"I'll swear that's Wilmer," exclaimed Manley; and the escort, pushing over to his bed, gazed fixedly at the quiet man, who, though wide awake, was evidently not the aggressor.

"Was it you?" asked Orme, turning the light on his face.

"Not I," replied Wilmer. "I'm not the spark for a lark."

"That I believe," returned Meldrum and Orme simultaneously. "Duped again, corporal," remarked Meldrum. "Wilmer's as innocent as a nun."

"By 'The Three Daws,'" exclaimed the corporal of the guard, swearing by the sign of a notable house he used to frequent, "all this is wondrous strange. Go where we will, we find the supposed speakers asleep or obviously disconnected with the affair. Still, there's a conspiracy afoot, for if we pursue the voice to the spot from whence it proceeds, we are immediately baulked by its recurring in another place. If there be no plot, the room is haunted, that's clear. How else could this come to pass? The demon of mischief surely is in your midst."

While the corporal of the guard was endeavouring to account for the disturbances by attributing them to a mysterious agency, which Orme and Meldrum at once set down among things impossible, noises were heard in the passage as of men quarrelling. The angry dialogue had its origin in the ventriloquist, who, moreover, represented with singular fidelity the reciprocation of blows delivered with amazing force, accompanied by a few rather coarse epithets. All rushed out of the room to take the combatants into

custody; but as soon as the corporals and escort appeared, they vanished into No. 4, to fight it out among the fallen utensils and broken crockery. Returning again with open lantern and gleaming bayonets, the guard followed the unseen pugilists, hunting about the room with all the ardour of men expecting great reward. They now were huddled up in a corner, when, hearing the hard breathing of one apparently exhausted from over-exertion, the lantern was lowered, and three bayonets were pushing their gentle points in every direction with no other purpose than, by a slight incision, to remind the offenders they were prisoners on parole till captured. From this mild occupation they were relieved by hearing the conflict, with increased fury, renewed outside the back entrance, one head, to all appearance, being knocked by a ferocious hand against the sentry-box, and sounding dull, like a bell with a clip on its rim.

"Take that," stormed Vyse, throwing his voice into the body of the beaten antagonist. "You are one of corporal Manley's chums, are you? You'll do for me, will you? You'll split, have me tried, and all that, aye? I dare say you will; but I'll take care you don't. Do you want any more? Does the corporal, your chum? Let *him* try his hand and see if his stripes will secure him from less than you've gained. You want some more, do you? Well, as you like." And the head, like a big stone, was dashed against the sentry-box, which, seemingly, crashed with the blow. There was a moan, a deep, rolling groan, hoarse and agonizing, and all was still.

"My God!" cried Manley, pale with terror, "that's Fosberry. Run like good fellows and see if he still breathes. I would help you, but I've no stockings on, and might catch my death. Carry him at once to the hospital, and do the best you can to save him. Carter, get up and dress. Tupper, slip on your clothes. Up with you, Jamieson, and help, and you too, Sorell. Be alive now, all of you, and bear him to the hospital. It's plain murder, that's what it is, and Hassell's the man that's done it. What a character we shall all get, what a blight to wither our bays!"

The corporal and his escort were soon on the spot, but neither Fosberry nor his opponent could be seen. They searched the square as far as the passage leading to the five cells, examined every inch of the area, and every nook and

corner and the sentry-box, with a fruitlessness that astonished them.

"Did you hear anything, sentry?" roared the corporal of the guard.

"All's well ten minutes ago," replied the sentry, gruffly, pacing with unrelaxed quickness on his beat.

"Nothing else, aye?"

"Rats in plenty, squealing and kicking up a blessed shindy between the ash-pit and the cook-house," replied the sentry, coming to a stand. "They run like fleet racers and fight like devils."

"Nothing else?" repeated the corporal.

"No," responded the sentry, in a muffled tone, through the collar of his greatcoat and the comforter over it.

"Are you sure of that?" returned Meldrum.

"Certain," ejaculated the sentry, apparently vexed at being so needlessly interrogated. "I suppose you want to make out I've been asleep on my post?"

"Is not this perplexing?" observed the corporal of the guard, not deigning to notice the indignant question of the sentry. "This is a night of mystery. Here we have been for a full quarter of an hour trying to find out the originator of all this row. That certainly was a fight, wasn't it?"

"I'll swear it was," replied Orme, closing the door of the lantern, and aiming at the flame with the point of his weapon through a break in the horn.

"And I'll take my oath of it," followed Meldrum, wiping the moisture from the blade of his bayonet to preserve it from rust, and so save him labour in cleaning it.

"I thought I could not be deceived," remarked the corporal; "but where can Fosberry and Hassall be? Yet it's marvellous that the sentry never heard the blows and the groans. How can this be accounted for? It's extraordinary —mystery on mystery. The devil, I am sure, is in the barracks."

By this time the corporal and the escort, with lantern and drawn bayonets, returned into the room. The former was much concerned, fearing that a man would die untended, and justice be deprived of a victim. The latter, unable to reconcile what they had heard and witnessed to any phenomena with which they were acquainted, regarded the affair as an amusing plot, in which every one was sworn to

play his part and be secret. Though muffled up to the ears, it could be seen they were composed; and as if to show they had no sympathy with the corporal's vague belief in the mysterious, Meldrum carved his initials on the post, and Orme pricked up the hard tallow from the bottom of the lantern, which, till then, was like the model of a chalk district, exhibiting varying contours, from a molehill to a mountain.

Manley was astonished to learn that the pugilists had not been found. The blow on the head, the curses, and the moans, could not be mistaken. Past question, it was a real fight, and the combatants ought to have been tracked. Why were they not? Reflection was powerless to offer any tangible reason for the failure. It was no use musing further. All must act resolutely or give it up, and the corporal of the guard, remarking that the only remaining plan to bring the affair to an issue was to call the roll, sent Orme for the book, who quickly brought it.

"Is the guard-room all right?" asked the corporal, as Orme handed him the roll-call book.

"It's not on fire, that's certain," replied Orme, drawing his bayonet from the scabbard, and smiling.

"That's satisfactory," responded the corporal of the guard, opening the book to No. 4 room. "Now for the roll;" and he began to run over the names as Manley pointed out the beds, and Meldrum saw that each was present, assisted by Orme's light.

"Fosberry!" cried the corporal of the guard.

Corporal Manley took the guard to that individual's berth.

"Why, here he is, asleep!" shouted Meldrum, at the top of his voice.

"Wake him," proposed Manley.

This was done after some little trouble, and the startled man, surprised with the visit and clutching his clothes as if he felt them moving from him, asked, with the confusion of partial consciousness—

"What's the row? what—what's the row? Why can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you all right?" inquired Manley.

"To be sure I am," answered Fosberry, half asleep. "What the devil are you disturbing me for? I'm not for guard or picquet," and turning himself from his visitors with a heavy roll, lugged the bed-clothes from their hold, and

bared his back to the escort, which, being observed by Manley, he rectified the defect by tucking him up warmly.

They then walked over to Hassell's bed. He, too, was asleep, so calm, it was plain he had not, for many years, been engaged in any exertion. He was cool, pale, and snoring, with his knees drawn up to his chin, and the fingers of his underhand pressing on his nose, which was turned up like the back of a bill-hook, as much as to say, "what do you think of it?"

The escort was more than ever convinced of the existence of a plot with which Hassell, as testified by his charming repose, was unconnected. The corporal of the guard agreed with them, but could not divest himself of the notion, after rambling through a forest of thought and suggestion, but that some disembodied genius was the spirit of the disturbances. However, he was not to be diverted from his purpose by the insinuations of imagination. He would complete the check-roll, and, by this means, the last in his power, detect, if possible, the guilty parties. Accordingly, he went round to every bed, and saw a head in every one of them. This was not enough. He was awake to the artifice of substituting a dressed-up mop for one designing to break out of barracks, and to make himself sure that his vigilance had not been imposed upon, he examined every face, staring intently at every eye, closed or open, and nodded his head with curious gravity as he crept from bed to bed unable to discover a mop, or a man absent.

As everything was quiet, and the guard could render no further assistance, the corporal and his men retired, sheathing their bayonets and shutting the lantern door.

Through the night they talked over the occurrences in which they had just been engaged, without arriving at any definite idea of the cause, beyond what is implied in the word "trick." The corporal, nevertheless, was inclined to ascribe all to the wanderings of an ingenious spirit, taking no shape that could be recognized by mortal vision.

Manley, left in the dark, groped his way to bed, and, throwing himself into it, ruminated on recent events with dull weariness for more than two hours. At last he fell into a luscious slumber, with his heavy arm lying across his heart. Its weight, impeding the circulation of his system, brought about a tormenting dream, in which was revived, with

all the bitterness of obstinate annoyance, the strange scenes through which he had lately passed. "Help! help!" he screamed, a fierce hand seeming to press on his throat, permitting only stifled cries to escape him. "Help!" he cried again, the exclamation of distress gurgling in its passage; and, turning on his side, his cold and benumbed arm went with him, and he was relieved. It was the nightmare that had disturbed him, but the last thought that occupied his mind as he dropped to sleep again was, that some troubled wretch from the other world had made an awkward mistake in paying him a visit, instead of conferring the honour on one more entitled to it. So ended the third act, and now, in a few words, for the wind-up.

Next morning, most of the men, not knowing what had taken place the previous night, looked on the spoliations before them with strange misgivings, treading lightly about the room for fear of encountering the splinters of crockery and gashing their feet. The corporal, too, was up betimes, watching every countenance with a searching gaze, to ascertain if any peculiarity of action or glimmer of the eye offered him sufficient reason to throw suspicion on any one. There was, however, no clue, no indication that he could seize upon to implicate any of his men. He was satisfied, therefore, that the whole affair sprang from a deeper design than penetration could, unassisted, fathom; and not, as he had fancied the over-night, from some troubled spirit. In short, he was convinced it was a conspiracy, got up for amusement, and capitally carried out.

When he found that he could not discover the perpetrators, he told his comrades what had occurred, and how he and the corporal of the guard, and two of his men, for more than half an hour, spent their zeal and their patience in useless endeavours to find out the mystery. He stated that it was he who had upset the tables and trestles, and smashed the basins and plates, for which he would pay. He told them, moreover, pointing to his chipped nose, of his hazards and injuries. The men heard in silent wonderment; some seemed bewildered at the relation, others doubted it, a few, who had been awake, confirmed it, and the rest expressed themselves mortified that they had not been aroused to witness the fun and enjoy it.

"Well," said corporal Manley, good-humouredly, "it's past now, though not forgotten. Still, I should like to know something of those extraordinary proceedings, and, if a sovereign will bring them to light, I shall be happy to place it at the disposal of the informant."

"There's a chance," cried Fosberry, who, pulling on a painfully-tight boot, rested a moment to ventilate his opinion on the point.

"Capital, capital," chimed in Wilmer, lathering his chin for a shave. "You'll not better that to-day."

"It's spirited, to say the least," remarked Tupper, striking the ashes from a short, black pipe.

"Plucky and generous," said Carter, arranging the locks on his temples with fastidious gracefulness.

"And ought to be taken," suggested Jamieson, scrubbing a very small brush over an uncommonly large boot. "There should, however, be no reports."

"Nor back-slaps," interposed Hassell, stropping his razor.

"Nor ramming in the guard-room," said Emmet, parenthetically.

"Certainly not," rejoined Jamieson, turning the heel of his boot to the brush. "If," added he, motioning the brush to assist his earnestness, "the fellow who did the business so well, will split, he should, beforehand, be guaranteed against harm or consequences, and the whole room should enjoy the sovereign at the 'Royal Oak.'"

"Quite right," cried the corporal of the guard, who had just stepped in with the escort to inquire about the matter. "I second that motion."

"Of course," cried Meldrum. "That's fair; and as I had something to do in the affair, I move, that myself and Orme join in the conviviality at the 'Oak.'"

"I second that motion," said Orme, gaily.

"Agreed," rejoined corporal Manley, resting his fingers on the table, as if he were about to make a long speech. "I hold myself bound to everything proposed."

"Without reservation?" inquired Tupper, cutting his chin in his anxiety to make doubt on every point impossible.

"And a full pardon to the offender?" said Carter, tucking up his shirt-sleeves to the shoulders for an ablution.

"Yes," replied Manley, with composed resolution. "All shall be forgiven. I'm never very flush, as you know, but

just now I've a spare sovereign pitching about my till, which I may as well spend at old Galloway's as lose it by some one breaking open my box and mistaking it for his own."

Enigmas baffle one for a time but find their solution in the end. Such was the end of the "lark after out-lights." Vyse, when he saw that he was protected by promises from penalties which, under other circumstances, he would have been subjected to, broke confidence in himself. He told everything, amid roars of laughter, which, heard in every room, brought all the inmates of the barracks into No. 4 with a rush; but, as many of his comrades doubted his talent in an art which, as yet, but few men in England had taken up as a profession, he convinced them of his power by giving some curious illustrations of ventriloquism, and reproducing the fighting incident of the over-night. All were amused and gratified; and the occupants of No. 4, with the corporal of the guard and his escort, celebrated, at Manley's expense, the termination of the mystery, at the "Royal Oak," that night.

COMFORT FIRST: LAW AFTER.—Whenever duty permitted, sergeant Hill spent his leisure in the fields. His way, one day, lay across an unmown meadow, skirted by a lawn-like path, and by another, further on, newly made of uncemented gravel, stones, broken bricks, flints, and chalk. No room was left for choice, for the pedestrian was directed by a caution board to take the rough track, and threatened with an action for trespass, if found on the field. "That's all stuff," thought Hill; so he walked on the forbidden green. When about half way across, the owner of the soil, as if by magic, dropped into sight, and rudely accosted the wayfarer—

"Hallo, soldier! where are you going?"

"What's that to you?" cried Hill.

"Why are you walking on the grass," asked the mercurial freeholder, "contrary to the warning on the board?"

"For ease and comfort, to be sure."

"What do you suppose the gravel path was made for?"

"Why," shouted Hill, "to put people to inconvenience, and wear out their boots!"

For a wonder, the reply was satisfactory, and the sergeant was permitted to continue his constitutional ramble unmolested.

DOWNWARDS.

THE name of Edward Mark Councill has lately passed into the calendar, among criminals of second-rate atrocity. It has also figured largely in the columns of the London press. Having thus become a notoriety, a few particulars of Edward's career may be permitted in pages which indulge in romantic incidents and strange biographies.

Councill was born at St. Bride's, Dublin, on the 25th December, 1796—as he himself stated, with wonderful minuteness—at five minutes to seven o'clock P.M. Of his early history nothing is known, but when he had reached the height of five feet six inches, and had plenty of hair on his head (an ornament he much lacked in later days) he enlisted into the corps in May, 1812.

"I had no difficulty," wrote he in 1843, "in passing the doctor. Was sent to Woolwich where I soone learned my drill. Was sent to Chatham. Was not long there until I was apointed a monator boath in the arithmetic room and in the practical geometry room. Then was apointed lance-corporal, assistant drill, and fugleman to the detachment. All this was before I was seventeen years of age, although I was returned eighteen when I listed; but that was serjeant Pengelly's wisdom, which turned out to my advantage ultimately."

When Councill enlisted, the school at Chatham was just established. To select such a man for a monitor it must have been wretchedly off for instructors. Still, he was a fair accountant and geometrician, and could write well, but his spelling, as the above specimen testifies, was execrable.

Than Teddy, the exquisite, few men in the corps were smarter. He was apt, ready, and sharp. His gait and appearance were soldierlike, and his figure erect. No wonder that so dapper and tight a youth was made lance-corporal, and filled the offices he names. In military dexterity he outstripped his comrades. None but a quick eye and a steady hand, capable of much manual exertion and neat action, could go through the complicated antics of a fugleman. In carrying out this pet duty, he occupied a foremost place on the flank of the parade, and there, with the sleight of hand

of a juggler, handled his musket, marking, by his unimpeachable precision, the movements of an admiring battalion. That office is now obsolete, and its fantastic manœuvres, unknown in the ranks of the present day, are fast wearing away from the memories of the pensioners.

Overreaching the service with respect to his age, he always looked upon as a secret. It was perjury, no less; but sergeant Pengelly, he declared, was the aggressor, not him. Not morally guilty of misrepresentation, he accepted the mistake and its advantages with ungrudged thankfulness, and was too astute to allow any feeling of rectitude, in subsequent life, to have the question righted. But after he was discharged, and had obtained the benefit of what, at one time, he called his "little lie," he communicated to me, in confidence, how he had unwittingly, when he knew no better, permitted himself to be the principal in a disgraceful perjury; and though he much regretted it, he did not think, since conscience was unwilling to make a sacrifice, it was his business to explain the error, and insist on the forfeiture of a portion of his pension.

"I hope," he writes, "you will keep this to yourself, as I would not wish it to be known now." It was a useless secret, that might have been told a thousand times without being noticed, for the government, to put an end to interminable litigation on this vexed question, had, years before, determined that the "attestation" was the only document that could be admitted to substantiate a soldier's age.

"When I was promoted," proceeds Councill, "I was very inocent and easy perswaided." (No doubt of it. Irrefragable modesty alone compelled him to confess it.) "In fact," he adds, "I am so to this day, notwithstanding all I have seen and experienced during a number of years abroad and at home. Some crafty fellows," (Councill cannot be reckoned of the number, for in his own estimation, he was the impersonation of virtuous simplicity,) "put their heads together, that was jelouse of me being taken notice of before themselves, although they were bright fellows" (by inference Teddy was brighter than they, and he might have said so, had not his unassuming disposition prevented an allusion so personal and flattering) "because" (he must confess what he conceived to be the truth) "I was always activer at drill, more intelligent in the scools, and much readyer in learning the field duties." (There is a seeming blaze of arrogance here; but we must ascribe it, as Councill would wish it should, to the manly warmth of modest conviction.)

In spite of opposition, Edward Mark Councill retained his stripes, and his fame as a geometrician, fugleman, and model

sapper. Although "inocent," and easily "perswaided," he could never make acquaintances. With his comrades he was pompous, bragging of his ancestry, extolling his education and attainments, priding himself on his appearance, and reflecting on theirs. A company-man, piqued at some caustic observation Councill once ventured against his friend, who was silent under the castigation, attacked the "monator" in a way that rather staggered him.

"Aquila non capit muscas?" said he, interrogatively.

"Spake in plain English, i' ye plase," replied Councill. "If avil must be insinuated against me, let it not be in Latin, but in our own free an' aisy varnacular."

"Eagles don't eat flies, then."

"Nor do I."

"Perhaps not; but I have heard, when high in your boasting, that you claim to be like him."

"If his *caracter* and majesty may be taken, symbollically, to represent a crayture, of coorse I do."

"Granted. But the soaring eagle descends, as you are aware, from his lofty eyrie, to feed on foul and fetid things below."

"He must live, musn't he?"

"Without doubt. And that king of his tribe dies and rots in the valley, beneath the sky-crowned mountain-top."

"Don't I know that; and what of it, pray?"

"In your importance you liken yourself to him. If you resemble him in one point you resemble him in all. The day then is coming when you, like him, will feed on things as foul, and die as uncared for and unpitied, not perhaps in a valley, but in some proscribed land beyond the seas."

"You affect the prophetic," replied the "monator," grimly smiling.

"Not the least. Pride as disgusting as yours is sure to end ignobly."

"Nobly, you mane; but niver mind. Were you worth quarrellin' with, I could say a few odd things that 'ud make you wince. I know myself betther, howiver; an' I lave you to fancy what good bradin' suppresses. Yet, though you have a world of impidince to back you, I'm shure that refliction, if you can use it wisely, will tache you that I could not urge a word in complimint of a vulgar-souled costermonger like you."

After being trained at Chatham, he was sent to the Peninsula, arriving in time to share in the final throes of the siege of San Sebastian. The first night he was in the trenches, the French made a sortie, in which he was knocked over, suffering a few kicks and bruises. At the storming on the 31st of August, 1813, he was a volunteer, taking the place of Tom M'Cann, whose wife begged this mercy at his hands, to which, like a feeling soldier, he acceded. Under lieutenant Barry of the engineers, he behaved gallantly as one of the ladder-party, and though Clarke, his fellow bearer, was killed, succeeded in placing his ladder. For more than two hours he was in the thick of the struggle, exposed all the time, as he expressed it himself, to a "tremendious fire of musquttree and cannon from the Black and Eagle batteries." His comrades fell on all sides, but he came scathless from the breach.

"I hope," wrote he, "I was preserved for a better fate, although things does not apeer very promiceing at present." Little did he anticipate, when he penned this grateful hope, what reverses the future had in store for him. Fate, contrary to his wishes, consigned him, in his old age, to a place in existence only once removed from fatal ignominy.

He was present in the action at Vera, and assisted in throwing up a line of breastworks at the gorge of one of the mountains in its vicinity. At Nivelle he led a detachment of the 27th regiment, in storming a redoubt, and dashed into the work with the foremost soldier, a sergeant of that regiment. A similar responsibility he undertook in scaling a second redoubt, entering with his party unopposed. Below Sarre, he aided in forming a bridge across the Nivelle, constructed from materials abstracted from a farmhouse; and was also active in throwing a pontoon bridge over the same river, adjacent to Ustaritz. Near the same spot he took part in the construction of another bridge, resting on eleven bays, made from rustic materials collected in the neighbouring wood and village. In advancing, another river opposed the march of the army. It was a narrow stream of drowning depth, with a strong current running. Our pontoneer was again at work with his company. Gathering all the cider hogsheads, wine-pipes, and casks accessible within an hour's foray, and capturing two skiffs, a bridge soon spanned the tide, and the troops defiled over it.

After this service, he was employed in the complicated operations on the margin of the Nive, and beyond it. For a while he was quartered at "the Butcher's house," which was strengthened by breastworks and batteries. Councill was placed in charge of fifty Portuguese Caçadores, who cut heaps of brushwood to make fascines for the works. But he was in a grievous fix for implements; chokers and billhooks were as scarce as diamonds. A few he manufactured at the moment. The service was exigent, and required an immediate and ample supply. For means to proceed with the duty he asked captain Pitts—a fine officer, who was free, friendly, and gentle with his men. If, as Councill has asserted, he treated him "like a brother," one need not wonder that his reply was suave and affectionate.

"Dear Councill," said the captain (rather too mild and intimate to be implicitly accepted), "I do not know what we are to do for those things. Could I whistle chokers and billhooks, you should have no reason to complain of scarcity as long as you remain in the country." This was enough. Councill was flattered; and so left to his shifts, tools came from some magic source (he must have forged them at night) and he got over the difficulty, astounding every one with his rapidity and success.

Now followed what he reckoned to be his greatest service. He was one of those who prepared the rope bridge at San Jean de Luz, for the passage of the Adour. When it was ready, he was deputed to sail thence to Bayonne. Several chasse-marées were engaged for the service, in each of which a few sappers were embarked. From the necessity of crossing the bar at the mouth of the river, the undertaking was extremely perilous. This bar was a prodigious mound of sand, washed up by the restless surge, concealing the entrance to the harbour. A storm was up when the vessels weighed anchor, and the roaring of the sea, as it chafed the shoal, could be heard some twenty miles off. Fearing the navigation amid such terrors, the native pilots refused to guide the vessels. In Councill's skiff the captain fell on his knees in despair; the sailors were paralyzed. Vigour was essential in this extremity. So Councill and his comrade drew their swords, and compelled the mariners to take their posts, encouraging them by acts of individual daring and exertion. Blown by a fierce gusty wind, away went the skiff,

pitching among furious waves, which wreathed over its deck. Two or three vessels collapsed on the bar; and one jumped up as if thrown into the air by a submarine mine, descending mast downwards, and drowning all on board. A terrible spectacle this for fearful men; but the mound, at all risks, must be crossed. It now came Councill's turn. The wave was fortunate for success. Mounting its crest, the quivering craft leaped over the shoal, and was driven onwards by the breaking sea rushing full tilt at its stern.

That danger past, Councill was immediately employed in constructing the bridge of boats over the Adour; a bridge equal in celebrity to that of Alcantara. History has given it rank among mechanical enterprises of the first class. For ingenuity and daring it stands unsurpassed.

A few days later, Councill was moved with his fellow bridgemen from the boats to commence offensive works in front of Bayonne, and so continued till the 14th of April, 1814, when the French made a sortie, killed many of the troops, and did considerable mischief to the defences. How the sappers escaped is past explanation, unless by shielding oneself behind that convenient expression which comes to every one's aid in a difficulty—"it was a miracle!" If this were a miracle, it was no less one when the company moved its camp farther to the front. To go there it had to pass through the Jews' burying-ground, in sight of a look-out station, called "Jack-in-the-box." Not a man could steal into the enclosure unnoticed, for the vigilant eye in the "box" was constantly cocked on its approaches, and a rattling fire of musketry and of guns proclaimed that to venture "the open" was to run a hazardous gantlet. However, the company went on, and strange to say, entered the cemetery untouched. Now they were comparatively free from danger, a high wall sheltering them on all sides, and they sauntered along in easy train, jolly with song and humour. But this cheerfulness was soon stayed. Anticipating the whereabouts of the little column within the graveyard, the enemy fired round shot thick and true at the wall. One of the missiles threw down a portion of the boundary, and cut the knapsack by the strings from the back of corporal M'Laren, doing a similar graceless service for private William Bunn, who was, moreover, hacked in several places by pieces of stone, and partially blinded in both eyes.

It was in the same cemetery, a few days after, that Councill escaped a deadly fire. Being a valiant little spirit, as active as a grasshopper, he was appointed permanent orderly to lieutenant Robe of the engineers. Intrusted with an order to deliver to sub-lieutenant Stratton, he started on his errand, opposed by hot volleys from the heights in communication with "Jack-in-the-box." Bullet and shot flew wide of the mark; but one struck the side of a house, a few feet in front of the courier, and tumbled it among the tombs. Backwards he sprang to a fabulous distance; and when the thick dust had cleared away, he saw a coping-stone just pressing the toes of his ammunitions. "That was near!" thought the courier, "but a miss is as good as a mile." Over the ruins he scampered like a hare, and though opposed by withering volleys, reached the tent of the old sub-officer, and handed to him the orders of lieutenant Robe. "This closed," as he states in his narrative, "my campain in the Peninsula and France up to the pace of 1814."

Napoleon having escaped from Elba called Europe again to arms, and the dapper little orderly went with his company to Ostend, in March 1815. Marching to Brussels, where a lot of intrenching tools were placed in charge of the sappers, they proceeded to Hal, the depôt for engineer stores and equipment. From this, the company pushed on to Ghent, the capital of which, and the fortifications around, it repaired. Here Louis XVIII. and his hangers-on were domiciled. After Waterloo had been fought and won, the company to which Councill belonged marched to join the first division. Captain Harris was in command of it, and Teddy, the most active of smart men, was appointed his orderly.

Coming near Peronne, the division halted. Absent from the fight at Waterloo, there was every prospect of its being called on to do something to outset the misfortune. The fort had not capitulated, its gates were shut, and its ramparts manned. General Byng determined to storm the place. Here was earnest work for the second company, second battalion, and several men were ordered to collect, from the neighbouring village, as many light ladders as they could carry; the head-quarters, meanwhile, possessing themselves of a farmhouse, and converting it into a depôt. No artillery was up at the time. It was idle to deplore its wants and the general resolved not to wait for it, but to strike the blow

at once, depending on the energy and courage of his engineers, and the division he led, to give him a victory. No tents were pitched, for the march was to be resumed immediately after the capture. When all was ready, the company jogged to the front, bearing the ladders taken from the inhabitants, and halted again. About this time, Councill, who had been left in the rear to take care of captain Harris's baggage, rejoined the company.

"How is this," said the captain, sternly, "that you have left your post? Did I not detail you for a specific charge in rear?"

"Yes, sir;" replied the orderly, "but corporal Ford having come up with other baggage in his care, I delivered yours into his kapin'. I thrust, therefore, you will approve of what I have done, an' permit me to share wid you and my comrades in the honors of the assault?"

"Well, now that you have arrived," rejoined the captain, "keep with me, and if anything happens, you will be able to see me carried to the rear."

What followed is epitomised from Councill's narrative, with the orthography corrected.

"Just after this, the order was given to advance. By this time captain Alexander Thompson, R.E., joined us. With him he took a section of the company bearing the few ladders we had gathered to a certain part of the works, but they were not required to be used. The 1st regiment of guards being next to the sappers, cried out for the engineers to show the way. Accordingly we pushed on to the main road, and ran forward without fear. When the enemy on the ramparts saw us, they fired a volley of musketry which rattled harmlessly among us. Expecting that guns would open on us, we ran the faster, followed by the guards. When we reached the main gate, it was fast. There wasn't a ladder with us by which to scale the barrier, or ascend the adjoining wall, nor had we a sledge-hammer, or any other implement with which to demolish the gate and force an entrance. Retreat we could not, so mount it we must. I was the first to scale the gate. Just as I was dragging myself through its jagged spikes, I saw a French soldier hurrying away. His duty, probably, was to give notice of our approach.' What I had seen, I communicated to lieut. Stratton, who was standing at the pier, eager to mount. As brisk as a lad of eighteen, though aged and heavy, he instantly clambered up the barricade, and while throwing his leg over the iron stakes, was caught on one of them and badly injured. With a little difficulty I extricated him. We then dropped from the height, quickly opened the gate, and the troops, pouring into the fortress, dashed onwards to close with their antagonists. Entering a long and tolerably broad street, we were saluted with a volley of grape-shot from a quarter standing somewhat above the street we were in. The troops wavered a little, but the momentary hesitation was removed by captain Harris, saying, 'push on, men, push on,' and the brave guards advanced nobly. About this time captain Thompson came up with his sappers. We had

gone but a short distance when two or three of the guards were killed. I kept close to captain Harris, to whom I acted as orderly; and while still pressing forward, was struck severely in the breast. When I came to myself I was stretched under the shelter of a haystack, and the surgeon tending me. Of course the place was taken, with what result to the guards I know not. Our casualties were, captain Thompson wounded; sub-lieutenant Stratton severely wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh, and private Edward Kelty, badly in the shoulder."

Councill was praised on this occasion for his daring, and obtained a blood-guerdon of five pounds from the patriotic society.

In a few months he recovered from his wound, but a frightful cicatrix was left, which radiated on his chest, almost to his armpits, like a brain madreporite. For some period he was quartered in Paris, still orderly to captain Harris. While there, full of trick, exuberance, and consequence, he made up his mind to go to the theatre as a distinguished character. His old commanding officer, captain Pitts, had been killed at Orthes, and his uniform was in charge of Ashton, his servant. From him Councill contrived to obtain the captain's toggery. Paying for a conspicuous seat in the dress circle, he accordingly appeared in the costume of a captain of engineers, but to save him from identification, wore green spectacles. Every one present was in full fig, and the officers of the corps were surprised to see one in a situation so commanding, attired in their uniform, whom they could not recognize. Councill sat out the performance with the nonchalance of one who considered himself "the right man in the right place." With his known oily verbosity, he gave license to his tongue, making endless remarks on everything; but the bigwigs who sat in the same box with the "extraordinary character," were taken considerably aback at his genuine Irish brogue, and playfully styled him "the butther-milk engineer." Councill had spirit, some assumed honor, and captain Pitts' sword.

"Who's that," exclaimed the irritated sham, drawing the steel partly from its sheath, "that dares call me the butther-milk engineer?" and slamming the sword back into the scabbard without waiting for a reply, sat down, observing, as he squared himself in the "box," "that the contemptuous fellow who had preshumed to insult him was not worth a thrust."

Of course some unpleasantness was the result of this undig-

nified hectoring. The officer whose honor was thus assailed demanded satisfaction, delivering his card; but Councill, who had nothing to lose and no card to present, replied, while tearing up his opponent's pasteboard, "I'll meet you at twelve o'clock to-morrow, wid soord or pishtol, an' show the world, at its brightest hour, how I can bleed you."

By that time it became known that the "extraordinary character in green spectacles," though the hero of Peronne, was only a private soldier, and the officers everywhere were too much bent on enjoying the farce, to take serious notice of the impropriety of the "iligant butther-milk engineer." When asked why he appeared in the uniform of a captain of the corps, and not in his own dress, he coolly replied—

"I borrowed the plume an' the gewgaws, undherstandin' that the pathrons of the stage, of whom I was one, war to be *en masque*."

Until 1819, except for a short interval, he served in one or other of the frontier fortresses of France. He afterwards passed a few months at Woolwich, and a few more at Chatham. In June, 1820, he went to Bermuda, and quitted it in July, 1822, returning again to head-quarters, where, and at Chatham, he spent three years, during which period he was promoted to the grade of second-corporal, and transferred to one of the newly-organised survey companies.

With one of the first drafts he went, in 1825, to Ireland, where his old mother, hearing of his arrival, paid him a visit in indigence and rags. Councill, whose smart and buck-like appearance contrasted gaudily with the sad wretchedness of his mother, affected surprise at what he called an "attempted imposture," and repelled her with exasperated scorn, trying, however, to soften its effect by a smile, which, humour it as he would, was nothing less than a Satanic grin.

"Well now," said he, "we shall see who you are. You say you are my mother?"

"I'faith I am, an' ye know it."

"Can you say you are my Lady of Clonmel?" demanded he, impressing a dilated stress on every word, and pointing to her tatters, as if the question itself were extremely ridiculous, but necessary to establish, by sifting, the cheat she was trying to accomplish.

"No, an' niver sed I was."

"I thought as much. You've done well not to aggravate your case by committin' yourself to a palpable untruth. In that plain denial you prove to me you are not my mother."

"God wither ye, me son, for that base falsity! Then, in the name of all that's holy an' Catholic, who may ye fancy, in yer insanity, yerself to be?"

"The son of the Earl of Clonmel!"

"My God! A beggarly corpler to be the son of the Lord of Bishop's Coort. Foolish boy! Who has turned yer head wid sich mad nonsense?"

"Not you—that's evident. It was my mother."

"It's a lie! Your mother's before ye, a wandherer, wantin' bite an' sup, an' becase her misery takes the gilt off yer stuck up grandiour, ye spurn her, do ye? God will deal heavy wid ye, Teddy, for danyin' me an' shuttin' me out from yer compassion."

"I fear no vengeance for exposin' an imposther. Come, stump it sharply, old lady, or the law shall make you."

With anathemas, such only as an outraged Irish mother could use, she spleened on her son, who heard her maledictions with unhappy emotions. Such an instance of unfilial conduct, of disowning one's parent, is rare in our social relations, and is sufficiently barbarous to color a romance or blacken a criminal calendar. He gained nothing by his denial, for her envenomed curses followed him till the last act of his wicked life gave him up to unmitigated transportation.

Whatever may have been his reason for asserting that he was of lofty descent, it had become a settled conviction with him that he was a son of the Earl of Clonmel. Now that the secret had spread, he grew prouder and more overbearing, arrogating airs, less a transcript of the current hauteur of upper society than, unwittingly, a burlesque of its conventionalisms. Confirmed in the delusion, a single prenomen was not enough for the *noble* corporal, so he added Mark to his Christian name of Edward, thinking with this *elegant* extravagance that the evangelical appellative would tell of his high parentage, without the necessity, on his part, of making further announcements. Edward Mark, he declared, were his baptismal names, the omission of the latter, when he joined the corps, being due to the ignorant indifference of sergeant Pengelly. His surname of Councill, apparently, was a fiction, assumed by him as a mask to shadow a Scott.

Only a few years he remained on the survey. His infatuation and pride did not save him from dishonesty and insolence. Twice he was tried by courts-martial—first at Londonderry, next at Dungiven. In the first case he meanly withheld a portion of the pay of two of his labourers, using it to support the exigencies of his own estate; and in the second, haughtily disobeyed the commands of his superior officer. For the former offence he was reduced to the ranks, and for the latter suffered twenty days' imprisonment, and was removed from the duty as unworthy of trust.

His arrival at head-quarters was early marked by his marrying an uninteresting girl, with hard features and woolly hair. She had been a "barmaid" at a near tavern, and won his affection, seemingly, by giving him plenty of beer. In taking her away from the source of supply, he outwitted himself. Had he put off the union, the customary douceur might have been continued as long as he had the genius to repress her eagerness by subterfuge. He did not see this, and so led her away, thinking her savings, amounting to a respectable sum, would for years to come counterbalance what he had lost by withdrawing her from the "Earl of Chatham." Though not a Venus, his wife had the temper of an angel. The connection was a social hoist to him. His chances of doing well and acquiring moderate competence were great, for she was frugal: but he had no relish for rising by sacrificing to economy any of his personal comforts. In fact, as soon as he had married, he kicked away the ladder by which he had gained her purse, made its contents fly like husks, and treated her with insult and brutality. Bending to her fate, as if Providence had willed it, she bore his harshness and neglect, his curses and blows, without reply and without flinching. A stone wears by constant dripping, and so did she. Hardship and ill-treatment told sensibly on her spirit, and she became slatternly, reckless, and almost senseless.

"One cannot endure a lump of clay," said he, when appealed to by a feeling comrade to treat his wife with favor and kindness. Loss of character through fraud did not make him a bit less pompous than was his habit in more fortunate days. "It is not the body," continued he, "that one loves, but the soul, with its graces and gifts. If these fail," added he, looking philosophically, "if the soul be buried in the

shell, as hers is, and the mind compounded of matther only, as hers is, acted upon by nothing but extarnal goads, such as an oath, or a dig from this fist" (and he presented it to his comrade in the closed form he usually applied it, with the knuckles protruding like the bosses of a prison-door), "what is there to love or care for?"

"If what you say be true, nothing."

"Exactly. You could not hould me to obligations made whin I was unaware of what I have since larned to my cost. The blame is hers, not mine."

"I don't believe it."

"Don't you? I'll give you proof."

"What proof?"

"She luks at me through a pair of eyes without a spark of light in them."

"Because you have dimmed their lustre by ill-usage."

"They niver had lustre, and her heart is scarcely big enough to fill the framework of a fly. What little she has, egad, is as unfeelin' as a flint, and as hard as the blade of a clasp-knife."

"And no wonder, for you have beaten all tenderness out of it."

"Thin I must punch it back again. Just luck at her. Do my best, I can't make her clane the rust off her flesh: you might pale it off her body as you would shale a slate or a coping-stone. She has the dew of years on her lazy wings, as if she had been exposed all her life to a niver-ending rain. So that she might soar high an' dhry above sluggishness, I have striven to shake off the moisture, but do you think I can succeed?"

"Yes, if you treat her better. The dew of years is nothing but tears."

"Tears! You wouldn't force one to her cheek if you war to thrash her from this to Peronne."

"That only shows how her nature has been changed. By your cruelty you have dried up the springs of feeling, and left her to bear her misery without the poor relief of tears. Try what sympathy and kindness will effect."

"I have till I'm exhausted; and, by Heaven, I promise you, if she do not move and do as other women, I'll see what the toe of my boot 'll do for her."

And he was as good as his word. For years his wife sub-

mitted to his outrages, and died one night suddenly, every one thankful she had escaped from a tormentor whose ceaseless contempt and tyranny had surcharged a once happy heart with gloom and misery.

His last military employment was at the formation of the Rideau Canal, in Canada. There he remained nearly five years, and returning to England was discharged in March, 1832, on a pension of one shilling a day, which, through the representation of some old officers under whom he had served in the Peninsula, and in consideration of his brave services and wounds, was increased to one shilling and threepence a day.

At that period Councill was but a relic of what he once was. Standing about three inches taller than when he enlisted, and still erect, he was reduced to a minimum breadth. He was feeble, gaunt, and ghostly. During his service in the corps, he had given way to wildness and debauchery, which partly accounted for his decrepitude. Seven courts-martial, all for insolence and riotous conduct, except the one for dishonesty above alluded to, had, by solitary imprisonment, done much to reduce the once dapper orderly to a broken-down invalid. On his head he had but little hair. The thin, gray locks which grew at the sides he brushed over his bald pate, to conceal, ineffectually, its nakedness. His face had grown lank, sallow, and hollow; his teeth had departed from both jaws, and he spoke with a hoarse lisp, as if his tongue were in the way of enunciation, and all vocalised sounds had finally to dribble through cracks in the few pegs and stumps that still stood up in their rottenness in the right side of his mouth. A wreck he was past question. His nose was broken, his head shattered, his shoulder dislocated by the explosion of a mine, and his breast beaten in by a terrible wound received at Peronne. Other infirmities he suffered, induced by a chronic pectoral affection, that made him wheeze and cough like a patient far gone in asthma.

Yet that scion of a great house, as he represented himself to be, had the spirit and energy to rise superior to malady and weakness. For years I lost sight of him, during which he had filled lucrative employments—now as a gunmaker, a blacksmith, a railway official, and a foreman, gaining reputation and loads of testimonials. When I saw him, in 1843, he had as many credentials as would have burst the

binding of a portfolio, and taken as long to read as Good and Gregory's "Pantalogia." For eleven years he fared well in civil life, but some untoward mishaps set him loose on the world again, and he thus wrote to me:—

"As I met with so much disapointment lately in London, and business in general being bad, I found I could not keep the company I have been in the habit of keeping. Also my expenditure in London was more than I could cover by my income, unless I could get employment; and although I am very willing to work in almost any capasity, I did not like to degrade myself by seeking work from those that worked under myself, or even go to work with men that used to work for me; as I will acknowledge while I was a foreman, I was particular that men, eighther tradesmen or laborer, should keep their time and attend to their work. On that account many of them thought I was too exact; and was I again in a situation to-morrow, I would expect every man to keep his time, attend to his work, and keep sober during working hours. These have been my motives for coming to Woolwich; and if anything should offer here, though ever so humble, I will be very happy to embrace it. I think I will call on captain D——, and see what he says. Before I call on him I should like to see major S——. Previous to which, I would be glad to have a word or two with you, if you should not think me too troublesome. I will take a walk past the barracks about seven, or between seven and eight o'clock this evening."

This was on the 30th April, 1843. Accordingly I met Edward Mark Councill, who had promenaded in front of the gate, with his old airs and importance, for more than two hours before I ventured the interview. The night was raw and chilly, and he bore the east wind with youthful fortitude and ungrudged patience. To counteract its effects, however, he was wrapped up warmly in a heavy dark over-coat, partly covering his speckled trousers, which having shrunk a few inches above his ankles, were pulled tightly downwards by a pair of unrelenting bridle-straps. On his head sat crouchingly a clerical hat, such as Dr. Pangloss might have worn, of curious fashion, between the scoop of a prelate and the broad, nipped-up brim of a dean. Around his throat was rolled a white worsted comforter that encroached on his ears, crammed full of wool, and touched the inflamed tip of his broken nose. He carried a stick, wore exposed wristbands, wristlets, gloves, and spectacles, and looked on the whole a little less respectable than eccentric. The suit, evidently, was a make-up.

The voice was the same I had heard eleven years before: it was more hissing, husky and sluggish, because of the cold. The mouth I remembered well. As in 1832, so in 1843, it looked like the ruin of a postern, chewed and disfigured by

demolition. His eyes, perhaps, were more gray and fishy than of old. Large glasses perched on the sunken bridge of his nose magnified them, and a blazing light from the gateway beaming on his paleness and the red extremity of that wounded organ, gave to his anxious gaze an expression less of hope than of resolution and ardour. Drive and push was his motto; work and no denial, his aim. I hardly liked the interview, and cut it short with a promise, finding ample warrant for so engaging myself, from the interminable testimonials he had brought with him.

Meanwhile, I paid him occasional visits—once at midday. Except a low bed with scanty coverlet, and a small round table, there was not a scrap of furniture in his dingy garret. There was no fire in the grate, not a sound pane of glass in the window, nothing in the cupboard, and the wind was whistling through the chinks of the low door, and breezing through the rattling sash of the dormer casement. The shivering occupant, uncombed and unshaven, was on his knees writing at the table, in his drawers, shirt, clerical hat, and comforter: his feet were bare, his legs naked to the knees, and his back was exposed through the gaping rents of an old garment, which puzzled me to think how he contrived to get it over his shoulders. From subsequent inquiry I learned that it was his habit to lock his door against unexpected intrusion, and lie in bed all day, for the double purpose of cheating his appetite of its relish, and saving his boots and limited wardrobe.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked I. "Why did you not slip on your trousers and coat?"

"I hadn't time, sir. This crotchet of mine has been too exactin' to take any account aither of time or comfort."

"Is the question one of death, then, that you should make for its sake such unseemly sacrifices?"

"Not exactly. Still I regard it as of great importance."

"May I ask what it is?"

"A narrative."

"Of what?"

"My services."

"Whom are you writing it for?"

"You, sir. Just two or three more lines, and I'm done."

And he dropped instantly on his knees, clutched the

stump with which he had been writing, and disposed of the concluding sentences in a crack. Then rising, he presented me with the record of his twenty years' military career. It was written in a capital hand, and freely expressed. Baldness of incident made way for quaint reflections, queer Hibernicisms, and strange orthographical inaccuracies. The narrative was comprised in seventy-five pages of quarto paper, curiously illustrating the character of his intelligence, and the freaks of a mind that possessed power but lacked cultivation.

Major S—— got him a situation in the royal arsenal from which he removed to the dockyard, where he was appointed armourer-sergeant to the battalion: his pay was excellent, and his uniform laced as brilliantly as a drum-major's. With unbending stiffness he again held up his head. The old delusion of high descent repossessed him; his former pride also returned, and obsolete airs, brought from desuetude, were revived to grace his importance. To many societies he belonged, such as the Odd Fellows, benefit clubs, and the like. In all he held office, and was covered with sashes, orders, and the full blazing insignia of distinguished fellowship. He was reckoned a very efficient chairman, and as a club orator was seldom rivalled. By the hour he could declaim without recalling a word, and indite letters by the score with the readiness of a writer to the signet. On questions of law, order, and property, Councill was the general referee: he was a man of business, and business was his forte: he liked it because it gathered around him, as the focus of friendship, boon companions who loved tavern delights and Teddy's speeches. Home with him was simply a domicile to sleep in—a place to go to while the club-room was being cleaned and aired, prior to the next meeting. He was thus the first man at his post, the last to vacate his chair. This abandonment of home for the sheer purpose of promoting social and convivial harmony raised him to a pinnacle in the estimation of his fellows. Artisans regarded it a privilege to be in his society; to receive his hand in a cordial shake was a condescension.

Can it be credited that such a man—armourer-sergeant of the royal dockyard battalion, and chairman of numerous clubs—was suspected? It seems so. The police were on his track. They kept a sharp eye on his movements, and

surrounded him by an espionage, from which, cunning as he was, there was no chance of escaping. At a time when it appeared to be as impossible to haul him from his greatness as to remove Cleopatra's needle intact to this country, he was officially but politely touched on the shoulder by an officer of the force, taken unostentatiously into an adjoining lobby for examination, and there and then detected in his old trick of dishonesty. He had a lump of government brass in his pocket, for which he was summoned before Mr. Traill, the magistrate, who, finding him guilty, sentenced him to four months' imprisonment. This was in 1854. The law was hard, perhaps, but the state followed up the conviction with crushing severity by depriving him of his pension of one shilling and threepence a day, given to him in 1832, for gallant services and bad wounds.

By incessant petitioning he recovered three-fifths of his pension—a pittance insufficient to house his weather-beaten head and put shoes on his old feet. Miles he walked, seeking unaccorded sympathy; numerous interviews he obtained with barren results; and with as little effect he described, in innumerable letters, his endless wrongs on roods of foolscap. Those whom he most persecuted with his despatches were Sir John Burgoyne, Lord Panmure, Lord Palmerston, Sir George Grey, and that ancient and unimpenetrable tribune, the commissioners of Chelsea Hospital. A man of mark himself, he aimed only at men of mark; but everywhere his failure was bitter and complete, and he turned back, in defeat and despair, on the functionary whose strict discharge of an imperative duty led to his downfall.

Revenge was the panacea for his ills. Over the idea he gloated for four months in prison and four years after. Whenever he saw the inspector he mouthed defiance, and threatened him with vengeance. His implacability compassed nothing less than death. He dreamed and spoke of it as a deed that would not let nature sleep till accomplished. If checked for encouraging the resolution (it was no secret), he uttered his purpose with more vehemence, snapping his fingers with grim exultation. What cared he for life, since life was galled by the curse of contempt and penury? In his wickedness and misery, what a lesson would sound meditation have taught him! It would have shown

him how, by his cruelty, he had worried his poor wife into her grave, and how he had basely spurned his mother, sending her adrift, in her wretchedness and poverty, to beg that from strangers which he, with less humanity than a savage, disdained to administer. He cared not, perhaps, to acknowledge the abiding pressure of an Almighty hand on his concerns; but it nevertheless tracked him through every bend of his dark existence, filling his cups with woe and his thoughts with torment.

Hope had wholly left him. Nowhere could he see a streak of light to shimmer on his gloom. The world scowled on him and he on the world. He would therefore act. Delay was weakness; less to be endured than wretchedness. By some legerdemain he became the owner of a pair of pistols, and a magazine large enough to blow all his enemies into premature rest. To insure the fitness of his weapons, he tried them as a duellist would. He would use no treacherous trigger—no detonator that would take fright at an accident.

Finding the brace true to the touch, he loaded them for mortal work. At the "Black Eagle" tavern he took his accustomed seat, cocking his eye with an anxious stare on the dockyard-gateway. There "the villain," as he called the inspector, "who, by perjury, had worked his destruction," usually spread his arms over the half-wicket to see, in his own harmless way, what he could learn of the illegal frivolities of the broad street without. Strain his eyeballs as he would he could not see the inspector. Probably he had gone home. He would waylay him then; for he had sworn, by his determination, not to be baulked in his deadly enterprise.

Concealing his pistols, Councill left the "Black Eagle," at about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was the 6th October, 1858, when the shades of the coming evening had already began to throw an incipient dullness over nature. He had also charged himself with a packet of gunpowder, seven bullets, a mine of percussion-caps, and a pistol-key. Thoughtful in the midst of his wicked purpose, he took with him two pistol-bags, into which, after he had done his murderous work, he intended to replace his proof finalities, to preserve them from inconvenient exposure to a moist and corroding atmosphere; but his memory, so acute in some things, was at fault in others. Failing to remind him of his papers, that

bore evidence of his premeditated guilt, he left them, unconsciously, behind him in his crib at the "Eagle."

As was his habit, he strode away hurriedly—too cool to exhibit an indication of his horrid intention. Into a chink of the street he threw himself to await the inspector's approach. For two hours he lingered in the dreary retreat, hugging his pistols to save them from damp. With so much time for reflection, could he be in earnest? Could he dare an act that would end his own life on a scaffold? Ay, would he. Give him the chance, and he would bless heaven for it.

It came. The inspector passed on the wall side of the street, going in the direction of the dockyard. The time was nearly five o'clock. He knew him more by his build than his features; less by his dress than his walk. Yet he would be sure. His quarrel was not with innocence, and he would not injure it. Taking the lights to aid his imperfect vision and the falling darkness, he crept after the figure and examined it. He was not mistaken. Inspector Budd was before him. Towards him he ran with a noiseless step, and withdrawing a pistol, presented it at the side of his victim's head. Too quick to be resisted, the wretch fired, and the ball, instead of piercing the inspector's brain, as the murderer hoped, entered his face, and was arrested by a stubborn cheek-bone, which saved his life. Was not this enough to satiate the blackest revenge? For others it might, but not for Councill. He would complete his work while the mad fit was on him. The second pistol, intended to blow out his own brains, was now presented. At any risk, the inspector must be settled; his own worthless body he would bequeath to the vengeance of the law. While springing the trigger, sergeant Ryan and constable Willis rushed up, and seizing the murderer's hand, secured him. Inspector Budd, though dangerously wounded, had the energy to grip the ruffian by the collar and command his capture.

The ball having been extracted, the inspector recovered rapidly. The trial took place before Baron Bramwell on the 24th November last. Though the miscreant had previously said, "I did not fire the shot," the evidence against him was too direct to be disproved, and it was further corroborated by the papers he had left at the "Black Eagle," which not only exhibited a long cherished feeling of deep animosity against

the detective, but a return of the old delusion about his noble descent. One of the seized letters was addressed by him, on the 5th October, 1858, the day before he attempted the murder, to Peter Jewson, of Lambeth, a worthy old man, formerly a comrade of his :—

"I again write to you," said he, "but shall never do so again, as by the time this reaches you I shall have done what I propose. My misfortunes have been great, but by the time this reaches you all will be at an end, and I hope the opportunity will occur this night. I will shoot my old dog Carlo before I go. When you come to Woolwich, ask the potman whether that unfortunate fellow, Councill, left any news. I give you, as my last remembrance, my medal with three clasps. I have pawned it at Greenwich, and send you the ticket. You can take it out and sell it for eight shillings, or you can keep it. If you take it to the barracks, they will give you the government cost for it, twelve shillings and sixpence. I will now close, and although a great sinner, my prayers will be heard by God as soon as those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the infernal Pope of Rome. Therefore, pity your unfortunate friend Edward Mark Councill, who ought rather to sign himself the Hon. E. M. Scott—my grandfather, the chief justice of Ireland, in 1798, being Earl of Clonmel. So much for poor Ned. My cousin now lives in Eton Square—lieutenant Scott, of the Coldstream guards; but he knows nothing of me, and never will, unless he reads of it in the papers; and I hope the press will expose the villainy which led to my murder. May I be permitted to take the life of my perjurer, and I shall die happy."[1]

So wrote he, at the crisis of a wicked infatuation, in the sixty-second year of his age, when, from the decay of mental and physical energy, desperate feelings are supposed to soften into languishing bitterness, or take their place in the region of unregretted oblivion. Amid a strange commingling of brag and humility, of blasphemy and malignity, he said enough, in the letter to his old friend, to show his deadly bias; but, except by implication, it was of itself insufficient to convict him of the capital deed. Another letter, however, of the same date, addressed to Mr. C. J. Carttar, the coroner, though not more broad in defining his purpose, assisted to establish the indictment preferred against him :—

"I have," he stated, "sent repeated petitions to the government; but they all play upon the same instrument. Old soldiers, who have bled for their country, are treated like dogs, and allowed to beg and starve by a set of vultures, who themselves get fat on the public money. They get [illegible] by anyhow. It is the law; but who makes the law? not the representatives of the people, but the damned commissioners of Chelsea Hospital. After taking away my former pension, they gave me ninepence a day; but a day of retribution will come, and a mutiny as bad as that of the sepoys in India will be the result. The old soldier is cast away as

[1] "Daily News," Oct. 18, [illegible]

useless, and is less thought of than the crossing-sweeper thinks of his broom. I write this to the coroner and jury who will sit on my body, and trust they will consider the vile wrongs which have led to my murder. Mr. Traill, the magistrate, is an unjust man, or he would not have refused my application for a summons against inspector Budd, for perjury. He is my murderer, backed up by a rotten and infamous government. Mr. Coroner and gentlemen of the jury, forgive the unfortunate wretch upon whom you are holding an inquiry, and make public the manner in which he has been injured. If I succeed in my intention, I die in peace."[1]

To some extent his plans proved abortive. The scene of examining his suicidal remains was therefore not enacted. At the trial he was friendless and unrepresented. With stern composure, untouched by one twitch of emotion, he heard the evidence; allowing it to pass unquestioned. In his defence, "he asserted that the charge of robbery originally made against him was without any foundation, and that it had been his utter destruction. He said moreover, that, in the first instance, the whole of his pension had been taken from him, and it was only after repeated petitions that a portion of it, ninepence per day, had been restored to him. It was impossible for him to live upon that sum, and he was reduced to a state of starvation and misery. His mind was so much affected that he really did not know what he was doing at the time the occurrence took place."[2]

Being found guilty of the capital offence of wounding with intent to murder, Baron Bramwell ordered judgment of DEATH to be recorded, which, shortly after, was commuted by the Queen to transportation for life.[3] So ended the career of the mock-honorable. About the same time, also, terminated the official services of inspector Budd, the wound in his cheek having incapacitated him to continue the hard duties of a police-officer.

THEATRICAL FREE-AND-EASY.—When a recruit, in 1825, West went to see the performances of a company of strolling actors at Woolwich. After the play had concluded, there was considerable delay, from an accident to the machinery, in drawing up the curtain for the miscellaneous pieces. The audience became impatient, and from stamping feet, and shouting and whistling, glided into a turbulent *furore*. To

[1] "Daily News," Oct. 15, 1858. [2] "The Times," Nov. 25, 1858.
[3] "The Sun," Dec. 18, 1858.

many, the uproar was the worst possible substitute for the delay, and sergeant Gorman, of the corps, desirous of putting an end to the tumult, and giving time to the actors to complete their arrangements, called on West to "favour the company with a song."

West was a very fair tenor. Several knew this, and the call was seconded with a cheer. Always an agreeable fellow, he only wanted a little coaxing to venture an innovation—unprecedented, perhaps, in the annals of the stage. "Poor Kate, with nosegay-basket trimmed," was his song; and he delivered it in so good a style, that, after a rapturous encore, he was compelled to repeat it. It was a novelty to see a theatre turned into a "free-and-easy." Surprised as the actors were, they did not attempt to interfere with the popular will, but stood round the curtain with rouged faces, slashed boots, and gauzy tights, evidently mortified at the unequivocal success of an unexpected rival. The object Gorman had in view was answered, the audience was not only appeased but pleased, and the actors, though smarting with the idea that "a man in the pit" had darkened their lustre, were enabled, when the acclamations in return for "poor Kate" had died away, to resume, without interruption, their chequered programme.

END OF VOL. I.

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